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Mr A. L. Hatch
with the respects of Josiah Brigham

TWELVE MESSAGES

FROM

THE SPIRIT

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THROUGH

JOSEPH D. STILES,
MEDIUM,

TO

JOSIAH BRIGHAM.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. JESUS. — John XVI. 12.

I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus : worship God. JESUS' ANGEL. — Rev. XIX. 10.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH,
14 BROMFIELD STREET.
1859.

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PREFACE.

THE messages contained in this book, coming from the immortal spirit of John Quincy Adams, were written out in manuscripts, at various times, at my house in Quincy, Mass., and at the house of my son-in-law, C. F. Baxter, Boston, during the last four years, through the hand of Joseph D. Stiles, medium, when in an entranced state, and who, at the time of writing them, was unconscious of what was being written. The whole was written in an almost perfect fac-simile of that peculiar, tremulous handwriting of Mr. Adams in the last years of his earthly life, — a handwriting which probably no man living could, in his natural state of mind, so perfectly imitate, and which is wholly unlike the usual handwriting of the medium. The writing of these messages in manuscript was commenced in August, 1854, and closed in March, 1857. The medium (in trance) commenced copying and revising them for publication about the first of April following, and finished in June, 1858, making some additions and some omissions.

When influenced to write, he would usually be controlled from one to three hours at a sitting, and write generally from one and a half to three pages in a day when he did write. He was quite irregular as to the time of writing. Sometimes he would be absent for several days; sometimes a week; sometimes three or four weeks.

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During the time these messages were in progress the medium was doing a good deal of other writing, and was accustomed to hold private circles frequently at my house and at the houses of other friends in Quincy, and also in Boston, Waltham, Hingham and other neighboring towns; and, in consequence of these various engagements, the completion of the work has been delayed.

After the work was revised and copied by the medium, and before it was carried to the printer, I was desired to place it in the hands of Mr. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, to review.

Mr. Stiles is a respectable, unassuming young man, of only common-school education, with no pretensions to more than common capabilities. He is a printer by trade, and worked at that business until he perceived he possessed mediumistic powers. His organization is such that he is very susceptible to spirit-influence, and is one of the best writing-mediums in the country.

The thoughts and sentiments contained in these messages are of a high order, and evidently come from some very intelligent source, far above the power or capacity of the medium to originate or produce. There is considerable poetry inwoven in the work, and it is proper here to state that the medium is no poet; that, in his natural state of mind, he never wrote a verse of poetry in his life. This being the fact, I would ask whence originate all these high and ennobling thoughts, and sentiments, and poetry, if they do not emanate from the source whence they purport to come?

My first acquaintance with Mr. Stiles was in June of 1854. He came to my house to hold a circle in the evening, and a number of personal friends were present by invitation. On seating ourselves around the table, the medium was soon influenced to make a prayer, and, immediately after the prayer, was influenced to write, and the very first communi-

cation written out by him there was one purporting to be from a brother of mine, who died in 1818, which commenced as follows :

"Dear brother Josiah : I am very glad, after the lapse of many years, to be able to communicate to you. I am glad that you feel an interest in the cause of Spiritualism, for it is a beautiful theory, which, when you can believe with sincerity, cannot but help to smooth the declivity of life. It is doubly sweet to me to communicate to you, because I do it under the roof where my spirit took its flight from the things of earth. * * * *

"Winslow Brigham."

This last sentence struck me very forcibly ; for truly it was in the house where I now live, and in which I then lived, that my brother died ; and this fact was wholly unknown to the medium, as was also the fact that I ever had a brother by that name.

On the ninth of July following, being Sunday, the medium was again at my house. My daughter, Mrs. Baxter, was also at my house. I went to church ; and, during my absence, the following brief communication, addressed to my daughter, was written by the medium :

"My friend, put this autograph with the one I sent you at your request.

'To Mrs. Elizabeth A. Baxter,
from
John Quincy Adams.'"

This was the first time Mr. Stiles was ever controlled by John Quincy Adams to write. The autograph referred to by

Mr. Adams was written for my daughter, at her request, in November, 1845. The medium knew nothing of the autograph, or that there was any such in being.

My attention was attracted to the mechanical style of address and signature, it being precisely in the form which it was the custom of Mr. Adams to use in addressing individuals to whom he sent his published eulogies, orations and addresses. He was kind enough to send me quite a number of them as they were published, and in every instance they were addressed in the same form, in his own handwriting, — that is, the relative position of the names to the word "*from.*" (See fac-simile.)

On the same day the following communication was written, addressed to me :

"Friend Brigham : I have worshipped in the same church with you. I have heard words of wisdom and truth from the same lips.

"Quincy gave me birth. I love her, not only in the past, but also in the present ; love her for the bright deeds that cluster around her ; love her for giving to the world men that breathed true patriotism and liberty into it, — a Hancock, a Samuel Adams, — to speak not of my venerated father. * * * * * * John Quincy Adams."

Both the above communications were written in a tremulous hand ; the last of which also struck me with peculiar force, as we *had* for more than thirty years worshipped together in the same church, in Quincy, under the ministry of Rev. Peter Whitney and Rev. William P. Lunt. I speak of the above communications because I consider them strong tests of the spiritual presence and identity of my brother and of John Quincy Adams.

At this time I began to feel an interest in what is termed

Modern Spiritualism; but previous to this I was quite sceptical (although my wife and daughter had for some time been interested in it, both of whom are tipping and rapping mediums), and I concluded to investigate the subject, with a view, if possible, to satisfy myself whether it was a reality, or a delusion as many believe it to be; and I began to have private circles at my house, that I might have an opportunity of witnessing the various phases and manifestations of the phenomena. In the course of my investigations and observation I have seen so much evidence, not only in these messages, but in emanations from a great number of other highly-developed immortals, which appears to me positive and unmistakable, of spiritual intercommunion, of the power and ability of departed spirits to converse with the children of earth through human organisms, mediums, that I have been brought to a full conviction of its truth and reality, and that it gives positive assurance of the immortality of the soul. I have felt great joy and satisfaction in my investigations, and in the perusal of these messages as they were being written.

Mr. Adams, in these messages, has given a vivid delineation and picture of spirit-life, and of the condition, employment and eternal progress of the human soul in a future and higher state of existence. He says:

"A spirit which labored in the field of Humanity on earth still engages in the same holy cause when it launches its barque on the ocean of Immortality. Whatever interests the soul on earth interests it in heaven."

I have spoken of the peculiarity of the handwriting in which these messages were originally written in manuscripts; and in one of them, which is omitted in the revision, Mr. Adams says:

"Mr. Brigham: I have endeavored in the foregoing letters, conveyed upon these pages through the power of writing, to present to

you, and to all who may read them, as correct a *fac-simile* of my handwriting as I am enabled to give in my newer and higher state of existence. You will perceive that these letters" [Mr. Adams in the original manuscripts termed them *letters;* in his revision, through the medium, *messages*] "are written in a tremulous hand, — a characteristic incidental to the last years of my mundane life. I have endeavored, as far as lay in my power, to give it perfect and correct; but it must not be expected that I can give it so perfectly accurate, now that I have merged into my newer and higher life, as though I was cumbered with all the infirmities of an aged and decrepit body. It would have been easier for me to have controlled the powers of the medium in a handwriting incidental to my early earthly life, when I was buoyant with youthful vigor and activity. But it was my purpose, in giving this peculiarity to you and the public, to present a characteristic identical with the last years of my mortal existence, and one which is beyond the capacity and power of the medium to control or imitate: knowing as I did that doubts would be raised as to these letters originating and emanating from the immortal spirit-mind of John Quincy Adams. And it will be perceived, also, that, as I became better acquainted with the powers of the medium, I was enabled to control with more ease and fluency, and to form and construct my words and letters with greater accuracy, as will be noticed by a comparison between the first and the present letter. Here, then, is an identity unmistakable and conclusive, which is beyond the power of mortals or false immortals to control or imitate."

In order that the reader may see the great similarity or resemblance of Mr. Adams's handwriting in the last years of his earthly life to that in which these messages are written through the hand of the medium, I have caused to be fac-similed the autograph of Mr. Adams, before spoken of, written for my daughter at her request in November, 1845, a little more than two years before his death, and the foregoing first brief communication from Mr. Adams, through the medium, to my daughter, referring to said autograph, together with a sentence taken from the work, showing the handwriting in which all the original manuscripts are

written through the hand of the medium, to be placed in the fore part of the book.

I would here state that Mr. Stiles, after he had commenced writing these messages, said to me he had never seen a single line of John Quincy Adams's handwriting. And *I* can say that he did not have any of Mr. Adams's writing before him while he was penning this work.

In one of his messages Mr. Adams speaks of his mother, and pays a high "tribute" to her character; to which his mother immediately replied, through the same medium, influencing and controlling him to write her reply in *her* own handwriting, in the same manuscript, directly following the "tribute." And, to show the great resemblance between the handwriting of Mrs. Adams when in the earth-life and the handwriting of her reply through the medium, I have caused a fac-simile of a specimen of her handwriting, as exhibited in a volume of her letters published by her grandson, Charles Francis Adams (for I have no other specimen), and the first sentence of her reply, as written through the hand of the medium, to be placed in the book. I would here state that Mrs. Adams, in her revision through the medium, has somewhat changed the phraseology, as will be perceived. And I would also state that the medium, at the time the reply was written, had never seen even this or any other specimen of Mrs. Adams's writing. The reader probably will see something peculiar in her handwriting: for instance, in her k's, f's, d's, &c.

In these messages Mr. Adams speaks at great length of Washington, giving his character while in the mundane life, and an account of their meeting in the spiritual world; to which Washington replies, through the same medium, in the same manuscript, in a handwriting resembling his (Washington's) when in the earth-life, and does this immediately following the close of Mr. Adams's last message;

after which is appended a long list of names of individuals, who have passed to the Spirit World, confirmatory of the truth of these messages. That the reader may see the resemblance between Washington's handwriting while in the form here, and that written through the medium, I have also caused to be fac-similed a sentence taken from the Book of "Monuments of Washington's Patriotism, containing a fac-simile of his Public Accounts kept during the Revolutionary War," published in 1841, and a specimen of the handwriting of Washington's reply through the hand of the medium; and these are placed in this book.

I have also selected from the work a specimen of Mr. Stiles' own usual handwriting, in which a very large portion of these messages was copied, — the remainder being mostly in Mr. Adams's hand, — to be fac-similed and placed in the book.

Any one wishing to look at the original manuscripts can see them by calling at my house.

In giving this work to the public, I but carry out the wishes and directions of the dictator of it; and in so doing, it is not with the expectation of receiving pecuniary reward, but in the hope and *belief* that it will do much good in the world; that the teachings, principles and revelations therein contained, which are in harmony with those of pure Christianity, are calculated to elevate, improve and benefit the human race. This is my motive and object.

JOSIAH BRIGHAM.

QUINCY, MASS., *Nov.* 1, 1858.

REVISER'S PREFACE.

THE accompanying work connects itself with a very illustrious name; and, this being the first extensive publication which claims to have come from the Spirit of one who was highly renowned here among ourselves and in our own generation, it may receive quite extensive attention and perusal. The peculiar facts and circumstances of its production may be inquired for with interest, either now or in the future, and, therefore, are stated in the prefaces. Some readers will at once give to them their full weight; while many others, in the present age, will look at them through the glasses of distrust and disparagement, and, consequently, will underestimate their intrinsic value as evidences that John Quincy Adams is author of what is here ascribed to him.

The manuscript was brought to me, in July, 1858, by Mr. Josiah Brigham, of Quincy, an elderly and highly respected citizen of that town. He informed me that he had come, at the request of Mr. Adams, to ask me to read the manuscript; after that, to advise in reference to its publication; and, in the event of publication, to look over the copy and the proofs.

The work, though not faultless, proved quite readable, and furnished me, both by direct statement and natural inferences, much that was interesting and valuable in regard to spirit-life and opinions, to the Spirit World, and to the

conditions and processes under and by which spirits communicate with mortals.

The appearance of the manuscript confirms all that Mr. Brigham has said in reference to it in his preface. It is very neat; its marks of instruction to the printer are copious and appropriate; the spelling is accurate, while the punctuation and division into paragraphs are indicative of fair literary skill and judgment. The first draft is *nearly all* in the apparent handwriting of a tremulous old man. The second draft contains nearly an hundred pages in the style of the old man, though here it is more regular and firm than in the first; also, six pages in a more round and firm hand, which are signed "A. [Abigail?] Adams," and four pages of a still different chirography, subscribed "Geo. Washington;" while the remainder, some four hundred pages, is in the neat and elegant hand of Mr Stiles when writing *for himself*.

Each of the four varieties is, *throughout*, distinctly marked and well defined, giving *prima facie* evidence that four distinct penmen contributed to the work. Unquestionable testimony, however, declares that all these varieties came through the same fingers. Each reader may look at the fac-similes furnished, and judge for himself whether the hand was moved throughout the whole work by but one and the same *mind*. Mr. Stiles being an entire stranger to myself, I have no knowledge of his powers of *imitation;* but I am not ready to deem it probable, if possible, that he or any one else could hold to accurate and uniform imitation through hundreds of successive pages. Therefore, these various styles are, each, the original of a distinct intelligence. Only a few corrections have been made, and those were called for more because of inadvertence than of defective knowledge or skill on the part of the writer. The corrections made by *me* are done in

red pencil, so that whoever may see the manuscript can tell precisely how many and what changes have been made. The sequence of some of the topics has been varied by me, and, in arranging for that, I was obliged to copy several pages of the manuscript, which have gone to the printer in my own handwriting. Also I have increased the subdivisions, furnished all the titles to the messages, and inserted the contents at the heads of the sections. But the facts, sentiments and opinions of the writer, as also the dress, substantially, in which he clothed them, have studiously been left unaltered, whether I give credence and approbation to them or not. Even had I felt myself at liberty to make essential changes, the time was not at my command to rewrite and to bring the sentences and figures into harmony with my own taste. The reader has the work almost literally such as it was when first brought to me.

In most of their communications spirits get embarrassingly blended with their mediums. In this work, Mr. Adams, only at intervals, shows *himself fairly ;* he gets mixed up, diluted, and yet the production, essentially, is from him.

The literary style of these pages, though not uniform, is prevailingly smooth and perspicuous. Though sometimes diffuse and abounding in adjectives, it is never mystical nor meaningless. Looking at the language and the thought together, we find some passages that are little better than commonplace and prosy ; others that come near to being wearisome repetitions ; yet very many — most — of the paragraphs are lively and interesting, while not a few rise to genuine eloquence, and will command general admiration.

The poetry, which is very liberally interspersed, has some smooth and pleasing verses, and a few polished gems. Yet our poets, as did old Homer and his Genius, sometimes nod ; and sleepy Muses produce indifferent lines. We are here

furnished with some very good and some poor poetry ; and, besides these qualities, there is a remainder which baffles my critical skill. Mr. Adams, through Mrs. Parmelee, of Boston (Mr. Stiles and myself are strangers to each other), tells me that much of the poetry was furnished by other spirits, who came to his relief and the medium's, and who attempted little more than to versify, in an off-hand way, what had just been given in prose. My proposition to suppress a large part of the poetry he declined giving his assent to, and he preferred to have it stand as it does, rather than be brought together as an appendix. He has been gratified.

As a whole, the book is pervaded by novelty, life and power, and, being produced by him at great disadvantage, will do no discredit, in considerate minds, to the ripe scholar and active thinker who inspired the pen. There was no very small variety of merit in his works which came out under his own supervision while he was in the form.

The methods employed in the spheres to inform the newborn spirit that communication with mortals can still be had; the actual processes and difficulties of such communication; and the reasons why, in selecting a medium and a recipient of these messages, Mr. Adams resorted to persons outside of his own family circle, are considered in the first message. The body of the work contains the many addresses of "welcome to his spirit-home," which he received from his distinguished parents and hosts of others, interblended with his own responses to their several salutations. Also, as the reader goes on, he meets with graphic general descriptions of heaven's actual scenery, and of its *scenic* representations. Many reflections, too, by this unfolded author, are thrown in from time to time, revealing his own emotions and thoughts while heaven is gradually exhibiting more and more of itself and of its hosts to his earth-liberated

spirit. His ready pen gives us the names of many men and women, whose noble deeds won a record in man's history, and who now come forward to bid him welcome, and thus furnish him occasion to state what seems to him their true characters and their several conditions now. But not the good alone are seen. He is escorted by the bright angels to the black abodes of hate, malice and bigotry; and his report, upon those spirit-dungeons and their inmates, is rich in doctrine and suggestion for every one who is bound to *some home* in the veiled Hereafter.

The world — at least the creed-bound, the sectarian, the bigoted world — will not welcome some of the teachings of this book. For this keen-eyed observer in the upper realms finds and reports that the souls of the former famous ones of earth have not all found themselves taking rank, in God's upper kingdom, in the relative order in which their disciples, followers or opponents on earth, have believed that they would. His narration is essentially an appeal, from the heavens, to every soul to free itself from the dwarfing influences of even common sectarianism and common church creeds. If the reader comprehends as I do, and as the original draft of this work teaches, he will find John Calvin an impeded "Truth-Seeker" even now, while Tom Paine is well advanced in the ranks of glorified beings. Of course such *facts*, though endorsed by an angel from heaven, will be hard to be believed by vast multitudes in our cramped community.

This whole work is alive with the free spirit of untrammelled, hopeful *Piety* and Philanthropy. It is frank, and, for those who have already risen high enough to take hold of and receive its teachings, it will prove elevating and helpful Godward. It pleads earnestly for freedom of all kinds and for all men, —*freedom* physical, mental and moral. It teaches the godly virtue of *forgiveness* more distinctly and

forcibly than I remember to have known it inculcated in any other work whatsoever.

Did John Quincy Adams furnish the account here published? He did. Those who need the proof are referred to the book itself as containing strong internal evidences, while the prefaces furnish a few of the external.

The work might be described as *his own account of his own triumphal reception into the Spirit World.* We have here *a spirit's autobiography*, covering a very brief but interesting portion of his life above. The account is furnished to mortals from six to ten years after the occurrence of the facts described. It, therefore, should be sober second thought, — first impressions revised and corrected. The spirit who writes in this case was himself a marked man, so that his own character lends a charm to his theme. Name, if you can, that other voyager from earth's shores, who, upon entering the ports above, will find a greater number of *eminently distinguished* personages ready to extend to him the hand of kin, of old acquaintance, of respect for vast and useful labors performed, than were those relatives, friends and beneficiaries, who watched the arrival of the younger President Adams.

Well might the coming of such an one call forth a gala-day among ascended Americans, and the spirits of European monarchs, statesmen and philanthropists! Such a day they did make, and in this work Mr. Adams describes its glorious scenes and interesting events. Thus, necessarily, he stands forth as the hero of his own story; and, perhaps, we have not sufficient discernment to find him as modest as we expect a saint in heaven to be. If so, he furnishes a foil; for the former minister of Quincy, Peter Whitney, a man not very widely known to fame, is here shown to have previously received such praise and attention upon his entrance into the spheres, as to make these seem well

merited which are stated to be given to his most highly-renowned parishioner. Possibly you, reader, may hereafter receive quite unexpected praises; for who can tell me what is the usual and appropriate style of address to each good and faithful new-comer to the mansions in the Father's House? When it shall become your privilege and pleasure to speak from the heavens, let earth receive a *true* account, however flattering it may be to yourself. Man needs the *exact facts*.

Mr. Adams was eminent, almost beyond a parallel, for his varied and extensive learning, — for honorable possession of highest political stations, — for reverence Godward and independence manward, — for fearless and unflinching advocacy of freedom as the birthright of *all* men, — for marked individualism in thought and action, and also for intimate relations to, and familiar acquaintance with, the great and good men of both the past and present generations. Eminent, yes, emphatically *eminent* was he in these particulars. He earned a noble name, and that name is a rich legacy to his family and to mankind. Why, then, connect that name with Spiritualism? Because he has himself become a worker in that philanthropic and heavenly cause, and asks us to coöperate with him in carrying out his beneficent purposes. My own part in this has been undertaken at his special request, and conducted in harmony with his expressed wishes. This is full justification.

The presumed feelings and wishes of his relatives and intimate friends — not one of whom has either directly or indirectly any agency in producing this work — have acknowledged claims to respect. There is one among them who may properly look for courtesy and a kindly course of action from me. Such claims coöperate with other considerations to keep me true in purpose to the fair fame and character of the father. I have received that father's

request that I should rise with him above all *hampering* regard for the feelings of any one who may fail to appreciate labors designed and prosecuted for the good of humanity. He asks, also, that I shall lend *him* such aid as that *he may still continue to diffuse light, and to labor for the extension of* FREEDOM among *men* ON EARTH. The father's claims stand first, and it is duty for me to meet them. When the faith of his other friends and admirers shall become like mine, their approbation of my course will not be withheld. God speed the time when they too shall hear his permeating voice! for *he speaketh yet* — speaketh with Power, Wisdom and Love.

The spirit of this volume is in general harmony with Mr. Adams's well-known principles and character while on earth. It is well fitted to bring new light and liberality to all free minds and large hearts, and to inculcate upon all men a lofty Piety and a wide-spreading Love of the Brother. He asks for its publication; and we help him because we feel that, though imperfect, this, *His First Offering from Heaven*, will not dim the brightness which haloes his "Last" — his whole — "of Earth."

ALLEN PUTNAM.

ROXBURY, *Nov.* 20, 1858.

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Mrs Elizabeth A. Baxter - Boston

Mount Vernon Street, N 57 Boston
Sunday 19. November 1905

In complying cheerfully with the request of Mrs Baxter, daughter of my respected townman, neighbour and friend Josiah Brigham, my only regret is my inability to furnish a specimen of a fairer hand - Feeble however and unsteady as it is, there is no unsteadiness in the heart which overflows upon Mrs Baxter every blessing of the present and of all future time

John Quincy Adams.

[Adams' own.]

My friend, put this autograph with the one I sent you, at your request.

To Mrs. Elisabeth A. Barker
from
John Quincy Adams.

[His first control of Mr. Stiles.]

Mr. Brigham:

As I have before stated, the spirit is the impressible agent which receives and gives forth the inspiration flowing from the All-Permeating Mind of the Divine, through His Subordinate Channel, that it leaves the mortal life with all its imperfections, and enters upon the duties of the higher one, with the same capabilities to advance out of its dark state up the Eternal Ladder of Progression and Love;

John Quincy Adams.

[His control after practice.]

I return you thanks Sir for the trouble you took in exchangeing my Money, our currency is some thing like the Stocks a broad, rises and falls with the events of the day. I have the Honor to be Sir with Sincere esteem your obliged Humble Servant

A Adams

Honble Oliver Wendell

Jan^{ry} 20 · 1780

[Her own hand.]

To my dear son in the spiritual country:

I return thanks to thee for the beautiful tribute you have bestowed upon me. There is nothing that gladdens the heart of a mother, so much as a dutiful, obedient, and virtuous son. All the reward a kind mother requires of her children, is that of cheerful obedience of her teachings and precepts.

A. Adams.

[Her hand through the medium.]

[Upon the conclusion of the foregoing message, the "medium" felt the influence of another spirit who immediately took possession of his arm, and dictated the following:—]

Joseph D. Stiles.

[His usual hand.]

This Ballance arises from the Expenditures of my private purse. — From which (as doth appear from the dates of the public debits against me) my outfit to take the Command of the Army at Cambridge

[Washington's own.]

G. Washington

Hoping Dear Brother, that your exalted Spirit may rapidly progress in the Heavenly Life, and that you may lead others to a closer walk with God,

I remain Your eternal friend and brother,

G. Washington

[Washington's through the medium.]

TWELVE MESSAGES

TO

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND AND TOWNSMAN OF EARTH,

MR. JOSIAH BRIGHAM.

MESSAGE I.

THE FACT AND MODE OF SPIRIT TELEGRAPHING.

SECTION FIRST.

Adams hears of a Celestial Telegraph — The thought a fantasy — Visits earth to experiment — Is addressed by Hancock — Sees a girl impressed — Perceives that her thoughts first pass through his own mind.

After an absence of some few years from your earthly society, I am permitted by the God of Hosts to revisit the scenes of my rudimental life, and, through the organism of a child of earth, to assure you, and other dear ones, of my still continued friendship and respect, and of the strong and ardent desire which I feel again tangibly to commune with those still lingering on the shores of Time.

A few hours after my passage from Death to Immortality, the gratifying intelligence, — that a Celestial Telegraph was established between Heaven and Earth, and that the children of one could hold glorified communion with the children of the other, — was communicated to me by my spirit-friends.

At first, I treated the thought with coolness and indifference, and, like too many at the present day, deemed it even unworthy of my spiritual notice. I thought it a mere fantasy, a vagary, or a dream, having birth in an over-excited and marvelling mind. I could not believe that Heaven was so closely inwoven

with the destinies of Earth, that the inhabitants of one could enjoy blessed intercourse with the children of the other.

I felt that Heaven was a land from whose glorious shores no traveller could return to recount to the friends below the joys and pleasures which crown its many brilliant walks. I felt that the moment the spirit ascended to the glories of the Eternal Life, it was no longer cognizant of the things pertaining to corporeity.

To support such a belief, and to clearly enunciate it to the satisfaction of my celestial friends, I had recourse to numberless arguments, — not dreaming at the moment that force of observation and experience, and a little plain reasoning, would completely undermine the frail foundation, on which, as I thought, I had so securely erected my ingenious fabric.

I could not think that the Laws of God and Heaven were so arranged, that the Disembodied Soul could hold direct communion with the denizens of the Corporeal World, or be cognizant of the affairs of men. I felt assured that my Heavenly Father would not suffer departed spirits to be pained by unpleasant association with the sins and errors appertaining to the earth-life, or permit them to know aught of the trials and infirmities which afflict "poor, frail Humanity" below; but that, far away in the cloudless Realms of Eternal Glory and Peace, — removed from the discordant influences of the material plane of being, — the enfranchised Christian soul would enjoy an Immortality of perpetual Happiness and Felicity, — associating with the most exalted and ennobling Intelligences, and mingling in the society and friendship of the sainted Jesus, and like congenial Spirits!

I entertained the belief, — because I had no substantial proof to cause me to entertain a different one, — that an impenetrable veil obscured the "land of holy men" from human observation, and that it was impossible for earth's children to probe this mystic curtain, and fathom the shining depths of the boundless Ocean of Intelligent Life, which rolled in such supernal grandeur, beyond the "vale of tears;" that it was not for man to pry into the mysteries and secrets of the World Invisible, or to know aught of its many glories and enjoyments; that all which it was necessary for him to know of the other state of being was revealed in that good book, the Bible, upon whose

immortal pages is registered the sublime history of the meek and lowly Man of Nazareth.

I believed, also, that, in like manner, the World of Matter was shut out from the gaze of the Angelic World, and that Immortals could not associate themselves directly with the children of mundanity. I felt that there *might* be such a thing as "guardian geniuses;" indeed, at times, I had been strongly impressed with the cheering idea and hope; but, having no real or tangible evidence to sustain such an opinion, I gave it but little thought, and concluded that it was not for me to know aught of the Future beyond what was contained in the Bible. I believed that God had so wisely constructed his Laws, that our spirit-friends could not be brought into such close approximation to the Rudimental Sphere, as to be rendered unhappy by contiguity with human woe and suffering; that they could not discern material objects and things with their spiritual organs of vision, and could only commune with the children of earth, if at all, through the "still, small voice" of the soul.

The above opinions I freely expressed to my celestial companions, stating that I considered them as rational and conclusive. But the only return which I received was a complacent smile at my incredulity. They comforted me with the assurance that they would satisfactorily clear up all doubts, and perfectly convince me of the glorious reality of Angelic Intercourse; and, when advised by these Superior Powers of Heaven to "go and see for myself," I resolved to accede to their requests, — fully convinced, however, in my own mind, that they were self-deceived, and that I could, to their satisfaction, unravel the mystery, and expose the delusion to their gaze.

Accordingly, in company with twelve glorified intelligences, — some of the purest and noblest of the Heavenly Constellation, — among whom were many I knew when acting in a public capacity, — I was led as near earth as it was possible for me to approximate at that early period of my spiritual development.

Then, on the application of the will-power, we glided over southern hills and valleys, — over many sparkling lakes and rivers, — over fields and forests, smiling with the joyous carols of the bright-plumed songsters of the air, and with the luxu-

riant bloom and beauty of fragrant flowers, — until, at the instance of my celestial guides, we paused a little above a rudely-constructed hut or cottage, in which, to my unutterable surprise, I could distinctly see the forms and features of its occupants.

But what this cottage and its inmates had to do with the subject of Celestial Intercourse, I could not, at that moment, possibly divine; neither could I understand the reason why it was essential for me to be brought in contact with total strangers, in order to solve a doubtful problem to my satisfaction.

If it is true, thought I, at the moment, that disembodied spirits *can* hold communion with their still loving and beloved friends of earth, why is it necessary for them to employ unknown, and, perchance, uncongenial agencies, to do so? Why cannot I communicate directly to and through my child, and convince him, by incontestable evidence, of the nearness of his departed parent? Why is it that I cannot converse with my more immediate friends, and, through them, glorify and make glad their hearts by messages of joy and cheer, and instruct them in the laws and conditions which govern them, instead of employing channels perhaps repugnant to my soul, and inharmonious with the elements of my being?

These and other kindred interrogatories rushed, with lightning rapidity, across my mind, and seemed to furnish, also, satisfactory solution to my previously-employed arguments. It appeared perfectly plain to my understanding, that if spirits could enjoy an interchange of thought with their friends of the lower sphere, they would be desirous of doing so through them, instead of through non-sympathizing minds!

But O! how little did I comprehend the magnificent arrangings of those Immutable Laws, which govern alike Heaven and Earth, and through which angels are empowered to hold a blessed correspondence with the citizens of the Terrestrial Globe, and to convince them of their ever-living presence! How meagre was the knowledge I *then* possessed! How strong is the Faith I *now* cherish! The veil of doubt is removed from my vision, and I no longer see through the glass darkly.

When I revert to the period of my Spiritual Birth, and to the

doubts which then clouded my mind, and contrast that season of development with the present, how brilliant, how vivid, is the comparison! How filled with joy and exultation is my soul! How bounds my nature with gratitude to the Author of every good and perfect gift! The glorious Philosophy of Spiritual Communion I now fully realize, and I *know* that "departed spirits" can again mingle in the society of their earthly friends, — can bear with them the heats and burdens of the day, and keep holy vigils around them in the silence and gloom of night; that they can love and care for them the same as when on earth, — can impress them with beautiful and ennobling thoughts, and awaken in their souls higher ambitions and purer emotions; that they can soothe the infirmities of the weak, — strengthen the faltering heart, and lift mankind to a closer and diviner walk with God.

But I am wandering from my subject; and, as you may desire to learn the history of my conversion to the cheering Faith of Spiritual Intercourse, I will give it in as few words as possible.

When we had reached the cottage before mentioned, John Hancock (one of our number) advanced toward me, and addressed me in the following language:

"Enfranchised Spirit of John Quincy Adams: It is my happy privilege to bid you, in behalf of the Celestial Hosts, a cordial and soul-felt welcome to the enjoyments of the Eternal Life, and to introduce you into the glorious society and friendship of Heaven's Immortal Children.

"A few hours ago thy soul was an inhabitant of the Material Casket, — tottering on the verge of Eternity, and longing to soar aloft on the wings of transition to the flowery valleys of the Spirit's Paradise, to meet the loved and blest around the Throne of Grace.

"The longings and aspirations of thy nature are now fully granted. Thy spirit has triumphantly crossed the River of Death, and landed on the Shores of the Better Land; it has at last found an inlet to the Ocean of Immortality, upon whose placid bosom it will sail through the Illimitable Realms of Progression, gathering up in its magnificent march bright pearls of Truth and Wisdom.

"We have been commissioned by the Heavenly Hosts to

wait upon thee to Immortality, and to assure thee that earth is still pregnable to the spirits' influences. For three days have the citizens of the Celestial Country watched the going out of thy lamp of mortal life, ready to light it with a newness of being from a burning taper on the Holy Altar of Heaven, when the last flickering ray should vanish.

"The happy period of thy Spiritual Birth has now arrived. The spirit has taken an eternal farewell of its aged casket, and passed on to the glories of the Higher Life; and, while thy country is mourning over the departure of one of its brightest stars from the National Firmament, Heaven is resonant with joy and exultation at its peerless acquisition to the Celestial Gallery. All rejoice at thy coming to the Eden Country, and would tender to thee a happy greeting.

"We have been appointed by a Delegation of Spirits as a Committee, to attend you in your flight to glory and bliss, and to prove to you that earth will still be accessible to the influences of your exalted mind. For this latter purpose have we accompanied you to this point of the planetary globe. We desire to unfold to your newly-awakened soul the first phases of that Divine Communion, which is soon to usher into the lower world the glorious dawn of the Millennium Day."

When John Hancock ceased, in his address to me, he again joined his celestial companions; but not until I had returned my sincere thanks for his sweet assurances, and for the blessed hopes with which his message had inspired me, stating, at the same time, that I could not endorse at once all the sentiments he had advanced to me. I maintained the opinion that he and his friends *thought* there might be a channel opened between Heaven and Earth, through which they could communicate, but that they labored under some severe mental hallucination. But how happily disappointed was I destined to be in these, as I then felt, well-grounded opinions!

After Hancock had joined his accompanying friends, they resolved themselves into a circle, and floated a little above my head. Then my attention was attracted to the cottage again, in which were seated its inmates, consisting of a father and mother, and five children, the youngest, a girl, about eleven years of age. The latter was to act in the capacity of a medium. I

could see them distinctly from my point of view, and actually discern the various avocations in which they were engaged. I was much amazed at this, as I had upheld the idea that corporeal things were invisible to the spirit's vision. One argument, thought I, is completely annihilated.

I now anxiously waited for the proofs which my spirit-friends were to give me of the reality of an intercourse with the world below. I hoped that the ideas which Hancock had advanced would be clearly evinced to me, and the fact of intercommunion thoroughly established in my mind; for I felt if spirits could communicate to and through the inhabitants of earth, and the fact be verified to the world, it would do much toward regenerating the hearts of mankind, and lifting up the soul from the ways of sin to paths of virtue and godliness.

My vision was now attracted to the young girl above mentioned, who had retired from the presence of the other members of the cottage into a room by herself, taking with her some paper and a pencil to engage in the writing of what "school-children" will term a "composition."

I then turned my attention upward, and beheld a thin line of clarified electricity emanating from the Spiritual Circle, and starting off in the direction of the girl. When it reached its "port of destination," it completely encircled her head in a splendid halo of light. For a few moments she seemed to be in a deep study; then her hand was voluntarily moved to write out a few lines, which I instantly saw were emanations from the Powers above me. These impressions continued to flow into her mind until she had finished her epistle; — at the same time every idea which was transmitted through her, and pencilled on paper, was first impressed on *my own mind.*

I was intensely interested in this beautiful spectacle; and, for a few moments, forgot all my doubts. A thousand ideas passed through my mind relative to this invisible control, and I asked myself, "Is it possible that the great and good of earth, — those who have suffered martyrdom for Truth's holy sake in the past and the present, — were sustained and strengthened by this same harmonious, angelic power; that the glorious ideas with which they have blessed the world were but the breathings of those ministering spirits, who were still anxious to

radiate the world with light from the burning taper of Truth? Is it possible, thought I, that this is the same power which guided and protected the sainted Christ, and which enabled him to tread the thorny road of martyrdom and trial with such firmness and resignation, — the same which has led many a noble soul on its way rejoicing, and triumphantly conducted it o'er the 'dark valley' into divine enjoyments and delights?"

Then a deep and holy influence pervaded my soul, while from its silent chambers there issued the sweet response, "Yes, it is the same Divine Power, — the same which has enabled many good and holy men to bear with Christian meekness and resignation the heavy cross of trial and suffering, and finally led them in triumph, over the burning fagot and bloody scaffold, to the reward which awaited their fidelity to Truth and to Justice; — the same which guided the noble Jesus in every walk of life, strengthened him in each faltering moment, and at last victoriously conducted his soul o'er the terrible agonies of Calvary's Cross into the glorious Mansions of his dear Father's House."

SECTION SECOND.

Adams wishes to make tangible demonstration to mortals — Hancock promises him the gratification — Predicts the advent of Spiritualism — Exhorts to patience — Conducts the new-born spirit, Adams, to his relatives and friends.

Although, from this interview, I became perfectly satisfied that disembodied spirits could act upon and make the children of earth the UNCONSCIOUS INSTRUMENTS of their inspiration, yet I desired that mankind should universally feel and acknowledge the "visible presence" of their departed friends, that many doubting minds might be thoroughly convinced of the immortality of the soul, and of its power to communicate in a tangible form with those still in the flesh. The instance which my spirit-friends had furnished satisfied me of the power and ability of angels to converse with mortals THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE MIND OR SOUL; or, in other words, by impressing upon it their own ideas and thoughts, — corresponding to then existing conditions, — as in the case alluded to.

The girl was made, in this particular instance, a vehicle for

the transmission of intelligence beyond her control or capacity, although she was entirely unconscious that her "interior organism" was employed by a power foreign to her own; therefore, as would be supposed, she accredited the ideas flowing through her as emanations from her own mind; whereas, it was my desire that credit should be bestowed where credit was due, and that the Philosophy of Intercommunion, in whatever phase it appeared, should be clearly understood and established in the world, and be made an ACTING PRINCIPLE, a LIVING FAITH, and REALITY, by all mankind!

But how this was to be done, by mere unconscious impression, I could not possibly conjecture. I wanted a communication established between the two worlds, which would at least possess the merits of tangibility;—a telegraph, through which I could easily and quickly transmit my thoughts to my earthly friends, and inform them of the glorious country which I had found, and of the various conditions of those who inhabited it.

It was not enough for me to know that I could *impress* them with *ideas* from my Spirit Life. It was my wish that they should FEEL and RECOGNIZE my identical presence, and realize the close relationship of the Immaterial World to the Corporeal; that they should enjoy, if it were possible, a conscious intercourse with their heaven-ascended friends, and KNOW that such are constantly hovering around, encircling them in the halo of their love and affection, and inspiring them with high and holy feelings; that they should fully realize that the "vacant chair" was no longer empty, and that angels can come and go at their pleasure, and linger near the bedside of the parting soul, ready, when the last silken tie is loosened, to bear it heavenward, "on the wings of transition," to the bosom of its God, and His Messengers of Light and Love.

These were my aspirations, and quickly were they detected by the unclouded vision of John Hancock, who responded to them in the following language:

"We have revealed to you, dear brother, a link in that mighty chain of spiritual communication, which, ever since the commencement of man's being, has wrapped the world in its golden embrace.

"Mankind have *ever* been the recipients of angelic inflow-

ings. The lives of great and good men prove conclusively this fact. Many instances might be cited to corroborate this statement to your satisfaction.

"The brave Columbus, whose noble and exalted spirit your vision will soon behold, furnishes, in his first dangerous voyage across the mighty ocean, a glorious example of the guidance of heavenly agencies, and of their holy, invisible guardianship.

"The Life of Washington, also, reflects an instance of the supernal guidance of guardian angels. What but the deep breathings of their still, small voices could have fortified his noble soul against the tide of oppression which threatened to overwhelm him and his little army in one common ruin?

"Thousands of instances I might cite to prove to you that, from time immemorial, the soul of man has been an unconscious recipient of angelic impressions; but 'force of observation and experience' will do more to convince you of this glorious fact, than any examples which I might furnish you.

"The doubts, which at first afflicted your mind, are, to some degree, removed; yet you are not fully satisfied. You desire that your earthly friends should *feel* your presence, and *know* that you can still mingle in their companionship, and sympathize with them in their joys and their sorrows.

"You yearn to communicate *tangibly* to those still in the form, and to assure them of the nearness of the Spirit Land; to convince them of the actual immortality of the soul, and of its power still to enjoy intercourse with the inhabitants of earth.

"These, brother beloved, are the yearnings of your soul; and soon, O soon, will they be most gloriously realized! Soon will you enjoy hallowed communion with your kindred affinities below, and be satisfied of your ability to do so.

"The world is not yet, however, *quite* prepared to hail the advent of the Philosophy of Seraphic Intercourse. The thick clouds of error and ignorance, which hang over the public mind and heart, act at present as barriers to its inception, and must first be gently penetrated by the light of unconscious inspiration.

"When this object is attained, then will the world *feel* and *acknowledge* the conscious presence of Heaven's Immortal Beings, and realize the worth and beauty of a holy and happy

communion with them; and, when this season shall arrive, then,

> "We'll prove to thee that angels can, from their celestial land,
> Converse with those who linger still upon Time's rocky strand;
> Can hover near to bless their hearts with words of Truth and Love,
> And lift them to a closer walk with God and Heaven above.
>
> "We'll prove to thee that thou canst still, in tones of eloquence,
> Breathe forth thy noblest sentiments in Freedom's dear defence;
> That thou canst visit still those Halls where much of life you spent,
> And where the highest powers of mind in Justice's cause were lent!

"Till that happy time shall come, dear brother, may you patiently wait. In the mean time, may you seek to aid it on by the power of unconscious impression, — an example of which we have so successfully demonstrated to you. In a few months we shall again accompany you to this humble cottage, when you will more beautifully realize THE POWER AND ABILITY OF ANGELS TO TANGIBLY CORRESPOND WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE SUBLUNARY SPHERE!

"We will now conduct you into the presence of your friends of heaven, who anxiously wait to greet your spirit to their ennobling friendship and society, and to throw around you the holy influences of their love and affection. May your reünion with them be sweet, and your spiritual pathway be crowned with flowers of perpetual bloom and beauty."

Then slowly we ascended from our position, sailing through the ethereal blue of Heaven, until we joined that bright, innumerable band of angels who waited to accord to me a sublime Reception, — a partial History of which it is my intention to narrate on these pages.

SECTION THIRD.

The spiritual phenomena commence — Adams again visits earth — Enters a circle — Communicates — The medium's spirit vacates and his own enters — Becomes himself haloed in light — Prays through the medium — Addresses men through her — Three causes of failure to control — Peculiar magnetic fluids essential — Christ chose disciples on the basis of magnetisms — Immediate proximity to the medium not always essential — Hancock speaks again — A spirit's prayer — Angels *can* communicate — A chant by eight spirits.

MONTHS passed away. The lower world had been startled by the "appearance of certain mysterious noises," which the combined intelligence and ingenuity of its learned "*savans*" could not satisfactorily explain. They were of such an order that hundreds, and I might with safety say, thousands, were attracted to the spot where they were manifesting themselves, and there, with their own material eyes, beheld the operation of as wonderful and novel phenomena as have ever fallen to the lot of man to record or witness.

The question naturally arose in such minds, To what agency shall we attribute these mysterious performances?

The learned powers of the scientific world were called into active requisition, committees were formed, and "Divines" employed to "ferret out" a satisfactory solution of what, at first, seemed to them an *easy* enigma, and to furnish a Report respecting the alleged singular manifestations.

Several conclusions were adduced from their investigations,— mysterious names and incongruous epithets were applied to the new phenomena, but no satisfactory solution was rendered, which served to convince the eager, thirsting soul.

Measures were then adopted to arrest their progress; but they defied the interference of all human efforts, and advanced onward in their course, in beautiful harmony, and in submissive obedience to some unknown, but sublime Law of Nature!

At length, the excited populace were startled by the revelation that these "singular manifestations" had exhibited a common degree of intelligence, and that *some had even* DARED *to attribute them to the agency of spirits departed from the flesh!*

It was also ascertained that they were more strongly evi-

denced when certain persons, possessed of potent magnetic conditions, were present.

By consent, such were subjected to the most annoying experiments, that, if possible, the fatuity of the idea that Disembodied Spirits had aught to do with the manifestations, might be proved. But all to no purpose! The phenomena defied all contravention and prejudice, increasing in strength and in the confidence of the people.

When these "astounding revelations" broke upon the "startled ear of the excited public," men of science and theology taxed their ingenious powers to check their onward advancement. But they bravely resisted all opposition,—travelled far and near, and brought many minds, which had long journeyed in the darkness of error and infidelity, into the glorious light of Truth, and the Faith of the Soul's Immortality!

It was some weeks after the intelligence was communicated to the world, that there was a possibility of angels making themselves manifest to their friends of earth, that, in company with my former celestial companions, I again visited the humble cottage where I first received the evidence of Intercommunion.

The "wonderful manifestations," which were so startling the world, had reached its humble occupants, and it was soon ascertained by them that one of their Home Band was an instrument through which could be communicated this beautiful angelic power.

Accordingly, a circle, comprising twenty members, was formed, "by direction of the spirits," in order that the INFLUENCE might become more developed, and the "impressible agent" better accessible to the heavenly inflowings of Celestial Minds!

Possessed of a good degree of intelligence, untrammelled by sect or prejudice, with perfect harmony and unanimity of feeling pervading each one, there was naught to obstruct the full and free passage of this glorious, God-bequeathed power to the Circle of friends assembled together to investigate a

subject fraught with so much sublimity and good to the whole Human Race!

It was in one of the beautiful autumnal months that I made my second visit to this humble "cot in the vale." The soft shades of evening had thrown their mantle over the fair face of Nature, tinted only by the pale silvery light of a friendly moon. All things were robed in autumnal loveliness and beauty, and seemed to invite us once more to repose in the rosy bowers of earth, and to attune ourselves anew to the BLESSED INSPIRATION of Nature's songs. With such harmony in Heaven and on Earth did we seek to commune in spirit and in truth with the embodied children below.

My celestial friends then formed themselves into a circle, similar to the one before described, and floated above me. At the same time the circle of twenty was seated around a table, all connected together by the joining of hands.

I now noticed, for the first time, that there was another circle of spirits intervening between us and the children of earth (composed, as I then understood, of the guardian attendants of the latter), and THROUGH WHOM we were to communicate with the earthly circle.

They had formed themselves into a united body a little way below us, ready to receive the "inspiration of our Band," and to bequeathe it to those anxiously awaiting it on earth.

My attention was again attracted to the earthly circle, each member of which was sitting perfectly quiet, silently invoking the presences of the departed.

After waiting some time for the "manifestations of the spirits," but without receiving any, one of the members,—the "medium,"—propounded the following interrogatory:

"If there are any spirits present here to-night, will they please designate their presence, either by tipping the table, moving it, or by the power of rapping?"

[Surely, thought I, this is indeed a novel way to invocate the presence of departed souls.]

After patiently waiting a few moments for a response to the above interrogatory, the medium again asked her question.

As soon as it was repeated, I noticed four thin fibres of light

issue from the celestial circle, and start off in the direction of the table. As they came in contact with it, I perceived a slight, tremulous motion, which became more perceptible when the interrogator again repeated her question:

Medium. Will the spirit now present be kind enough to give us its name?

Here the table was made to tip three times, which indicated a response in the affirmative.

Medium. Are you ready to do so now?

Response. Yes.

Here the table was induced to rock violently, — these fibres of light, or refined electricity, still continuing to connect the four corners, which caused, as I plainly saw, the whole motion. Then, at the will and dictation of one of the members of the Celestial Circle, the following was communicated "through the table," by the medium's calling the alphabet.

"Children of Earth: a Band of Spirits is present with you to-night. They come to tell you that a glorious light is dawning upon the world, which is destined to sweep away the clouds of error and ignorance, and to bring the minds of man to a full knowledge and understanding of the truth."

Medium. Will you please to communicate to the circle the name of the spirit who controls your band to-night?

Response. Yes: JOHN HANCOCK!

Medium. Will you state why he is attracted to us?

Response. Because Harmony and Love reign in your hearts; and because he desires, in common with us all, to emancipate mankind from the slavish grasp of error and superstition, and to hasten the development of this glorious Beacon Light of Truth, that the whole world may be illumined by its radiant power.

Medium. Is there any particular spirit who desires to converse with us to-night; and, if so, will you please respond by the power of the raps?

When this question was propounded, I noticed three small globules of light, — resembling sparks of fire, — dart along the electrical telegraphs, which, when they came in contact with the table, gave an answer in the affirmative.

Medium. Will you please state to us its name?

Response. Yes: JOHN QUINCY ADAMS!

As soon as this answer was given, the fibres of light connecting the table were withdrawn, and all communication through it consequently suspended. Then fresh currents of refined electricity were sent forth from the Celestial Circle, which, when they came in communication with my system, completely enveloped it in a "halo of light."

Another tide was subsequently sent forth in the direction of the medium who was to be the subject of my control, until, in like manner, it environed her whole system. Slight nervous movements were perceptible in her body, as she became impregnated with this clarified electrical power, so essential to the easy control of spirits.

I then perceived three chains of light pass from the electrical cloud which surrounded me, descending through the centre circle until it communicated with "my impressible agent."

When this object was secured, I discovered that I was in *rapport* with the "medium," and *nearly* prepared to employ her organs of speech for the conveyance of my ideas to the circle.

Yet, ere I was fully prepared to do this, how great was my surprise, as I became aware that her spirit was vacating its rightful earthly tenement, in order to give place to my own!

I now perceived, that the system of the medium had passed from a *positive* into a *negative* condition, which, as I ascertained, was the result of the magnetic power which had been communicated to it, that I might gain easier access to her vocal organs, and speak through them.

Slowly did her beautiful and well unfolded spirit depart from its youthful but frail casket, until only a thin ligament of light connected the immortal to the mortal, and bound them together in the bond of union.

And, as her spirit slowly vacated its earthly tabernacle, so did I enter to take temporary possession of it, to breathe through it unto those assembled children of earth the deep and fervent outpourings of my immortal soul!

I forgot all my former doubts, in the sublime attempt I was making, — assisted and guided by the Guardian Powers above

me, — to control the organism of a child of earth. I thought only of the glorious PRESENT, and of the MIGHTY IDEA AND TRUTH which was being unfolded to my awakened mind!

I thought, if I was successful in this, my first control, of the joy and happiness which would be mine in again communing with the loved and dear of earth, and convincing them,

> That Heaven is not a far-off place,
> Removed from them by boundless space;
> But that around, within, above,
> Is seen and felt our Heaven of Love!

When in full possession of the organism of the medium, the members of the Centre, or Guardian Circle, sent forth another cloud of refined electricity, which enshrouded us both in a resplendent halo, at the same time shutting out the consciousness of my "impressible agent" to all external things, and passing her into that beautiful condition when the soul feels nearer heaven than earth!

Then, impressing her to rise, I delivered through her the following Invocation to the Throne of Grace:

"O! thou Almighty, — All-Pervading Spirit of the Universe and Systems of Universes! Thou who controllest all things with perfect Wisdom and Understanding! We would reverently bow before thy Radiant Throne of Light and Love, and return to Thee our deep and fervent thanks for the many inestimable blessings which thy munificent Hand has dealt, and is still dealing, out to us, for our spiritual comfort and happiness. We thank Thee for this glorious gift of Intercommunion; that we can again return to earth, — can associate with our loving and beloved friends, and mingle in their sweet society. O! *I* thank Thee for the mighty privilege which I enjoy, in thus communing, through this mortal organism, with the children of the sublunary planet, and in assuring them that I still live and care for those tossed on the heaving billows of Time; that I still feel an interest in every cause which has Humanity at heart, and a desire to labor with those who are seeking to emancipate mankind from the slavish grasp of error and ignorance. Give me strength and knowledge to work faithfully in thy vineyard, that I may rise higher and still higher in the Kingdom of Love

and Truth, and culminate nearer to thy Throne of Righteousness and Grace. Crown me with the beauties of Holiness, and mantle me in the spirit of thy Love and Mercy, that I may successfully perform my heavenly labors, rejoicing in thy fulness, and in the light reflected from thy Holy Truth! I thank Thee for the inestimable gift which Thou hast given to the world, — shadowed forth in this glorious Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, — and, also, for the golden teachings reflected in the sublime Life and Example of the noble Martyr, Jesus! O! may we, like him, be meek and lowly, — like him, be willing to visit the purlieus of vice and iniquity, and bring the sinful and erring soul out of its bondage of corruption into the glorious light and liberty of Christian Morality and Virtue; may we, like him, sit down with publicans and sinners, and eat with them the Bread of Everlasting Life! May we carefully sow in our own hearts the seeds of his beautiful character, and, like him, patiently bear the Cross of Trial and Martyrdom for Truth's Holy Sake, resting assured that the rough and thorny path which we may now travel will prove in the end but the highway to Immortal Glory and Peace. O! hasten onward that blessed era, when, through the influences of thy enfranchised children, the whole world will be illuminated by coruscations from thy brilliant Sun of Truth, and walk more in harmony with Thee and thy Immutable Laws. Crown us with wisdom, that we may be guided aright, and be led away from temptation and error. May we carefully study ourselves, ascertain our individual wants and requirements, and so condition our souls that we may be prepared to grasp higher thoughts and ideas, and to aspire to more elevated gradations of True Spiritual Life. May we carry a Heaven of Love within our hearts, shedding abroad over the whole earth the halo of our light and influence, and uniting all in one common Bond of Brotherhood. And, O! dear Father, may it be *my* privilege still to watch over my beloved country, to guide it in the right path, and to impress on the hearts of its rulers a love of Justice and Humanity. May the evils which afflict it melt away before the radiant beams of this Guiding Star of Truth, and the time soon come which shall know them no more. May war, slavery and discord, be banished forever from earth, and peace, freedom and harmony,

dwell everywhere. Bless, Father, the little group assembled here to-night, to listen to the gentle voices of inspiration which are speaking unto them words of wisdom and love from the Spheres of Life beyond. May they realize the presences of Guardian Spirits about them both by day and by night, in joy and in sorrow, and that they are seeking to elevate the human soul to higher and loftier conditions, and to awaken in it holier aspirations for the general good. May they feel that where but few are gathered together in thy name, there dwelleth thy Spirit. And may they prove as Shining Lights in the Great Desert of Error around them, dispensing the rays of hope, truth and love, unto the spiritually dead and abandoned, and bringing them out of darkness to drink of the divine streams flowing from Thee, the Fountain Head of all Good! May they worship Thee in spirit and in truth, in the Church Universal, — acknowledging all mankind as brethren, as children of One Common Father! May they be willing to go forth into the world, and scatter the seeds of truth in the wilderness of error about them, watering them with the dews of Christian Love and Affection. And, when at last the Lamp of material being shall dimly burn, O, may they feel prepared to yield up the mortal to the calm, peaceful embrace of its Mother Earth, and the immortal, to the eternal society and friendship of the just and excellent of Heaven!"

With this humble *oraison* closed the first link in *my* golden chain of Intercommunion. As you will, of course, conjecture, I was delighted beyond description when I realized that I *could* "take possession" of mortal organisms, and control their powers of speech to give utterance to my thoughts and feelings. I saw in it the commencement of a grand and mighty work, which would engage the energetic faculties of my mind, and enable me to continue in Heaven the arduous duties begun on earth. In the fulness of my joy and gratitude, I thanked my Heavenly Father and His Celestial Mediators, for thus unfolding to my satisfaction the truth of Angelic Intercourse. All doubts were instantaneously removed, and I became, through the evidences I received, a firm believer in the Faith of this glorious Gospel. Like yourself, I succumbed to the "credible testimonies" furnished me by my spiritual friends,—

carefully investigating every doubtful point, and at last yielding an emphatic assent to the sublime Belief of "HEAVEN OPENED TO EARTH!" My investigations led me to a perfect conviction! The Philosopher's Stone of Man's long and ardent seeking I found; it was the priceless treasure of Intercommunion.

Before, however, I close this point of my narrative, you may desire to know more of the interview I enjoyed at that time with the children of earth; and, with your permission, I will communicate to you the address I delivered subsequent to the dictation of the prayer, trusting that you will excuse all imperfections, and bear in mind that it was my first control of an earthly organism.

"CITIZENS OF THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE: After an absence of some few months from the rudimental sphere, I am permitted to return in spirit to its children, to revisit the haunts of my childhood and manhood, and to enjoy again the society of the loved and dear of earth.

"O, words can give but poor expression to the tumultuous feelings which pervade my whole being in knowing that I can again converse with the inhabitants of the material world, — that I can labor the same as when below in the boundless Field of Humanity, and advocate the benign principles of Peace on earth, and good-will to men!

"A glorious light, dear friends, is now breaking from the golden clouds of heaven. The Bow of Promise, so long and anxiously looked for, is spanning the moral heavens, and the visions of mankind are being gladdened by the prospect of that 'better day coming,' when the black waters of error and bigotry will no longer deluge the world.

"The Voice of Inspiration, as in days of old, is uttering its loud anathemas against sin and ungodliness, cheering still the persecuted Disciples of Truth, and gladdening the waste places of man's life. It speaks through the human soul, through the beautiful works of Nature, from the star-gilded skies, and from the Throne of the Eternal One. It speaks the truths of the Living God, invites the soul upward and onward, and bids all to bathe in the sunshine of Harmony and Love.

"O children of earth, a great work is before you! It is your

mission to go forth into the world and preach the 'glad tidings of great joy' to *all* people, and to inspire onward the work of Human Redemption; to penetrate the dark recesses of un bridled passions, and raise the sinful soul from its state of degradation to virtue and rectitude; to visit the spiritually, as well as materially, poor and needy, and out of your store-house supply their worthy wants; to comfort the mourner, cheer the broken-hearted, and breathe inspiring lessons of forgiveness and love unto those who persecute and hate you; to convince the sceptical soul of its immortality, and to release the sectarian and materialist from the thraldom of unnatural creeds and dogmas. In fact, it is your mission to bless the whole world with the light which Higher Minds may impart through and to you; to perform, according to your abilities, the great part assigned to you by the Divine Father, and to urge on the glorious work of Man's Ultimate Regeneration!

"And, dear friends, will ye not faithfully fulfil your individual parts in this Divine Cause? Will ye shrink from the responsible duties which an Almighty Hand has plainly set before you? Will ye idly sit down, and fold your hands, and say, 'I have no labors to perform, no salvation to work out?' Will ye calmly, and with pusillanimity, look forth upon a benighted world of sin and suffering, and not use your individual efforts to bring it back to a state of purity and godliness? Will ye carelessly look about, and see the poor slave writhing in the chains of mental and physical servitude, and not aid him to break the fetters which bind him down to darkness?

"Rather, will ye not clothe yourselves in the panoply of Truth and Justice, and willingly march forward into the bloodless battle-field of right, and fight that formidable Adversary of Man — Error? Will ye not, Samaritan-like, pour the oil of consolation and hope into the wounds of those who have fallen by the wayside; lift up the prostrated brother and sister who have wandered from the paths of virtue and honor, and bid them go and sin no more? Will ye not enter the charnel-house of slavery, and unclasp the fetters which bind the limbs of your brother-man, — bid him to walk in the light and joy of freedom, and thus fulfil that Divine Command which enjoins on all to

'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' and to 'Do unto others as ye would be done by'?

"But, methinks I hear you say, 'Persecutions will beset us; severe trials and difficulties will lie in our way, which will prevent us at present from advocating ideas so much at variance with the prevailing popular opinions of mankind. The world is not yet prepared to receive a Philosophy so abundant in mystery, and yet so replete with sublimity and grandeur.'

"I would ask you, Did our Brother Christ take into consideration, when on earth, the popularity or unpopularity of an idea, when he felt it to be a true one? Did he neglect to advance what he knew to be the truth, simply because it was despised or rejected, or could not be comprehended by his inharmonious and uncongenial surroundings? Did he fail to do good when the opportunities presented themselves? Did he fear the opinions of ignorant and misguided men? Was he not willing to suffer martyrdom and reproach, that noble ideas and sentiments might be born into the world, and that, in his brilliant life and example, a pattern might be furnished to mankind for safe imitation and guidance?

"O then, children of earth, go ye and do likewise! Go forth, like Christ, into the highways and byways of life, and let the light of a pure Christian example irradiate the benighted soul! Be strong and steadfast in the right! Seek to unfold the highest attributes of your natures, that a constantly-hallowing influence may go forth from you to bless and inspire others! Faithfully study the laws of God, and the conditions of your own souls, that you may better understand how to expand the light which is in you, and prepare the way to receive higher and more ennobling ideas and instructions from the Spirit Life! Invoke the blessings of the Infinite One on your good works, that strength may be given you successfully to beat back the tide of persecution and prejudice which may seek to engulf you!

"Angel guardians will ever be near to assist and to guide you, and to elevate your souls in the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace! Be pure in thought and spirit, and God will dwell within you! Be ready to do good at all times, and to advance the Cause of Humanity everywhere! And when at

last your souls shall soar up, on the wings of transition, to our Heaven of Bliss and Happiness, to associate there with Celestial Intelligences, a Crown of Eternal Glory shall reward your loyal devotion and fidelity to Truth, Justice, and Liberty!

"May God, dear brethren, crown your souls
With heavenly beauties, rich and rare;
And mould, upon your earthly lives,
The Impress of His Love and Care,
May glory mark your onward flight,
To Spheres of Everlasting Joy,
Where Happiness and endless Light
Shine forth undimmed, without alloy.

"May holy angels wreathe for you
Unfading garlands, fresh and fair,
And place them on your mortal brows
As tokens of their faithful care;
And may each gentle influence
Reflect o'er all a brilliant glow,
And draw them nearer to that world
Where richest pleasures ever flow.

"O, may the Star of Truth and Love
Diffuse o'er you its cheering rays,
And guide your souls to God above,
In never-ceasing prayer and praise!
For every blessing you enjoy
His Loving Hand to you imparts;
To Him alone should you ascribe
The grateful homage of your hearts.

"Push forward, friends, the sacred work
Which God unto you now has given;
Assist the panting soul to find
The glorious path which leads to Heaven.
O, aid the 'fallen ones' to rise;
Pour in their wounds the oil of love,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes,
By words of cheer from realms above!"

With this prayer and address commenced that series of controls, which it is my purpose more fully to describe to you. I trust, that, as I have before written, you will excuse all errors and imperfections you may discover in the two Dictations I have committed to these pages, keeping in remembrance that

it was the *first* time I ever employed a mortal organism to speak the thoughts and feelings of my Spirit Life.

You may desire to know whether I made any other attempt, during the time which intervened between my first and second visit to this cottage, to control any other organization without the assistance of Angelic Powers!

I respond, that I made several endeavors, through different media, to give a tangible manifestation of my spiritual presence to earth's children, and to convey to them some incontestable proofs of my identity; but my efforts proved entirely unsatisfactory to myself. This I very much deplored at the time; because my ill-success served to strengthen my previous doubts and fears, and to convince me that no direct communication could be had with the inhabitants of the rudimental sphere. The reasons, however, for these failures, I attributed, on subsequent examinations, to the following three causes:

First. Because I did not fully understand the laws of control; or, in other words, the conditions requisite to secure a passive and harmonious government of impressible organizations.

Second. Because most of the media pregnable to spiritual influences either did not enjoy a sufficiently elevated plane of being for one to induce a good control, or else their surroundings were composed of such incongruous elements as to place it out of my power to establish an easy *rapport* with them, without the aid of *subordinates*.

Third. Because those most susceptible to the power of spirit control were either ignorant of the laws and requirements of a good mediumship, or so biassed by the world's opinion, that it was impossible for me to breathe through such the ideas and truths which it was my desire, in a clear and forcible manner, to present to the world. For, I would ask, is it possible or probable for a pure stream of inspiration to flow through a corrupt channel without becoming more or less impregnated with its qualities? Can it reasonably be expected that truths and teachings, of a highly-ennobling order, will flow, from the Spirit Life, through a dwarfed and prejudiced mind, and come forth to the world in their free, original, and unadulterated state?

Ere mankind can expect us to present the highest manifestations of our power to the world, they must earnestly seek to unfold the truthful and divine within their own souls. By so doing, an avenue will be opened for the admittance of light, and the expansion of all the nobler qualities of their being.

By a careful study of the Laws of Nature and Nature's God, and acting in harmony with the knowledge adduced, they will be better fitted to attract and entertain the more exalted of Celestial Intelligences, and to receive higher ideas and teachings than those which are even now being imparted to them. And by studiously investigating the laws and conditions of the Human Soul, and ascertaining how much *light* it is capable of bearing, they will soon find that, in proportion as they are prepared to receive, it will be given unto them.

It has been presumed by many, who do not well understand the laws which govern Spirit Control, that a good moral character constitutes the principal or *only* element of mediumship. To this I reply, that, as far as observation has taught me, it does not *wholly* depend upon the highly unfolded state of the soul for it to become pregnable to disembodied spiritual influences, but *more* on the prevalence of certain magnetic fluids, innate in the constitution.

The absence of a correct moral character will, however, affect the near approach of pure and harmonious Intelligences. If the Interior Magnet — the Human Soul — be discordant, and at variance with the attributes of a higher "nature," the spirits which will be attracted to it will be those of like character and import.

The lowest and most degraded mind of earth may be a recipient of this invisible power; but it will draw into communion with itself only that class of spirits which live upon the same material plane of development. As "like attracts like," so the spirit, not well unfolded in true wisdom and spirituality, will attract to itself corresponding grades and conditions from the Higher Life.

These assertions are clearly substantiated, both in the records of the past, as well as in those of the present. Christ, in the selection of his disciples, did not take into consideration so much the moral character of the individual, as the relative

conditions which were immanent in their organizations, — namely, the prevalence of those magnetic properties essential to an easy attraction and control of the Higher Powers. Being a very potent clairvoyant, he could penetrate the most secret recesses of the soul, and very easily ascertain whether it was so conditioned as to be able to carry out the Holy Work of the World's Salvation.

If we are to believe that Christ, in the selection of his Apostles, chose only those who possessed the attributes of a lofty character, and made the possession of such the *only* passports to his ennobling friendship and society, then we must, as a natural consequence, doubt the truthfulness of Biblical History, and transform the Betrayer Judas into a Saint, and *Denying* Peter into a man of unimpeachable integrity and purity; for Christ, from the first, *must* have known the *true* character of these individuals; — that one "would deliver him into the hands of his enemies to be crucified," and the other would, under certain circumstances, "*deny* all acquaintance with him;" yet Jesus was able to recognize, even in them, those elements necessary to carry on the work his Father had given him to do, and he, therefore, entrusted to them certain duties, commensurate to their respective capacities.

Thus is it with the media of the present day. Spirits from their blessed homes are attracted to them, to employ them as instruments to assist in carrying out the designs of Jesus and his Disciples, and of the Powers who governed them. Desiring to benefit mankind with the purifying influences of their congenial presences, — longing to find suitable avenues, through which they can transmit their messages of truth and wisdom to the loved ones of earth, and enlighten and bless them with a knowledge of the Immortal World, toward which they are all rapidly journeying, — they are oftentimes *compelled* to employ agents whose conditions are entirely repugnant to their near approach; yet, possessing the *elements* requisite for a control by the Powers above, they are necessarily and unavoidably chosen as vehicles for the impartation of spiritual truths and realities to the world, and for the purpose of working out those grand results which Jesus labored so assiduously to accomplish. Therefore, a good moral character is a *desira-*

ble element in mediumship, inasmuch as it enables the higher classes of Spiritual Intelligences to gravitate nearer to the children of earth, and to give forth to and through them ennobling sentiments and instructive ideas; but, as for being the *only* attribute or condition necessary for the possession of media power, it is not, as time, experience and observation, will conclusively prove.

When the reasons, which I have enumerated on these pages, of my inability of myself passively to control human organizations, were apparent to me, I resolved to wait the appointed time of my celestial friends, when, with their assistance, and by close observation, I should become better acquainted with the laws and conditions appertaining to a good and harmonious control. And the first tangible interview I enjoyed with the children of earth gave me the much-coveted knowledge, and subsequently enabled me, easily and fluently, to utter through mortal lips ideas and sentiments from my Spirit Life.

Since then, I have endeavored to control several impressible organizations, and, in some few instances, have been completely successful. I have travelled over the whole world, seeking out those congenial spirits of earth pregnable to my influence, that, through them, I might illuminate the dark places of man's existence with a few rays of thought from this Divine Light. I have entered the Halls of my country, and found even there some through whom I could utter my thoughts, and still defend the Cause of Liberty and Right. I have succeeded in my attempts beyond my own expectations, and fervent feelings of gratitude constantly ascend from my soul to my Heavenly Father, that I can still labor for embodied humanity, and for the establishment of His Kingdom on the earth.

After the delivery of my address to the earthly circle, at the will and request of my celestial companions, I withdrew my influence from the medium, who was growing somewhat exhausted from my protracted control, — and her spirit again returned to the tenement it had vacated for my especial purpose.

It is not always necessary, in order to impress an embodied mind, or "to take possession" of its external organization, for the disembodied spirit to be in immediate proximity with it; for

it (the spirit) may be many miles away from the object of its control, and yet be able to impress and govern it as beautifully and harmoniously as though it were in direct contiguity with it. But it was important, as well as necessary, for me, in my first control, to bring myself in as close a relationship as possible with the impressible agent, that, by dint of close observation and experience, I might understand the conditions by which a perfectly-concordant control could be secured; and, as I became better acquainted with the "natural rules" of mediumship, it was not requisite for me to come in close contact with human organizations to govern them to my wishes; but, far away in the cloudless realms of heaven, I could send forth my humble inspiration, — shedding it in genial showers on the thirsting, parched soil of man's uncultivated nature, — watering each hidden germ of goodness and purity within.

When "my influence" was entirely withdrawn from "the medium," the Beatified Presence of John Hancock pronounced the following brief address:

"Spirit of John Quincy Adams: Again have we strongly evidenced to you the power of angels to hold blessed intercourse with the children of the sublunary sphere. Again have our influences descended upon you, assisting you to control a child of earth to speak your thoughts and feelings. Doubt and fear have both disappeared before the light of your own observation and experience. Joy and exultation beam forth from your countenance, for now you truly realize that the "departed of earth" can again tangibly commune with the loved ones below, and radiate their existences with the purifying influences of celestial love and affection.

"Go, then, into the world, and make thy congenial presence known to its inhabitants. Illuminate each darkened crevice with the light of thy love, and with the Beauty of Holiness and Truth. Pour into the bleeding heart of the mourner the dew-drops of consolation and hope, and bind up the wounds of the suffering and bruised. Go, wherever you can permeate, and leave a holy impress there. In the Halls of Congress, — in the lowly hamlets of the poor, — in the lordly palaces of the rich, — may thy Spiritual Presence be felt and acknowledged. With the Faith in Celestial Intercourse to cheer and make you glad,

may you pursue the glorious pathway marked out for you by an Overruling Power, and make bright and joyous with your inspiration, the desolate places of man's mortal existence!

"Go forth, thou Minister of Light,
And labor for the Truth and Right,
And let thy living voice be heard,
Proclaiming God's Almighty Word;—
Till Earth's and Heaven's remotest bound
With thy celestial thoughts shall sound.

"Where sin and wretchedness abound,
Shed there thy holy influence round,
And with thy potent power and might
Irradiate the darkest night,—
That Error's cloud may roll away,
And Truth shed forth its cheering ray.

"Gird on thy armor, and thy shield,—
The Sword of Love and Justice wield;
Then fearlessly march forth to fight
For Truth, Humanity, and Right;
And cease not till the world is free
From every kind of slavery."

When Hancock had uttered this address, another of the glorious number who attended me in my second visit to the cottage, breathed forth the following beautiful Invocation to the Throne of the Supreme Intelligence:

"O Thou Infinite Spirit of Wisdom and Goodness! Thou grand Central Luminary, around which all finite orbs revolve, and draw light, strength and intensity of power! We would invoke thy Divine Blessing to rest upon our beloved brother, who has sought the society of thy children of Heaven, to labor with them in the great work of Man's Spiritual Redemption. We thank Thee, that thou hast privileged us to evince to him the glorious reality of an Interchange of Thought with the children of the lower sphere, and that angels can visit those they loved below, and inspire them with elevating thoughts, and lead them on to higher and more ennobling planes of development. Strengthen him in that blessed Faith, that there may be no impediments to his future ministrations of Love and Holiness. Mantle him in the robes of Eternal Truth and Right, and shed around him the glory and majesty of thy Holy Spirit! May he

realize the importance of his great and good mission, and be willing to perform it to the best of his ability. May he, like thy well-beloved Son, Jesus, visit the haunts of vice and iniquity, and shed over each darkened soul the precious ointment of purity and godliness. And, under the influence of thy Guardian Spirit, and through well-performed works and holy actions, may he ascend to loftier conditions of Celestial Life, and be brought into holier contiguity with thy Infinite Self! And as he advances in his noble missions of charity and well-doing, — as the hearts of the sorrowing, sinful and error-bound, are gladdened by the light and influence of his lovely ministrations, — may he feel thy Holy Spirit descending upon him as a little dove, mantling him in the radiance of its eternal power, and calling him to still diviner works."

After this brief but beautiful Invocation had been uttered, the following benediction was pronounced by the same glorified Intelligence:

"May the blessing of God go with you, dear brother, and your onward pathway of progress be illuminated with light and wisdom reflected from the Sun of Righteousness. May the beautiful manifestations of angelic power, which you have witnessed at this time, stamp on your soul an eternal impress of good, and direct your thought to that Infinite Source above, from whence cometh down to man each perfect gift and blessing. That you may rapidly rise in the realms of glory and blessedness, is the prayer of your attending spirit-companions."

I could not let my spirit-friends pass on to their respective Circles of Celestial Existence, until I had returned to them my fervent thanks, in the following brief, but soul-felt communication, for the assistance they rendered me in my interview with earth's children:

"Beloved Companions: I cannot permit you to pass from my sight until I have returned to you my grateful acknowledgments for the valuable aid given me on this, the memorable occasion of my first interview with the inhabitants of the material Universe. But a few months, as yet, have elapsed, since I was called to the enjoyments of your celestial society, and to coöperate with you in the great Work of Humanity and Prog-

ress. Yet, in that brief space of time, how much have I learned, — how much of the 'actual and possible' has been disclosed to my spiritual senses! A large and illimitable realm of space has been spread out, like a panorama, before me, — the forms of the 'long and loved departed' have flitted before my expanding vision, and their gentle lips have warbled forth an 'Eternal Welcome' to their Bowers of Peace and Beauty.

"And added to all these supernal delights is the glorious consciousness that I can again hold intercourse with the loving and beloved friends of earth, — can associate with them with the familiarity of long-tried affection and friendship, and pilot them down the Stream of Time into the Harbor of a bright and joyous Eternity; that still, in an *audible* voice, I can utter my denunciations against sin, injustic and oppression, and plead the cause of the crushed and broken-hearted slave; that, wherever the influence of spiritual love and guidance is needed, there can I permeate, and, with the light of a genial inspiration, direct the error-encased soul to a higher walk with Virtue, Truth and Christian Morality!

"The beautiful interview which I have enjoyed, by your assistance, with the citizens of the Terrestrial Plane of Being, has perfectly convinced me of the power and ability of Heavenly Minds to control mortal organisms, and, through them, to breathe forth to the world soul-elevating truths and ideas. And, with the knowledge which I possess of the laws of control, I promise to go forth into the world, and do *my* part toward its ultimate salvation.

"I now *know* that angels do watch over and guide the destinies of those they love, and impress on their hearts the imprints of their gentle hands; that, in the laborious duties of the day, they can hover near, to encourage all with their mild counsels and exhortations, and breathe divine cheer and hope to the persecuted Disciple of Truth; that, in the sweet stillness of the night, they are ever nigh, and in low, soft breathings, can assure the unconscious soul of their watchful care and presence, and throw around it the arms of their love and protection.

"I *know* that they can control the spirit of man, and aid him in the formation of a true and exemplary character; that they

can speak to him in their unmistakable voices of tenderness and affection, and inspire him onward from one sphere of glory to another; that they can elevate him above the clouds of materialism to the radiant skies of intellectual and moral development.

"I *know* that angels now can leave their bright abodes above,
And visit those on earth to them allied by ties of love;
Can stamp upon their plastic souls the impress of their care,
And bid them, while they dwell below, for richer joys prepare.

"I know that they can cheer the heart with grief and sorrow pressed,
And point it to that brighter world, where weary ones find rest;
And where the soul will bask beneath this glorious Beacon-Light,
Which shines unclouded in the Heavens of Justice, Truth, and Right!

"The sleepless, unclouded vision of the spirit has *beheld* the guidance of guardian geniuses, and the glorious results of their invisible control; it has seen the face of the invalid light up with holy joy and cheer, as the Angel of Love and Mercy bent over the couch and imprinted on the fevered brow the tender kiss of hallowed friendship and affection; it has seen the ministering spirit of some beloved one bending over the debilitated form, fanning it with the breath of inspiring strength and devotion, ready, in the soul's last final struggle with earth, to bear it aloft to a world of everlasting felicity and ineffable bliss; it has seen the 'glory-crowned throng' as it wended its heavenly flight through the ethereal atmosphere to the loved and dear of earth, bearing to them the waters of Eternal Life, that their yearning souls may thirst no more; it has seen the heart of the sinner throb with exultant joy and gladness, and the desponding soul of the sceptic and infidel light up with the genial rays of hope; in fact, it has seen a 'world of joy' in the spirit's brief existence in the Seraph Life!

"My attentive ear, also, has caught the delicious symphonies of angelic harps, as their strings echoed to the music of Celestial Thoughts and Harmonies; it has listened to the low, sweet whisperings of spirit-voices, as they welcomed the ascending soul home to the blissful Bowers of Heaven, and to the fraternal companionship of their immortal children, and bade it forever dwell in the radiant kingdom of peace and happiness; it

has heard the acclamations of joy as they quivered from a thousand tongues, and spoke of the redeeming influences of glorified Saints; it has heard the prayers of the righteous, asking for celestial visitations, and listened to the swift responses wafted back from the Throne Eternal.

"I thank you, beloved children of Heaven, for the glorious evidences you have furnished me, both in the past and the present, of the power of Disembodied Spirits to impress the children of earth, and to furnish them with tangible proof, when conditions are favorable, of the nearness of their Invisible Presences. I shall, as I have before said, employ such knowledge to the advancement of Humanity's cause, — to the furtherance of *every* good work, and the hastening on of that blessed period,

"When every home will entertain
Some Pilgrim from the Heavenly Plain, —
Some loving one, whose gentle soul
Can trace its name on mem'ry's scroll,
And leave a *conscious* impress there
Of watchful guardianship and care.

"I will now close my address by invoking the blessings of Heaven and the Great Father upon you, and hoping that your onward and upward progress may be bright with the Illuminations of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness."

When I had finished my address, eight very beautiful female spirits floated, in a silver Girdle of Light, above my head, and chanted the following poem:

"Faithful, brother, faithful prove
To thy work of Truth and Love;
Labor to expand this Light, —
To perpetuate the Right.

"Hail the bright and happy dawn
Of the glad Millennium Morn!
Sin with darkness disappears, —
Light illumes the Vale of Tears.

"*Now* you *know* that angels can
Speak unto embodied man,
Wafting messages of love
From their courts of life above.

"Now you *feel* that they can go
To the shores of Time below,
Strewing in man's earthly way
Flowers that *never* can decay.

"Go, and comfort rich impart
To the sorrowing, broken heart;
Point it to the Life above —
Life of Happiness and Love.

"Toil most faithfully for those
Suffering mortal pains and woes;
Bring to them the balm of cheer,
Banish every sigh and fear;

"Whisper hope to those who shed
Tears of sorrow for the *dead;*
Tell them that the mortal part,
Which encased the throbbing heart,

"Seeks repose on mother clay,
Mid the things of sure decay;
While the spirit, from earth riven,
Finds its native home in Heaven;

'There to guard, in realms above,
Those below it folds in love;
Guiding them to peaceful Bowers —
To the Land of Deathless Flowers.

Seek to do what good you can
To your suff'ring brother-man:
Then, receive the gilded meed,
Which awaits each noble deed."

When this poem was finished, the celestial company who attended me passed from my vision in a splendid Cloud of Light, leaving me to meditate on the glorious interview I had enjoyed with the inhabitants of the First Sphere of Being.

SECTION FOURTH.

Adams visits his relatives on earth — They too positive — The old mansion — A walk in the garden — Reflections there.

When I was perfectly convinced of the possibility of Disembodied Spirits communicating to their earthly friends, and

inspiring them with elevating thoughts and impressions, I desired to find some one among my more immediate acquaintances or relatives, through or to whom I could convey indubitable evidences of my celestial nearness, and testimonials of my still faithful constancy and affection.

As will be expected, my sympathies first led me to the "members of my own household," to seek there some one who was, or would be, an impressible agent for the transmission of this angelic power to the world. Carefully and anxiously did I search deep into the chambers of each soul to ascertain its true conditions, and whether it was prepared to receive this sparkling tide of inspiration, flowing down to "immortal men" from the Throne of the Infinite Intelligence, and to bequeathe it as a legacy to the truth-seeking Spirits of Earth.

Patiently I labored to bring myself into *rapport* with each individual member, — to establish a truer, more refined relationship with them, — that they might become the happy recipients of heavenly thoughts and ennobling principles. Carefully I sought to unfold to them the knowledge of my near presence; first, by the power of *unconscious* inspiration, or, in other words, by impressing upon their minds thoughts of angelic proximity; next, by giving them a more tangible manifestation of spirit-presence, in order to appeal to the external or material senses, and thereby, if possible, attract them to an investigation of a sublime Philosophy, breathed by the Almighty to mankind for their moral elevation, happiness and everlasting improvement!

My endeavors, however, were frustrated by the *positiveness* of their minds, and by the absence of those conditions so essential to insure a perfectly easy and concordant government of the human organism. This, of course, I regretted exceedingly, as I was very desirous to speak through and to them words of wisdom and truth from my Heavenly Life, and to prove to them that the spirit of their ascended parent still pervaded the atmosphere of their earthly home; that still he traversed the beautiful walks of the "old mansion," and waited only for the available opportunities to disclose to them his presence, and awaken in their souls the holiest recollections of the days of "auld lang syne."

One reason why I desired to control some member of my

family in that "time-honored place," was, because there the sweetest and happiest moments of my earth-existence were spent, and the dear presences of a sainted father and mother mingled together in holy love and filial affection; because there, too, *I* received the rich, unconscious impressions of the devoted, ministering Spirits of heaven, and inspired those high and lofty lessons of wisdom and truth which the illustrious shades of the earth-departed stamped upon my soul, and which enabled me successfully to beat back the "proud waves" of discord and strife, and to win a glorious triumph over human malignity and persecution!

'T was there the holiest ties of earth
Closely around my heart-strings twined; —
My highest thoughts sprang into birth,
And floated forth to bless mankind.
Bright angels found a dwelling there,
"Entering in at open door,"
Bringing flowers of beauty rare,
And "sprinkling them upon the floor."

With these beautiful reminiscences flowing back to memory, is it a matter of wonder that I should first seek out those endeared to me by the ties of consanguinity, to make them the instruments of my spiritual control, ere entering the abodes of strangers, and, perhaps, finding there the privileges, of which force of circumstances and conditions deprived me in my former earthly "home, sweet home"? Is it not reasonable to believe that the "ascended parent" would still linger near the objects of his love on earth, — be attracted to them the first by the Law of Spiritual Sympathy, to watch over, to counsel, to lift up and to instruct them in those mighty principles of a True Education, by which they might be led to a loftier piety, a broader Christianity, and to a higher plane of Moral Excellence and Worth? Is it not a rational conclusion that *there* he would seek out the loved one, to and through whom he could breathe his endearing tones of remembrance and love, and guide the thoughts to a Land of Perpetual Delights and Comforts; that there, where so many fond memories are intertwined, and which are constantly flowing back, like the waves of the sea, to the Shores of the "Ever-Living Present," he would search for

those to whom he could utter his inspiring messages of joy and hope, and tell of the glories of that Higher Home, where all the family ties, dissevered below, will be reünited in an enduring bond of affection and sympathy? I think I may safely anticipate affirmative responses to these interrogatories!

When, however, I fully realized that my beloved kin were so conditioned as to be unable to yield to me, at present, a tangible control, and that they were not quite prepared to bathe in that sparkling River of Inspiration which winds by the Throne of the Eternal, I began to permeate other homes, and to seek out other congenial spirits, through whom

> Pure words of wisdom might be given,
> To lead the soul from earth to Heaven, —
> To that expansive World above,—
> The Garden of Eternal Love,
> Where bloom bright flowers of deathless hues,
> Baptized by all-refreshing dews.

Silently I glided out at the door of my once-earthly abiding-place, pausing for a few moments to survey the beautiful works of Nature around, just beginning to unfold in vernal loveliness, and which were resonant with the sweet carollings of the feathered songsters; then I pass down the oft-trod paths, smiling with vegetable life and beauty, until my spirit-vision rests upon well-beloved, familiar forms, plucking the fragrant flowers which blossom on every side. Gently and unconsciously (to them) I hover by their sides, bearing in my hand a few amaranthine flowers of thought and wisdom, which I firmly plant in the Garden of their hearts, breathing over them the dews of my inspiration, bidding them to bloom eternally there, and to prepare each soul to tread the more beautiful paths of pleasantness and peace. Then, as noiselessly I pass from their earthly presence, sprinkling love-offerings on the way, praying that, on the shining wings of each perfumed zephyr, may float the bright aspirations of the soul, assured of the nearness of that happier Life beyond, overflowing with fragrant blessings and celestial glories. Then, sailing upward through the rainbow-clouds of heaven, I join the angel band awaiting me, — looking forward with hope to that season when I shall find some dear friend

through whom I can communicate my messages of Light and Love to the world!

SECTION FIFTH.

Adams seeks those not his kindred — Nature's sermons — Earth-loves abide imperishable — Spirits love to revisit their old homes — He impresses a poetic dream — Wakes the sleeper — Looks through his eyes upon nature — Brings chills upon him — Attempts to control him — Fails — Produces reverie — Impresses thoughts — Is repulsed by an uncongenial visitor — The kind of medium he wants.

It was on a lovely morning in the month of June that I again sallied forth on my pleasant journey to the lower sphere of being, to seek there, among its many inhabitants, some one to whose guardianship I could entrust my humble treasures of Truth and Wisdom, and who would, if necessary, bequeathe them to mankind. Again I seemed unavoidably attracted to my "dear native home," — the little town of Quincy, — where my mind expanded beneath the genial influences of parental care and guidance, and where it received its first impressions of virtue and piety, and inspired the lofty lessons of freedom and right, from the holy lips of a sainted mother. There, among its numerous familiar forms, I sought for one penetrable to my control, and through whom I could present a realizing surety of my invisible proximity to my beloved earthly friends, and breathe to them

> Words of holy joy and cheer,
> Assuring them of angel presence near; —
> That, in the golden skies of Heaven above,
> Were hov'ring there the forms of those they love.

After surveying for a while the few spots memorable in history, and "paying" a short and silent visit to some of the haunts I loved to frequent when in the earth-life, I "traced my steps" to a beautiful hill, on the summit of which I have often wandered in days gone by, and gazed, in fervent and devout admiration, on the magnificent beauties pictured on the wide-spread canvas of nature before me. The glorious Orb of Day was just peeping from behind the eastern hills, rising in stately grandeur from his far-off bed, throwing the soft effulgence of his mellow beams on the dewy flowers, and causing them to

glisten, like precious diamonds, in the gorgeous lustre of his light and power. The sweet warblers of the air were trilling forth their harmonial symphonies, as if to awaken the dreamy sleeper from his downy couch of repose, and to call him forth into the green fields of Nature, to learn of God through the beautifully-unfolding works of His Omnific Hand! A cloudless sky overshadowed the whole earth; star after star disappeared from mortal view, as the glorious sun loomed up from behind the eastern horizon, and eclipsed their mellow light with the intensity of his glory and power. All things were invested in supernal loveliness, and on each page of Nature's Great Book were written the mighty Sermons of Human Life!

God's Sermons are written everywhere! All Nature smiles with them. In the bright and beautiful morning, when the golden sun first tips the edge of the glowing east with his joyous beams, we read a sermon of His Goodness and Love, who causes His radiant Orb to shine both upon the just and the unjust, and to gladden the earth with luxuriant vegetation and animate life; and at night, when it calmly sinks to rest behind the western hills, our hearts instinctively turn to the written declarations of Deity, — transmitted to us through inspiration, — and the force of that beautiful parallelism rushes to memory, when the heavenly Orb of Truth will emerge from out the horizon of error and prejudice, and illuminate each scene of moral desolation and death with its beneficent rays, — no more to be obscured by the *night* of ignorance and superstition.

In the forked lightnings we read a Sermon of God's mighty power, and in the rolling thunders, of His majesty and strength! In the forest bowers and flowery groves, echoing with the matins of a thousand musical tongues, we discern the Impartial Love and Charity of Omniscience, who has clothed His Natural Creation in so many wondrous beauties, calculated to elevate and ennoble the affections of the children He has created, and draw out the worshipful powers of their hearts to the Great Infinite Originator! In all these unfolding elements we trace the handiworks of Jehovah, and see engraved thereon those immortal sermons, which teach us, by beauty of argument and illustration, the purest lessons of piety and wisdom, and by

which we are brought into a nearer and holier relationship with their Divine Author!

Nature is a true and living Temple of the Most High God, where He is devoutly worshipped "in spirit and in truth," and where His highest excellences are sounded, and His purest praises sung! The roaring cataract thunders forth His infinite power, and the little meandering rill murmurs His humility! The lashing waves of the ocean echo His imperial majesty, and the calm, placid waters of the lake reflect His pure simplicity! The very birds of the air chant thanksgivings to Him for providing for their wants and necessities, while there was one above them "who had not where to repose his weary head;" and even the beasts of the field, in mute eloquence, resound their feelings of instinctive gratitude.

And here permit me to indulge in a poetical oblation:

All things, dear Father, e'er declare
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and care;—
On Nature's brow, *in every land*,
Is traced the impress of thy Hand!

The murm'ring rills reflect thy Face,
The ocean speaks thy louder praise;
While the sweet songsters of the air
Resound thy mercies everywhere.

The stars, which twinkle in the skies,
Reflect a love which never dies;
While sun and moon, with their pure light,
Good sermons on the soul indite.

On earth below, in Heaven above,
Thy works bespeak thy crowning love;—
All Nature sounds thy Hallowed Name,
And chants thy Everlasting Fame!

In all thy works, throughout the land,
We see the wonders of thy Hand;
From lordly tree to lowly flower
We trace thine All-Transcendent Power.

O! give to us a searching heart,
That we may know thee as Thou art;
And with devoutness worship Thee,
As Thou, O God, shouldst ever be!

Here, in fervent sincerity and truth, should man worship the Infinite Author of his being! Away from the discords of the outer world, 't is fitting that his soul should commune with his Maker in His holiest Tabernacle — the great Temple of Nature! With the calm, blue sky o'erarching his head, the vernal beauties of the flowery kingdom shedding their balmy perfumes around, and the sweet, harmonious warblings of the bright-plumed birds above, it is well that he should here inspire the tender mercies and loving kindnesses of his God, seek closer converse with Him, through these manifestations of His Grace, and "attune his heart to the plenary inspiration of Nature's Hymns!"

Here, O God, is thy only True Temple,— thy only Church Universal! Nature, with her ten thousand voices, speaks thy everlasting praise, and the benevolent soul echoes her voiceful eloquence! From the tallest and most majestic tree of the forest, down to the tiniest flower of the valley, we trace the "Mighty Sermons of Human Life," inscribed by thine Infinite Finger! Here should the immortal soul imbibe the Harmonies of thy Paternal Nature, and prepare itself, through interior communings with thy natural works, and a knowledge of their beautiful laws, for that Higher Tabernacle beyond, in which angels chant their songs of everlasting praises to thy Holy Name.

Pardon me for this digression from my main subject, and for disclosing to you the feelings which welled up from the silent depths of my soul, as I stood on that ever-memorable spot, where (as before written), in the past years of my earthly existence, I have so often wandered, on many a sunny morning, to inhale the pure, invigorating air of heaven, as it was wafted from summer skies, laden with the delicious perfumes of rainbow-tinted flowers.

How many familiar scenes meet my spirit gaze, as, silently and unconsciously to the little world around and below, I perambulate that still fondly-beloved and cherished spot! In the valley beneath is seen that earthly temple, where, with dear friends, "my soul's purest devotions" commingled, and under which repose "all that could die" of my sainted parents! On

the right is disclosed to view the hallowed spot where the noble Hancock first drew the breath of mortal life; while, at a little distance, the eye encounters the beautiful mansion which shelters the venerable descendant of the Patriot Quincy! On every side to which my vision turns I behold familiar scenes, — as dear to me now as when I travelled the paths of terrestrial existence, — each one of which conveys some useful lesson to my mind.

As I gazed upon the rising sun, ascending, in kingly majesty, the heavens, I looked forward to that blessed period when the Sun of Righteousness would break through the fogs and mists of error and ungodliness, and illumine the whole world with its bright reflections; when it would rise out of the clouds of moral darkness in which it has so long been hidden, and gladden man's soul with the glimmerings of that happy morn, '

> "When error's night shall pass away,
> And Truth shall hold its rightful sway."

As I beheld the beautiful flowers covering the hill-sides and fertile plains below, and sending forth health and enjoyment on their fragrant wings, I silently prayed that the period might soon come when the flowers of love would blossom in each soul, and waft upward their delightful perfumes in the form of ennobling deeds and holy aspirations. As my vision, also, rested on the waving bosom of the mighty Atlantic, sparkling in the morning beams of the ascending Orb of Day, I gazed forward to that happy future when man would launch his true barge of life on the ever-rolling sea of immortality, borne onward and upward by the billows of progression, seeking to find the nearest inlet to that Great Eternal Ocean beyond, of which he is a tributary stream, and from which all inspiration flows!

To the sceptical and unbelieving mind, the idea of departed spirits loving to visit those haunts and places for which they conceived an attachment in the earth-life, may appear preposterous and absurd! But do they think that that love can change upon the mere dissolution of the external form, or the separation of the soul from it? Is it not rational to believe,

that the loves, born into the spirit amid the changing vicissitudes of the earth-being, remain an inherent principle of its nature, even after its passage from sublunary to spiritual things? Does it follow, that, because the immortal dissolves its connection with the corporeal, its earthly "loves and affections" become modified or annihilated by the transformation? Rather, would it not be reasonable to suppose that they would become more intensified and refined by association with celestial intelligences, and attract the spirit back to the haunts of former delights and enjoyments? Ah! mistaken is that man who thinks

> "That the 'loves' born in the soul amid the scenes of strife,
> Grow motionless or cold as it unfolds to Spirit Life."

Do *I* not love still to visit those favorite haunts of earth, where, in my mortal existence, I have so often wandered to witness the beautiful unfolding of Nature, and to glean important and useful lessons therefrom; the trees, as they began to put on their foliage of green, — first, the leaves, the buds, the blossoms, then the fruit, — teaching me, through them, the various phases of life? Have I lost any love or veneration for the spot where reposes all that is mortal of father or mother? Has my interest in the slightest abated for that place of worship, where, Sabbath after Sabbath, I repaired to pour forth my soul's most fervent gratitudes for the unnumbered blessings and favors He was daily conferring upon me? Do I not love still to walk up the broad aisle, and drink in the "feast of reason and flow of soul" which emanates from the well-stocked mind of minister Lunt? Ah, yes! dear as ever are these haunts to me, and even *more* beautiful do they appear to my expanding senses. Silently and unseen do I perambulate those loved spots, viewing each scene of beauty with increased delight, and thanking my Heavenly Father for the privilege of still visiting the places hallowed in memory.

When I had sufficiently gazed upon the sublime embellishments pictured on the great Book of Nature before me, I once more started on my original errand, casting a "longing, lingering look" at each familiar scene inerasably engraved on the tablet of memory, and imbibing anew the fragrant lessons they

impressed upon my mind. Then, upon the exercise of my will, I floated through the balmy air, until my progress was impeded by a large and beautiful mansion, situated on an elevated ground. Into this dwelling I was very desirous to gain admittance.

The doors were barred against my entrance. The loud carollings of the feathery tribes had not yet awakened the "dreamy sleepers" from their night of repose. The lambent beams of the rising sun played through the crevices of the half-open blinds, and the flower-perfumed zephyrs of the morning whispered a "welcome good-day" as they floated through the unshut windows into the chambers of the slumbering occupants.

After pausing for a few moments again to survey the surrounding scenery, I sought an ingress to the habitation before me. Casting my spirit-vision upwards, I discovered the open windows, and, silently floating on the silvery atmosphere of heaven, I entered the room in which was reposing the form of a valued friend of earth. Noiselessly gliding to the couch, I gazed upon the familiar features of the unconscious sleeper; then, bending o'er him, I breathed into his slumbering spirit the following poetic dream:

"Brother, from thy couch arise;
Angels seek thee from the skies,
Calling thee from dreams away
To the duties of the day.

"Yet, before the morning light
Burns away *each* shade of night,
Let me paint before thine eyes
Visions of my Paradise.

"Seest thou not that seraph bright,
Hov'ring near in clouds of light,—
Floating on the viewless air,
Dressed in raiments radiant, fair?

"How she longs to speak to thee
Of her Heaven of Purity,—
Of those fair and lovely Bowers,
Blooming with immortal flowers!

"Listen to the words of love
She would waft from realms above,
Asking thee to come and dwell
With her in the Eden Dell.

"Gently does she breathe to thee, —
'Father dear, mourn not for me,
For thy darling child has found
Peace and Joy on hallowed ground!

"'Turn thy vision now above,
To the Land of Truth and Love,
And among the stars which shine
In that Canopy Divine,

"'Trace thy little angel-child
Spared to thee on earth a while,
Then, ascending to her rest,
Found it on the Saviour's breast!'

"Brother dear, see here displayed
Beauties which can never fade,
Joys belonging not to time,
Joys immortal and sublime!

"Dreamy sleeper, soon thy soul
'Mid these pleasures will unfold,
Seeking there, among the Blest,
The Eternal Day of Rest.

"From the slumbers of the night,
Wake now to the morning light,
Lab'ring, with the knowledge given,
To prepare mankind for heaven."

Then, I fanned the brow of the unconscious sleeper, and he slowly awoke from his deep slumbers, rubbed his eyes of their heavy drowsiness, returned to consciousness of the corporeal things around him, while from his lips burst the truthful exclamation, "O, most enchanting dream! It *must* have come from heaven!" — little realizing, however, that it *was* the reflection of that blest abode!

Then he arose from his couch, greatly refreshed by the soothing slumbers of the night, and I "slowly and softly" glided by his side, and whispered into his *inner* ear an ardent wish of

my soul. Obeying a sudden impulse, or impression, as he would term it, he sallies forth into the vernal fields of Nature, to inhale the pure, invigorating air of morning, and to gather into his physical organism that healthy magnetic vitality which would empower me to control his spiritual faculties with ease and fluency, and breathe through them the harmonious influences of my Celestial Life.

After his walking for some little time, and respiring the fragrant breezes wafted from the sunny skies, I instituted a *weary* feeling in his material system, that he might seek repose on a large rock at a short distance from us, and that *I*, through him, might better *see* and enjoy the magnificent prospect tinted in such glowing colors before us. Reaching it, he seated himself, while I endeavored to bring myself into as close approximation to his spirit as possible, and, amid these beautiful works of God, to inspire him with radiant inflowings from the Supernal Creation.

After surveying for some few moments the unfolding beauties of the animated world around us, I sent forth, by will, a small current of refined electricity from my spiritual system, which, when it communicated with the organism of my earthly companion, caused a chilly feeling to course through it, which he attributed to the cooling influences of the surrounding atmosphere.

At this point I was fearful that he would retire from the spot before I had accomplished the ardent desires of my soul, as the negative state into which his system was passing led him to infer that it was owing to the bracing atmosphere of the morning, and that, if he remained any longer under its influence, it would prove prejudicial to his health. This prospective frustration of my fondest hopes very much alarmed, or, rather, disturbed me, and tended, for the time being, to destroy the passivity of my attempted control. This I exceedingly regretted, as it is not *always* that conditions are favorable to the near approach of a spirit, aspiring to "take possession" of a human organization, and to impress upon and through it the ennobling thoughts and instructions of the spirit-life. And on this beautiful morning I was instinctively attracted from my Sphere of Beatified Life to this "loved friend of earth," because I was

enabled to discern, even afar off, the presence of those elements of mind and body, necessary for the absorption of this tide of inspiration; and it was very annoying to anticipate a defeat, especially when circumstances seemed to indicate a triumph.

Summoning the full force of my will-power, I strove to *compel* him to remain. In a few moments I was rejoiced to see my labors attended with complete success, and the equilibrium of his mind and body recalled to their former harmonious condition.

Upon his seating himself again on the aforesaid rock, I sought to establish as close a spiritual relationship with him as possible, that I might impress on his soul ideas reflected from the True Life, and ascertain whether his interior nature was or would be capable of receiving intelligence in a tangible form from Disembodied Minds.

After he had fully recovered his original passivity, and was in, as I thought, a state or condition to *absorb* the ideas I might impress upon his mind, I strove to bring him into *absolute* subjection to my government, by rendering inactive his energetic mental powers. In this, however, I was frustrated, owing to their extreme activity or *positiveness*. I soon ascertained that I could control neither the muscular nor the vocal organs of his system, so as to write or speak clearly and satisfactorily what I was so desirous to present to mankind. This I very much deplored; and I *almost* despaired of finding any one whose conditions would be favorable to my control.

But pardon me for entertaining such a feeling at the moment. God orders all things wisely and well; and He saw that my companion was not prepared to be an instrument for the conveyance of this Omnipotent Truth to the world.

I then made an attempt to control his mental organism, or, in other words, to impress the mind without employing either the manual or vocal forces of the body. I was successful in the instance of the "poetic dream;" for then the mind was in a calm and tranquil state, the result of the quiet repose it had enjoyed. This led me to believe that, if I could control it at one time, I might, under suitable conditions, do so at another. At least, I was anxious to make the attempt, and to discover how far I was able to "hold in obedience" the mental activity of the brain so as to impress it with my thoughts.

Then I directed the full force of my magnetic will to the region of the brain, until it was surrounded by a thin cloud of refined electricity. To this was attached a subtle fibre of light, which placed me in *rapport* with him, and on which telegraph my impressions were to be transported. At this instant his head drooped, and he enjoyed that state of ecstasy which the world would denominate a *reverie*. The following are the impressions which I stamped upon his mind while in that half-dreamy, semi-unconscious condition, adapting them to the surrounding beauties of Nature.

"O God! How is Thy Love, Thy Wisdom, and Thy Goodness, made manifest unto Thy children in the magnificent works of this, Thy Natural Creation! Here, in the outspread Universe of Beauty before us, we behold everything which can give true, exalted enjoyment and happiness to us, and from which we can deduce useful inferences and lofty lessons. As we gaze upward, we see the o'ershadowing sky, smiling with the effulgent beams of myriads of stars, as if beckoning us onward to the Eternal Heavens of Light and Glory, and we learn a lesson of Thy Omniscient Power and Might, of that Infinite Controlling Will, which keeps the millions of universes above in their respective orbits, and which

> "With Understanding well has planned
> The wondrous works of Thy Almighty Hand.

"As we turn our visions downward, and witness the beautiful flowers on every side, expanding beneath the light of the glorious orb of the skies, and the refreshing influences of summer rains, sending forth on each floating zephyr a sweet and balmy fragrance, our hearts, O God, arise to Thee in gratitude, thanking Thee that Thou hast clothed Thy Material Universe in so many lovely garments to make it a desirable dwelling-place for Thy finite children, and placed in it *everything* to contribute to their happiness and improvement.

"How wrong, O God, for us to say, 'This is a cold and cheerless abode, — a cruel, unfeeling world,' and 'we wish we were out of it,' when Thou hast robed it in so many beauties, to render it a fitting habitation for Thy erring creatures! How wrong to give up to vain murmurings and regrets, and to desire

a speedy termination of our existences here, when Thou hast bequeathed everything to us necessary for our material prosperity and happiness, as well as for our spiritual advancement and elevation!

"O Divine Father! Give to *me* a spirit capable of justly and truly appreciating Thy glorious works, and, through them, of estimating Thy Infinite Worth, and the power and glory of Thy All-Permeating Spirit! Teach me to be as true to myself as Nature is to herself, and to make the sublime Excellences of Thy Paternal Character as much my own as possible! And, if it is my lot to travel the thorny road of trial and suffering, and to drink deep of the bitter dregs of sorrow and adversity, may they be sweetened by the thoughts of a happier life awaiting me in that 'Bright Beyond,' where tears will be wiped away from all faces, and unalloyed Peace and Blessedness crown the exultant spirit. May my soul prove as faithful to the laws which govern it as is the Great Throbbing Soul of the Universe, our Mother Nature, to those which govern her. May I look to her for instruction and guidance, and read in her mighty Book the indited lessons of human life, which teach us all true knowledge and wisdom, and which will *never* lead us astray from the right path!

"O, give me, Father, while below,
A knowledge of Thy Holy Laws,
That I may ever walk upright,
And gain thereby Divine applause!

"Teach me, through Thy expanding works,
More of Thy goodness and Thy love,
That I may be prepared to live
In Thy exalted Courts above.

"Make me contented with the lot
Which Thou hast measured out for me,
And, in each dark and troubled hour,
For consolation turn to Thee!

"And may these glorious works of Thine
Invite me on to Heaven above,
Where brighter scenes and beauties shine,
In forms of Charity and Love!

"Make *every* soul, dear Father, feel
The value of each blessing given,
And unto them each day reveal
The way which leads to Thee and Heaven."

At the instant the last line was impressed upon the mind of my companion of earth, I experienced a violent shuddering in my spiritual system, like to a sudden immersion in cold water, or to the chilling influences of a too-bracing atmosphere upon an over-heated organization. I gazed around to ascertain the cause, when I perceived the presence of another person ascending the hill, and moving in the direction where my friend was seated. On his close proximity I was able to recognize, *through my medium*, the familiar countenance of one well known to me, but in whose society, or sphere of life, I could *now* find no affinity, no congeniality! This repulsive feeling was perceptible to me even when the "new comer" was at some considerable distance from my "impressible agent," and it increased the nearer he approached him. At this instant I "dissolved the charm" which connected us together, and *he* passed from his deep "*reverie*" into consciousness of the animated world around him, pondering much upon the busy train of thought which the o'ershadowing presence of a departed spirit had, unconsciously to him, imprinted on the tablet of his mind. Soon he was joined by the approaching individual, and, after listening to the salutation of "How d'ye do?"—"Beautiful morning,"—"*Engaged in a brown study*," &c., I retired to the pleasant duties of the Spirit Life, to await the coming of another day, on which I might set forth again on my happy journey.

How many there are who can turn to some page on life's chequered book, and find some golden thought or picture traced thereon by the hand of an angel! How many beautiful memories suddenly rushed to mind, and we knew not their origin, nor whither they tended! How often, when engaged in meditative study on some particular theme, have our thoughts taken a widely-different course in a second's time, and a strong irresistible impression has compelled us to "do this," or to "do that," and which afterwards, if we obeyed the whisperings of the "silent voice," proved of great advantage

to ourselves! How often, when tossed upon the bed, racked with pain, and burning with fever, have we felt the gentle fannings of seraph wings, wooing us to peace and repose, wafting electrical strength and vitality to our enfeebled limbs, and we thought them but the sighings of the passing breezes as they floated through the thick and fevered atmosphere!

O! angels e'er have blessed mankind
With words of joy and cheer,
And lifted up the soul with thoughts
Of spirit-presence near.
The fevered brow and aching head
They soothingly have fanned;
And, in the hour of danger, breathed
A warning from their land.

In silence have they walked with us
O'er each familiar spot,
And *through* us viewed each lovely scene,
And yet we knew it not:
Their gentle hands have soothed our pains,
And lightened earthly cares;
O yes! long have we entertained
Bright angels unawares!

It may prove a source of wonderment to many why, if it was possible for me to impress the mind of the above-mentioned individual, I did not employ *him* as an agent for the transmission of thought to the world! I reply, that his mental powers were too active to receive easily spiritual impressions, without their becoming tainted with his own peculiar ideas. And, as I have before written, I was very desirous of presenting my opinions to mankind in as pure and unadulterated state as possible. And, again, I was able to perceive that his sectarian surroundings were such as would prevent me from establishing a very near relationship with his spirit, and, consequently, from imparting truths and teachings, from the Immortal Life, free of all bias. And, lastly, because popular, preconceived opinions would affect the pure receptivity of celestial thought.

It was my ardent desire to control an earthly organization which embodied an untrammelled spirit; one through which I could breathe thoughts of a heavenly nature, and give them

forth to the world in a clear and forcible manner. I was perfectly aware of the many impediments in my way; the multitudinous prejudices bearing against an unpopular philosophy, and the reluctance manifested in the admission of ideas conflicting with the prevailing theologies of the day. I carefully weighed all these objections, and was determined to select, for my medium, one divested of such feelings, or else abide the time, however protracted, when I should encounter one receptive to my influence.

SECTION SIXTH.

Adams visits Quincy again — Meets the spirit "Sympathy" — Finds two mediums — One too positive, the other too feeble — Finds J. D. Styles — Controls him — Thanks God through him — Accepts use and guardianship of him — Selects Mr. Brigham as legatee — Gets help from other spirits, and trains this medium — Entrusts the legacy to Mr. Brigham.

AGAIN I am on my pleasant journey to the rudimental sphere of being, in search of one penetrable to spiritual influxes. This time I made choice of that beautiful autumnal month, September. The veil of evening was spreading itself o'er the glorious works of nature, involving everything in a quiet gloom. The little birds had chanted the last sweet requiem of the rapidly-departing day, retiring to their sheltered roosts, peradventure to dream of those sunny climes to which the stern voice of approaching winter would soon call them. The trees were gradually disrobing themselves of their vernal garments, and the low and mournful sighings of the autumnal winds were chanting the funereal obsequies of the departed summer. The fruit-trees were ladened with their rich and ripening burdens, and seemed to invite disembodied spirits to draw near and partake of their delicious aroma. Nature was throwing off her old garb, and preparing for the advent of winter. At such a season, and on such an evening, did I invoke the aid of the Divine Spirit in my holy mission.

Sailing on the River of Immortality, I again neared the little miniature world, Quincy, and sallied forth on my joyous errand. Noiselessly passing into several habitations, I ascertained the mediumistic conditions of each individual member, and when I found they were not favorable to my control, I as quietly passed out.

After journeying a brief season without finding the object of my search, I was unavoidably attracted to a house situated in a sort of valley. Here my progress was arrested, and into this earthly dwelling-place I felt an ardent desire to enter. Upon briefly scanning it and the surrounding objects, I soon ascertained it was the residence of a well-known friend. I was delighted at the discovery; for I felt *impressed* that I had found at last the object of my long-seeking; and this feeling was heightened on beholding several spiritual presences floating above the house, and desiring, with me, to find an entrance, and to seek the inhabitants within.

The doors and windows were all closed, as the night-air was too chilly and bracing for the debilitated condition of one of its inmates. Soon, however, a door was opened (as if for our benefit), and we severally passed into the house. In one of the rooms were seated five persons around a small table, — three ladies and two gentlemen, — invocating the presences of the departed. There were, also, present in the room about twenty spirits, all but one of whom were strangers to me, but intimately connected and drawn to the individuals composing the circle. The one referred to is a dear and noble spirit, the Presiding Genius of an exalted Band of Immortals, and Guardian Attendant to the Beautiful and Good of earth. The name he bears in the Celestial Regions is

SYMPATHY.

As soon as he became aware of my presence, he came forward and introduced me to the spirits present in the room, who, as he stated, were giving manifestations of their near proximity to their earthly friends. He then invited me to participate in the enjoyments of the occasion, and expressed his great delight that, at last, the laborious efforts of the past few months were about to be crowned with a triumph.

I then scanned the conditions of each respective member, to ascertain whether there was any one present who was or could be penetrable to my spirit-influence. I noticed that each one manifested a great interest in the philosophy, which was startling the world with its "mysterious" power, and that they were

being prepared, by the strong evidences of spirit-presence they were receiving, for the receptivity of thought from the Realms of Life beyond.

The principal media for spiritual communication, in the room, were two ladies, — one apparently about sixty years of age, the other about thirty. The eldest, I learned, was a medium for the so-called manifestations of tipping and rapping, — the other possessed the same phases, with the addition of the power of tracing thoughts, spiritually impressed upon the mental organism.

I perceived, also, that they were unprejudiced minds, — that they lived in an elevated sphere of spiritual life, and that their immediate surroundings were such as to induce an exalted and harmonious control. I saw, too, that they were assisted by a high class of intelligences who made the very atmosphere around them balmy with the aroma of their love and affection.

I then, at the suggestion of "Sympathy" made an attempt to control the hand of the younger female medium, and influence it to write out a short message. I directed the "full force" of my magnetic will-power to her mind, that I might *psychologize* its very active energies, and thus place it more readily under my subjection.

In this instance, also, I was doomed to suffer disappointment. I found that her spirit was *too* positive to be readily governed to my wishes, and that it would require a protracted series of controls before the conditions would be favorable to a harmonious, passive government. This was another source of regret to me, as everything else appeared to be favorable to my control. And, had it not been for the assurances of the beautiful spirit by my side, I should have despaired of all success in my expedition.

I then endeavored to "take possession" of the other medium, and to dictate, through her aid, a brief communication; but other impediments were in my way, namely, her prostrate, enfeebled condition, and the absence of that electrical vitality necessary to insure a passive control. I felt very much disheartened at these repeated failures, and was about to surrender up all hopes of a success, when the beautiful spirit, "Sympathy," advanced to my side, and engaged in conversation with

me. He not only assured me of a complete triumph, but, if I desired aid, kindly offered to give it to me. He then imparted to me certain knowledge, directing me to a given habitation, stating that I would there find one impressible to my power. With this intelligence I departed from the house, and started in quest of the named place, rejoicing at the prospect of a speedy triumph.

In a second's time I found myself in the midst of a small but beautiful grove. Before me was a large, white house, and, at a little distance, were seen the rippling waves of the ocean, playing in the mellow beams of the silvery moon. The scenery was enchanting, and reminded me of a little Paradise below. I surveyed a little while the surrounding beauties, and then proceeded nearer the house, to seek the presence of the children within.

Scarcely had I done so ere I noticed a bright and happy spirit emerge from it, and approach the spot where I stood. In his hand he carried a brilliant scroll, which, when he unrolled it, disclosed to my celestial vision the simple dissyllable,

"WELCOME."

Upon his lofty brow shone a resplendent Diadem, inlaid with the most precious pearls which glisten on the Shores of Immortality, into which was inwoven the spirit-name of its noble bearer,

"JUSTICE."

On his near contiguity I recognized the presence of a noble immortal, whose whole earthly life was in perfect harmony with the exalted appellation he bears in the World of Seraphs. Just on earth, equitable in all his dealings with mankind, acknowledging no organization antagonistic to the great interests of Humanity, with a spirit as pure and spotless as the "snow on his native hills," he made his exit from the evanescent things of time, and his advent into the heaven of everlasting delights and felicities, there to associate with the holy men of all ages, and to labor with them for the overthrow of error, and the building up of truth.

When the spirit, JUSTICE, joined me, he led me into the front room of the house of Eldad Worcester, where were seated several individuals around a table, invoking the presences of the departed. One was acting in the capacity of a medium. Here I also saw a great interest awakened, and a desire to receive spiritual instructions from Superior Minds.

When my celestial guide had introduced me to the several spirits in the room, he addressed to me the following communication :

"I have been made aware, dear brother, of the desire of your soul to communicate messages of wisdom and truth to the world, *from the home* of your childhood, your early manhood, and of maturer age. In the place of pleasant memories and associations, where the brightest hours of mortal life were spent, there it is fitting that you should seek some one to whom you can deliver your bright remembrances, — your messages of exalted worth and beauty.

"I am rejoiced to announce to you, that your aspirations are about to be crowned with success; that the privileges which you have so long desired, are soon to be granted, and your soul to be made glad by a tangible communion with the friends in the town of your birth,

'The dearest spot to thee on earth.'

Welcome, then, to this Band of Angels. They bid me state to you that they are ready to commit to your guardianship this earthly organization, now under their guiding influences, and to make *you* the *spiritual* instrument or medium, through which other Disembodied Minds may commune with their loved friends below. And may your endeavors to advance the great work of Humanity through this mortal vehicle be crowned with a great and glorious triumph!"

When this address was concluded, the spirits present withdrew their influences from the medium, requesting me to enter upon the duties to which I had been appointed. Then, with their assistance, I endeavored to gain possession of the organism entrusted by my immortal friends to my care, and to utter, with aid of its vocal organs, an oblation of thanks to my Heavenly Father. And, feeling that perhaps you and others would

like to know the first *prayer* I uttered through mortal lips in the town of Quincy, since my entrance to Eternal Life, I will, with your permission, pen it on these pages:

"O Thou Parent of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness! We Thy children would bow our hearts in adoration and gratitude before Thee, thanking Thee for the many manifestations of Thy Love and Mercy which Thou art unceasingly revealing unto us. We would be mindful of these omnipotent blessings of Thy Bountiful Hand, and would seek to employ them to the advancement of our intellectual and spiritual natures, and to the unfolding and furtherance of Thy Holy Truth everywhere. We thank Thee, Father, for this glorious gift of Spirit Communion, —that Thou hast opened the windows of Thy Heavenly Universe, and permitted Thy embodied children to look through and discern the supernal glories which await them beyond the mortal existence. We would, O Father, seek to do good; to harmonize a discordant world; to preach the Gospel of Peace and Good-Will to every creature; and awaken the minds of the people to a full and glorious belief in the Philosophy of Celestial Intercourse. Give to us the capacity to understand the sublime realities of our Interior Life, that we may better know how to attain the highest and most ennobling realm of thought and action, and thereby become better fitted to act as teachers to the less developed. Shower upon us the attributes of Thy Divine Character, and give us power to shed them upon others. May we comfort those who mourn; bind up the broken-hearted; redeem the fallen; free the mentally and physically enslaved; uproot error and superstition; scatter the seeds of truth everywhere; plant justice where tyranny exists; and establish Harmony and Love where discord and hate prevail. And, finally, may we be brought into the higher walks of Divine Life by our unswerving fealty to every noble Christian cause, and by the development of *every* faculty which Thy Infinite Hand has stamped upon our souls. Then may Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven; and may Thy Holy Spirit reign in every nature, and be shadowed forth to the world in the form of Christian excellences and holy works."

By this prayer you will perceive that I proved successful in

my control. And although the agent through which it was uttered was an entire stranger to me, yet I was able to discern that the time would soon come when he would be brought in contact with those to whom I could safely entrust the messages I might see proper to dictate, and who, if deemed advisable by me, would transmit them to the world.

I rejoiced at the bright prospect before me. I saw that I again should be able to communicate with some of my Quincy friends, and give them indubitable evidences of the identity of their former townsman, John Quincy Adams! And that, also, I should be empowered to send forth, from my dear native home, thoughts and truths to mankind, which, perhaps, would lead them to an investigation or conviction of the glorious *Reality* of the Harmonial Philosophy!

When I was perfectly convinced of my ability to govern the organization committed to my guardianship for a season, I expressed to my spirit-friends my fervent thanks for the lease they had granted me, in the following few words:

"Beloved Friends: Most fervently do I thank you for the assistance you have rendered me at this time in communicating through this child of earth, and for the loan of his media-power for my future control. Be assured that all I can do to advance the mighty interests of Humanity, with the aid of his material organism, shall be most faithfully and cheerfully done. I will seek through him to further the glorious cause of Celestial Intercourse, and to bring mankind into holier contact with our Heaven of Love; to build up the great Universal Church, where all may worship in spirit and in truth the Living God, and unite, in a Common Brotherhood, to perpetuate the immutable principles of Eternal Right and Justice. And when I shall have finished the task assigned me, and this organism passes into the care of others, to be guided by them, may I enjoy the pleasing satisfaction of knowing that I have faithfully performed my labors, and that, with entire unanimity, the seal of your approbation will be stamped upon them. I am now prepared to enter upon the duties of my mission, and to take charge of the medium while accessible to my influences."

Then the spirit Justice again advanced to me, and, placing his hand upon my head, pronounced the following benediction:

"May the blessing of our Heavenly Parent crown you in your unceasing labors for good, and lead you nearer to Him. May you, as in the past, be strong and firm in your convictions of right, and seek to overthrow wrong, and to dethrone tyranny. May you prove an instrument through which other spirits may commune with their loved friends below, and be led by your influence into the higher walks of Beatified Existence. May the blessing of God, I repeat, be showered upon your ministrations of benevolence and love."

Then the attendant spirits struck their melodious harps, and warbled forth the sweet music of their spheres, consecrating me to this new field of duty and enterprise. Then, passing out of the room, they ascended to the light and glory of their radiant spheres, each one made happy by the pleasant communion which they had enjoyed; while, at the same time, other bright immortals descended from their starry homes, floating in at the unshut door, to seek the society of the children within. These were their Guardian Angels, and had come to keep holy vigils over them while they slumbered, and to breathe into their dreams the visions of their holy land.

Having found a medium that was or would be in a short time accessible to a passive control, I next sought for a suitable person to whom I might convey my testimonials of remembrance and messages of truth, and who would make such disposition of them as I might see fit to dictate. My attention turned to you, Mr. Brigham. I perceived the interest you manifested in this dawning Light, — this much-derided *Science*, — fathomed the interior depths of your soul, and found that you was well prepared to receive what I might offer. I then resolved to make you the *Legatee* of my spiritual communications, and to give you *identities* which would forcibly demonstrate the presence of your former earthly friend and townsman, John Quincy Adams!

Gaining the consent of the medium's then-controlling spirits in the manner alluded to, I endeavored to develop and perfect the "elementary principles" of his media power, and bring his spirit more in harmony with my sphere of being, and, consequently, more easily subject him to my influence.

To do this, however, I soon realized was no trifling matter;

as I found that the equanimity of his power had been much impaired or *unbalanced* by the very inharmonious surroundings to which he had in the past been subjected. Not fully comprehending, like many others, the full value or beauty of the inestimable, God-bestowed gift of mediumship innate in his organization, he had been too willing to employ it to the gratification of idle curiosities. I saw that he did not understand the *greatness* of the power conferred upon him, and that he had unavoidably brought himself in contact with minds of earth entirely uncongenial to the attraction of the highest order of spiritual beings, and thereby retarded the unfolding of the germs of mediumship within.

It was my desire to separate him, as far as possible, from the discordant elements around him, and to prohibit his loaning his blessed power for any other purpose but to instruct and magnify human nature! This, I knew, would prove a very difficult undertaking, and perhaps a troublesome one. For, in withdrawing him from the influences of certain surroundings, I should "run counter" to the wishes of many, and thus produce unpleasant antagonisms. It was not my desire or purpose to create inharmony, as you well know, but only to unfold a noble gift which Nature and Nature's God had implanted in a few to bless and benefit the many! And I knew that, if they could not now fully understand the reasons of this alienation, the time would come when all things would appear plain and comprehensible, and the "whys" and the "wherefores" be clearly enunciated to their satisfaction. Whatever obstacles I might encounter, I was determined to overcome, and to prove myself indeed faithful to my heaven-appointed task; for a *true* spirit will never cower before seemingly insurmountable difficulties or impediments, nor "grow weary in well-doing;" but, assured of the justice of the cause it espouses, it will enter on its holy labors with cheerful alacrity, determined, like Christ, to be a faithful servant in the vineyard of truth, — true to its God, true to its fellow-man, and consequently true to itself!

Therefore, I called to my command a class of intelligences to aid me in establishing a good control, and in resisting the influx of opposition which was bearing against this philosophy. It was necessary to have such an attendant band, because, in

case the conditions were affected by unavoidable contact with disharmonizing minds, it would require the strength of a combined will-power, to restore them to their original passivity; also, it was needed to crush the deleterious effects which opposing powers might have upon the equanimity of the medium's temperament, by bringing to the latter's assistance the united force of harmonious and sympathetic minds.

Accordingly, I endeavored, first, to expand his perceptive faculties, by which he could easily and clearly discern the true character or nature of each individual surrounding, and be governed thereby. In this, however, I did not prove as successful as I could have wished. I then sought to fit him to receive an extreme chilly feeling throughout his system, to be called into requisition on the near approach of an uncongenial spirit, either embodied or disembodied. In this attempt I achieved a triumph. And this negative sensation, accompanied by a feeling of repugnance on the proximity of certain individuals, is by no means confined to a single person, but extends through a large class of media, and others, who do not consider themselves as belonging to this latter-named and much-condemned order.

The power instantly to read and understand human character is a blessing of incalculable value and benefit to mankind, and more especially to those possessing the necessary qualities of mediumship. To be able to analyze individual character, and to navigate the secret thoughts and actions of the immortal soul, and discern how far they harmonize with our own, is an invaluable gift, and one too little understood and appreciated. The feeling of repugnance, so frequently exhibited by some when in the society of particular persons, is perfectly natural and consistent, and should not, by any means, be construed to represent a voluntary prejudice, especially when no positive evidence of such exists. It is a deep-rooted, abiding principle of the human mind, and should be obeyed and cultivated as much as any other faculty. It is a condition by which we are able to discern the sphere of another, and compare it with our own. It claims no relationship with prejudice, — as the former is involuntary, and the latter voluntary; the one purely spiritual, the other mundane.

This power of discernment is very largely developed in some persons, and enables them instantaneously to probe the mysteries of human character, and to see its harmonies and inharmonies, — its good and its evil traits. The perceptions of such are so beautifully unfolded, that even the mere mention of a name, or the presence of an individual's autograph, will cause an involuntary shudder to pass through the system; and by this negative sensation they quickly perceive that such an one is not in harmony with their sphere of life or action.

This feeling was experienced by me, to a considerable extent, when I was in the earth-life, although it was impossible for me to realize its meaning or value. I felt it the most when in public life, and surrounded by discordant political associates. I gave it no thought at that time, because I attributed it to a dislike created by the opposing elements around me. But during my intercourse with Heaven's Immortal Children, I find that it was the operation of unseen intelligences upon me, who were seeking,

> "With their pure, angelic power,
> To strengthen me in danger's hour;
> And breathe into my inner ear
> Encouragement, and hope, and cheer."

Therefore, it is proper that this power should be cultivated and called into active use. To obstruct the development of any faculty of the human mind, however mysterious may seem its workings, is a sin in the sight of God. Every function of the mind should be unfolded and employed according to its requirements and desires. None should be suffered to remain in a latent or inactive condition.

By strenuous exertion I was successful in bringing the medium under my government, and in employing his organization to write and speak emanations from my Circle of Spiritual Life; and although in possession of these forces, both manual and vocal, yet it cannot be expected that I can give expression to my thoughts in as fluent a manner as though they came direct from my mind to the world, without flowing through an intervening channel; for, as I have before dictated, all inspired teachings must partake, more or less, of the qualities of the

channel through which they flow. Yet I rejoice that I can even present evidences of my presence by simple messages, weaving in some characteristic of the past that will satisfy the inquiring soul of my identity, and prove

How true it is that angels can
Return from their Blest Shores above,
And elevate the souls of man
With messages of Truth and Love:
That they can come by day and night
And buoy the weary spirit up;
Can bless it with bright dreams of light,
And sweeten every bitter cup.

You, Mr. Brigham, have received from your spirit-friends innumerable tests of their heavenly contiguity, and instructions of a highly ennobling order. You realize that heaven is opened to your view; that it is a land from whose bourn travellers can *now* return, and commune with those tossed on the sea of time; that now is the "proper and acceptable" season for the soul to fit itself for those Higher Mansions above, and to enjoy the exalted society of their Immortal Children. Nobly have you withstood the fire of public opinion, and battled against those counter influences which surrounded you for the purpose of turning you from your investigations. Convinced of the reality of celestial communion, you feared not opposition nor trial; for you knew that God and angels were with you, and that none therefore could prevail against you. May this blessed Light grow in beauty to your spiritual perceptions as you become better acquainted with it, and your soul be prepared to tread the golden streets of the Eternal City!

To your care shall I entrust the communications dictated by me through this organism. And, while I make you the recipient of my humble teachings, I shall also make you a *medium* to transmit them to others. I shall relate, in forthcoming messages, many beautiful visions I enjoyed as I unfolded into the Spirit Life, accompanying them with appropriate illustrations. Also, I shall recite a History of my Welcome to the Heavenly Country, — give a faithful delineation of spiritual existences, — touch upon that great sin of the American nation, Slavery, and extend salutary advice where it is or will be

needed. I shall furthermore be strenuous in my denunciations of evil, whether existing in Church, State, or Nation, and shall do *my* part toward banishing error from the world, and instating truth in its place.

The incidents which I have recorded in this message, — relative to my *media* expedition, — are not idle, fancy-drawn sketches, but those deduced from veritable facts, and these from close observation and experience. Millions upon millions of spirits have long yearned to speak to loved ones from their realms of bliss, but have been prevented from so doing by the absence of suitable instruments. And the many new arrivals to the shores of Immortal Being, — the multitudinous numbers *daily* passing from earth into the bosom of heaven, — would seem to preclude the idea of finding media so constituted as to suit all, or to enable all to communicate to those they have left below. That media may be "raised up" to meet the demands of Humanity, and that *you* may act your part toward the furtherance of this object, is the fervent prayer of

A minister of Truth,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
November, 1854.

MESSAGE II.

HIS LAST OF EARTH AND FIRST OF HEAVEN.

SECTION FIRST.

Adams's death and spirit-birth — Welcomed by his mother — By his father — Encompassed by a host of seraphs — Approached by two in "old continentals" — Welcomed by Lafayette — Replies — Offers prayer — Sees Columbus and Vespucius — Angels guided Columbus — Salem witchcraft.

For a few days before the spirit bade farewell to its aged casket, I felt strongly impressed that the sands of life were fast dwindling away, and would soon run out; that I shortly should be released from the "post of duty" in the National Legislature, and become a member of that glorious Congress of Spirits above, where are found many fearless Representatives of Truth and Justice, and where the veto power is never exercised but to stay the progress of sin, error and oppression, and *everything* which conflicts with the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. A "monitor" within told me to prepare for the change which was soon to take place.

At length the looked-for period came. The soul was borne upward, on seraph wings, to the Higher Life, to meet there the innumerable friends waiting to receive it. The period of its unfolding occupied, I should judge, about six hours of earthly time. I was perfectly conscious of my transferation from terrestrial to celestial things, — that I was passing from the discords of earth into the harmonies of heaven.

After the spirit had thoroughly divested itself of its clayey envelopment, and I could easily respire the fragrant atmosphere of the Celestial Country, I turned my attention to the untold beauties spread out before my vision. It was about twenty minutes, I should think, after the formation of the spiritual body ere I beheld a single inhabitant of the Immortal Life. I was not

destined, however, to wait long. As far as my spirit-eye was capable of distending itself, I perceived a small luminous cloud approaching me, bearing on its bosom a glorious company of Immortals. Slowly and gracefully did that barque of beatified life glide along on the Shining Lake of Immortality, to welcome a *new arrival* to the shores of Eternal Progression. Nearer and nearer it approached me. My soul was completely absorbed in the enchanting spectacle presented before me. Following that magnificent River of Heavenly Life, I could perceive brilliant scintillations of light, casting around a divine halo, irradiating the spirit-world with a power and glory unsurpassed.

Soon it was near enough for me to distinguish the millions of souls sailing on its sparkling surface. The scene was one of such surpassing brilliancy that it nearly dazzled my celestial vision. Soon the flowing of that tide of celestial life ceased. Out of that immortal band appeared several resplendent forms, decked in robes of snowy whiteness, while on their heads glistened magnificent diadems, studded with jewels of incomparable value. When they were near, I recognized, in their features, those glorious Intelligences mentioned in my First Message.

[Here was enacted that beautiful scene, by which I received the first rudimental lesson of the Law of Spirit Control.]

Then my adored and sainted mother and father advanced to welcome their son to the ineffable joys of the Spirit Realms. My mother first greeted me in the following language:

"My beloved son: With pleasure do I greet you to the abodes of the Good and Just. The spirit has passed beyond the trials of earth, and entered on the supernal delights of an Everlasting Life. Faithfully have you fulfilled your earthly mission, and great will be your recompense. In the presence of this Glorified Body of Angels, do I greet you to your Heavenly Home, and to *their* eternal companionship. Perform the duties allotted to you (faithfully) that you may speedily rise to Higher Regions of Bliss and Happiness, and to the more perfect enjoyments of the Immortal Existence."

Then my devoted mother turned her vision upward to a Band of Spirits who were hovering over us, while the following sweet exhortation burst from her lips:

"Bright, angelic choristers, tune your golden harps to wel-

come this beloved spirit to his new sphere of usefulness and duty, to coöperate with us in the establishment of the eternal law of love and truth among the children of earth."

Then broke upon the "delighted, ravished ear," the most enchanting music I ever heard, vocal with harmony and love, while a million voices joined in one glorious Welcome Chant.

O! how divinely-beautiful did that sainted parent appear to my vision, as she floated before me, clad in her garments of dazzling glory, waiting to receive me in her outstretched arms, and bid me welcome to the society of Heaven's Immortal Citizens! The question, so often asked, "Shall we recognize our friends in Eternity?" was answered by the appearance of my mother, and other beloved ones, who passed on before me to the unintermitted glories of an Everlasting Existence.

O! Heaven would *not be* a desirable abode were it not enlivened by the presences of the loved, the loving and the long-remembered! Earth would be a cheerless, distasteful and irksome abiding-place, were it not for the precious hope of a happy, eternal reünion with those departed to the land of Pleasant Memories and Sunny Delights!

Gladdened by the thought of an immortality and a reünion with loved ones, the soul looks forward with great joy to that promised time, when the mortal ties, by death dissevered, will be united in an inseparable bond in the World of Perpetual Happiness beyond. With this cheering hope to illuminate the Pilgrim's Journey to the Holy City, Death becomes disrobed of its terrors, and is welcomed as a Harbinger of Peace and Mercy by the tried and afflicted soul. Earth assumes a delightful garb, and becomes a little Paradise below.

As soon as my dear mother had welcomed me to the Eternal Shores, my beloved father came forward, and uttered the following greeting:

"My faithful son: Welcome to your new sphere of duty,—to the eternal glories of the Land of Seraphs! Angels, with one accord, bid you a joyful welcome! With them will you labor to exterminate sin and error from the hearts of mankind, and to establish within them the immutable principles of Eternal Truth and Right.

"Here, on the glittering Scroll of Immortal Life, you see

written our Declaration of Independence! It embodies everything which is noble and just,—recognizes the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, and promulgates principles consonant with Love and Harmony. May you be a fearless Champion of its Godlike precepts, and be led, by a faithful devotion to its Divine Requisitions, nearer the source of Infinite Light and Wisdom!"

When this brief address was concluded, my father, in company with his angel partner, floated above my head, to witness the celestial reception which awaited their son.

On gazing upward, I beheld the brilliant cloud, which had borne such a mighty concourse of intelligent life upon its shining surface, separate, so as to form two distinct sides or lines. A perfect channel or road, by this movement, was created, upon which, in the distance, as far as the spiritual vision could stretch, I perceived another body of celestials approaching me. And O! if the one, in its career, was marked with great grandeur and sublimity, how much more transcendently grand was this other! Human language is inadequate to express the magnificence of that scene, so much beyond mortal conception, and the power of either Man or Angel to imagine or delineate!

O'erarching it was a splendid Rainbow of many-colored hues, around which were affixed several stars "of the first magnitude," each one of which contained a seraph form. In the centre was seen a beautiful spirit, with a wreath of evergreen resting on his brow, in which were entwined the following two lines:

"God is Omnipotent:
Man is Immortal."

Like the other, this glorious River of Immortality ceased flowing when it reached a certain point. Then, from off its glistening bosom, glided many brilliant forms, clad in vestments of lily-white purity.

My attention, however, was particularly attracted to two personages rapidly approaching me, and who were dressed, not like the others in raiments of white, but in full military costumes, similar to those worn by the soldiers during the Revolutionary War. I was surprised at this, but did not demand an

explanation at that time, as I was too much absorbed in this enchanting spectacle, to indulge in any interrogatories!

I now perceived they had ceased approaching me, and appeared to be closely engaged in conversation. Presently, I saw them separate, one coming toward me, and the other remaining behind. Soon he was by my side, and I immediately recognized in his form and features a well-known and beloved friend!

O! the ineffable joys which accompanied that resplendent recognition! O! the innumerable memories it brought to mind, — picturing before me the glorious incidents of the "still living Past!" And will not all, who read this portion of my message, become participators with me in my happiness, — will not their hearts thrill with unutterable joy, when I pronounce the name of the brave, the noble, the chivalric,

GILBERT MOTIER DE LAFAYETTE!

Yes, I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of again grasping the hand of that brave and good man, who, fired with the generous impulses of an honest heart and conscience, left his dear native land, and crossed the mighty waters, to assist a struggling infant nation to gain its freedom and independence! Glad, indeed, was I to behold his immortal form, and to review in my mind the heroic devotion and love he manifested for a stranger land, seeking to gain the inalienable rights of liberty and happiness!

But hear Lafayette's cordial welcome. Taking me by the hand, he, in a sweet and musical strain, addressed me in the following language:

"My beloved friend and brother: It gives me unspeakable joy to welcome you to the glorious embrace of heaven, and to the friendship of those dear ones whose united love entwines around your spirit like the vine unto the tree.

"With earnest solicitude have angels watched your brilliant earthly career, and, unconsciously to yourself, impressed you with beautiful thoughts from their radiant land of love!

"When your soul was tried by the bitter opposition of the enemies of Liberty and Truth, then the sweet voices of Guard-

ian Angels breathed hope and strength, and inspired you with courage and fortitude.

"Doubly pleasant, dear brother, is this greeting to me, from the delightful memories which your spiritual presence brings to mind. Well do I remember the beautiful visit I enjoyed when on earth to the land of Washington and other Patriots, and the heartfelt parting blessing you pronounced, as I was about to leave those beloved shores.

"As I bade adieu to that land of holy remembrances, — casting a 'last, fond look' at her lofty hills and lowly valleys, — I indulged in the hope of again being permitted to tread American soil, and visit those places memorable in history. The prayer of my heart was wafted on angel wings to the Divine Father, and *was answered in* SPIRIT LIFE! I am privileged to visit the scenes of past exploits and labors, and to incite mankind to a lofty patriotism, and impress them to imitate the glorious examples their Patriotic Fathers have bequeathed to them.

"Nor am I unattended in my visits: In company with Washington and Adams, Jefferson and Hancock, Putnam and Stark, Warren and Carroll, and hundreds of others, whose names are as 'household words' to the American Family of States, do I traverse each familiar scene, and with them view those sacred spots endeared to us by many pleasant associations, and cherished by us in everlasting remembrance!

"Now, my friend and brother, in behalf of the glorified millions of Paradise, I accord to you a cheerful salutation. With the noble, the good, and the just, will you forever associate, and with them labor to further the cause of the World's Redemption. May you, through a faithful performance of your celestial duties, rapidly advance in the higher elements of knowledge and wisdom, and thereby gravitate nearer to Infinite Perfection and Goodness!"

This reception was listened to with profound attention by the glorified beings who encircled the radiant spirit of Lafayette, and who accompanied him in his glorious passage on the River of Life. My exultant soul was so filled with joy in again greeting this valued friend, that some time elapsed ere I could reply to his appropriate address. At last, heavenly power and

strength were imparted to me, and the following impressions were breathed forth from my mind:

"My much-esteemed friend: Words are inadequate to express the tumultuous emotions which permeate my soul as I again grasp the hand of one whose earthly life is so beautifully inwoven into the history of that country from whose service I have so recently departed.

"Deeply engraved on memory's tablet is the circumstance of the visit to which you have referred. Well, indeed, do I remember the farewell address spoken to you, and the feelings you expressed on leaving the land endeared to you by many happy reminiscences.

"There is a marked significance, my brother, in this reception. While acting in capacity of President of the United States, I was empowered with the privilege of bidding you, in behalf of the Nation, a farewell from the land where you labored by the side of good men and true, and fought with them the battle of freedom. I grasped your honest hand, and thought of the many times it had been raised to crush despotism and slavery, and to defend the liberties of a down-trodden and oppressed land!

"In my farewell address to you, I said, in behalf of the whole united people, 'We shall indulge the pleasant *anticipation* of again beholding our friend!' *One* now enjoys its glorious *realization!* The hand which then clasped *thine* to bid thee a final adieu, again grasps it, to receive, in return, from GILBERT MOTIER DE LAFAYETTE, a *glorified greeting* to the Shores of Eternal Being!

"O! may this unity of soul be replete with good to my emancipated spirit, and prepare me to ascend with you the higher grades of Spiritual Existence. May the good which adorned my earthly life be exemplified in my Celestial Being, and my errors swept away by the refining process through which I have been called to pass. My labors shall still be devoted to the spread of Humanity's Cause!"

Here, feeling the divine workings of the Holy Spirit within me, I gave utterance to the following prayer:

"O! Thou Eternal One! I thank Thee that Thou hast freed

my soul from a life of contention, and caused it to awaken amid the supernal glories of Thy Immaterial Universe! May all my sins be forgiven, and buried with the mortality which once enclosed the now disenthralled spirit. Give me strength and fortitude to perform the holy mission which has so beautifully been depicted to me. Imbue my Immortality with the spirit of Thy Fatherly Love, that I may raise the human soul from the mire of degradation and sin, and animate it with light from Thy Holy Divinity. Grant unto me the inestimable blessing of conversing with those I have so recently left, and of convincing them, if possible, of my immortal nearness. Hasten, Almighty Dispenser of Good, the blissful period when the gates of heaven shall be opened to man's entrance, and its divine glories be unfolded to his spiritual capacities; when the mourner shall be comforted by endearing messages of remembrance from the long-departed and the still-remembered; when the infidel, by identities presented from the Spirit Life, shall be convinced of the soul's immortality, and its ability to correspond with the children of earth. And I would invoke Thy divine blessing to rest upon my beloved country, from whose borders Thou hast called me to the duties of an Eternal Being. Fill the hearts of its rulers with the humanities of Thy Dear Self, and cause them to feel, that, without Thy love dwelling within, it will be hard for them to gain an entrance to Thy Kingdom! Eradicate from the government all wrong and grievous sins, and, above all, its foulest stain, Slavery! Hasten the time which shall know it no more: when Thy mighty Law of Love shall be recognized by the whole Human Race, and all shall embrace One Common Brotherhood, and a Universal Christianity. Then will Thy children be filled with the light of Thy countenance, and the all-permeating influences of Thy Infinite Spirit! Then, and not till then, will they worship Thee, in the Beauty of Holiness and Truth, — Thee who art the God of Nature, the Well-Spring of Salvation, and Animating Soul of Life Immortal."

The moment I had finished my Invocation, again there floated on the fragrant air of heaven the dulcet strains of music from immortal harps, mingled with the melodies of millions of seraphic voices. Beautiful forms, decked in flowing robes of ethereal brilliancy, flitted before my expanding vision, fanning

my brow as they passed along with their "light and airy" wings, each one crowned with the *tiara* of Immortal Truth and Love!

The appearance of two spirits, however, attracted my earnest attention. Lafayette — who was to be my Instructor on this occasion — informed me "that they were two who were antagonistic to each other in the earlier stages of their Spiritual Existence, because of some disputed right or title. But, through the genial influences of Heavenly Ministers, and the salutary instructions imparted to them, they have become harmonized, and now live on the same plane of development. They have been indwellers in the Progressive Spheres for some two or three centuries. They have done much to benefit mankind; have made important discoveries and explorations in the mundane world, and opened mighty channels of navigation to a then almost unknown country, but now peopled with a large concourse of industrial life, who bless the daring spirits of the men who traversed the broad and trackless ocean to plant the germs of civilization upon a rude, uncultivated soil. Look, and you will perceive the titles they bore when they trod the paths of terrestrial existence!"

I followed the direction of my Instructor, and I was impressed with the proximity of the Spiritual Presences of

"Christopher Columbus

and

Americus Vespucius."

Guided and guarded by Invisible Powers, the brave and noble Columbus started on his perilous voyage, in company with a few fearless, intrepid men, across the broad Atlantic, that he might discover other lands, and give to future generations the benefit of his successful search.

And as he now gazes, from his spirit-home, on the land by him discovered, and perceives the many villages, the large towns and cities which have sprung into existence out of the once barren wilderness; when he sees the "pathless ocean" teeming with hundreds of vessels, laden with the industry of commercial life, where only one or two were once visible, he is led

to exclaim, "O, Mighty Spirits of the Just and Good! This is your work! These are the evidences of your Holy Guardianship and Influence!"

The fact cannot be disputed that angels have watched and controlled the destinies of mankind from time immemorial! The instance which I have just related is not the only one which stands recorded on the calendar of the past; numerous others might be cited to prove the fact of angelic direction; that, in all ages of the world, spirits have controlled, more or less, the actions of mankind, and guided them on to many an important discovery.

No new principle in the Arts and Sciences, or in true Christianity, has ever sprung into active existence, but what might be traced to the interposition of Overshadowing Powers, desiring to aid mankind in the discovery and development of that which is hidden. But men's minds have been, and are still, so strongly cemented to corporeal things, to the laying up of treasures on earth, as to shut out from their recesses the inflowings of those radiant beings from the Land Invisible. So strongly have they been barricaded in the Fortress of Public Opinion, Sectarianism, and Superstition, that their beautiful impressions have been unable to reach them, and aid them to o'erleap the barriers which bind them down to darkness, and stand upon the broad platform of Everlasting Light and Truth! They have studied and endorsed the material, but rejected the spiritual; have given no heed to the hording up of the imperishable treasures of heaven, which moth and rust *cannot* corrupt, and which bring with them the sure reward of Eternal Peace and Unalloyed Happiness!

The so-called Salem Witchcraft furnishes a vivid example of the attempt of spirits to manifest their presences to earth's children. So zealous were they to convince a benighted world of the glorious state of the soul after the dissolution of the body, that they did not at first foresee the lamentable results which would ensue from their holy and loving wishes. Soon, however, they perceived that the soul was not sufficiently matured in wisdom and goodness to feast of the golden fruit from the Tree of Life Eternal! They analyzed the human heart, and found that the flowers of love and truth blossomed

not sufficiently there; that the interior being was cankered by an unnatural and perverse education. Therefore did they wait till the dawn of that blissful day, when man's nature would be elevated above the prejudices of the sectarian world, and become qualified to receive their high and holy truths. Ardently they labored to purify man's soul, by impressing him with exalted thoughts, and influencing him to a pure and virtuous life. Nobly did they set about their laborious task. Those loving hearts knew no discouragements or failures. Intent on doing their Master's will, zealous to wed Humanity to the Spirit Life, earnest to educate man in true knowledge and wisdom, they cowered not before obstacles and disparagements.

Thus, through their benignant influences, were the minds of earth's children prepared for the glorious revelations of the present day. The Star of Truth, which has so long been obscured by the clouds of prejudice and error, shines as brightly now as it shone in days of old, when it guided the "wise men of the east" to worship the elements of goodness and purity embodied in the humble-born Baby-Boy of Nazareth! Neither opposition nor prejudice will darken the glory of that beaming Orb! The controlled agents of spirits may be persecuted and reviled, and even "*hung as witches*" and wizards, yet that "Beacon Light" shall unfading gleam, until all shall acknowledge the truth as revealed *through* the life of Jesus, and *by* the teachings of angels at the present time.

SECTION SECOND.

Adams welcomed by Andre — A lesson of love and forgiveness — Castle of Brotherly Love — Garden of Beatified Life — Visit to the garden — Spiritualism of nature — Visit to the Castle of Brotherly Love — Indians and Negroes there — The Hall of Brotherhood — Joseph Warren — Patrick Henry — Lafayette introduces Arnold — Arnold as he was and as he is — Modern traitors worse than he — The slave-mother — Invocation of freedom.

After having been cordially received by the beautiful spirits of Columbus and Vespucius, they stationed themselves among the "goodly number" who had crowned me with their sincere congratulations. Another radiant being was then seen approaching me, the light of Love and Purity illuminating his noble

brow. He was dressed, not in a *flowing* robe, but in a British uniform. The war-plains have resounded with his deeds of valor. His name has dwelt on many a tongue in sorrow and pity, and yet in admiration and praise of his brave and excellent qualities, and his commanding, matchless eloquence. Soon he was by my side; and on his intelligent brow I read the never-to-be-forgotten name he bore when living on earth. It was

"JOHN ANDRE."

Grasping me by the hand, this exalted spirit uttered forth the following fervent welcome:

Spirit Brother: My exultant soul rejoices in this meeting of your freed spirit. The Law of Sympathy, which has attracted so many of the Just and Faithful of our Heaven to you, also draws me to commingle with you in a glorious unison.

"I have witnessed, with pride and exultation, your brilliant earthly career. Nobly have you stormed the citadel of oppression, and given to the world a faithful sample of a Fearless Man! The threats of an unrighteous people did not cause you to cringe from your noble work. 'Hempen cords' and midnight assassins startled you not! You loved your God, and strove to serve Him. Humanity and Progress were your watchwords and mottoes. You enlisted under their banners, and contended bravely against their enemies. The down-trodden and oppressed found in you a devoted friend. In public or in private, your voice was ever raised to defend the cause of Liberty and Justice.

"When the Star of Freedom darkened, and heavy clouds obscured its lurid light, all eyes were centred to one brilliant mind to restore it to its pristine power and glory; and that one was yourself — John Quincy Adams, — rightly, appropriately, and nobly named the 'Old Man Eloquent!'

"The noisy dissensions of an earthly Congress are forever o'er with you. Your voice is no longer heard, in strains of lofty eloquence, pleading the cause of Humanity. A solemn stillness reigns in the National Halls, because of the departure of thy spirit from its mortal tenement to a better land. A glorious Star has faded from earth's constellation, and been

affixed to the Celestial Skies. All feel its light, and acknowledge the intensity of its power. Partisans, who would have tamed thy exalted spirit, and made it subservient to their will, now suspend hostilities, and let fall a silent tear over the inanimate casket resting beneath the Nation's Capitol, — unwilling to pluck a single flower from the fadeless garland which wreathes its noble brow. All equipped for the Battle of Right, your immortal soul has been elevated to a holier existence, still to watch over and inspire mankind.

"Although an indweller in the Higher Spheres, yet you will not be insensible to the pleasures or sorrows of the world below. Still will you range and explore the sublime unfoldings of Nature's works, — trace, in their beautiful laws, the love and wisdom of an Omnipotent Parent, and discern, *with* greater power, the developing germs of the flowers of Harmony and Progression. Still will you walk up the broad aisle of that Church where you have been accustomed to worship in the earth-life, and greet the familiar friends of youth and riper age. Still will you listen to words of wisdom flowing from the lips of your former Pastor, and, peradventure, be enabled to impress him with your ever-living presence.

"Nor will the musical strains of your eloquent voice be silenced. As time rolls on, and mankind become prepared for the glorious advent of Spiritual Revelations, through mortal organizations will you be heard defending the cause of Truth and Equity, — pleading for your brother-man in chains, and upholding the invincible Laws of God and Heaven.

"In the Halls of Legislation, where so long and manfully you have *represented* the eternal principles of Right and Justice, the 'still small voice' will also be heard, bidding the Nation's Representatives to love righteousness, and hate wickedness. Its silvery tones will awaken in their hearts higher aspirations and loftier emotions, and cause them to beat with a universal love and humanity.

"With the glorified of heaven will you commingle, and learn of them the way to higher mansions of light and purity. With them will you traverse those magnificent regions of thought and beauty, where the noble saints and martyrs of the past, who have endured suffering and privation that Truth might

triumph, exist in ineffable glory and eternal bliss. With them will you visit those shining orbs which illuminate the Starry Firmament, and learn the beautiful laws and principles which govern their children.

"O, may your bright spirit be filled with holy affections and sympathies toward all mankind! May it imbibe all the crowning beauties of our Celestial Paradise! As you roam through the Seraph-Spheres of our Star-Constellated Skies, and become educated in the glorious laws which govern them, may you instruct those below you, that *they* may advance to the same exalted condition of spiritual existence!

"Let us endeavor to uproot
Each noxious plant which thrives below,
Until the germs of love shall shoot,
Where poisonous weeds now sprout and grow;
And let us work, with zeal and might,
The form of error to efface,
That Love and Virtue, Truth and Right,
May sweetly flourish in its place."

The instant this address was concluded, and before I could reply to it, the bright form of Andre passed from my vision, when my Instructor spoke as follows:

"We will now, dear brother, present to your view a beautiful picture of Spirit Life. In it you will read a lesson of love and forgiveness, and realize 'how glorious it is for brethren to dwell together' in peace and harmony, united by the inseparable chain of brotherly affection. Conquer all the prejudices of the past, and extend the Hand of Sympathy and Friendship to the beloved spirit who is soon to be ushered into your celestial presence. Forget his frailties and imperfections, and receive him as a brother, — as a child of our Common Father."

These words of Lafayette caused an indescribable thrill to permeate my spiritual system, — as their tone indicated I was about to be introduced to an "*important* personage!" Who it was I could not possibly conjecture, and patiently I waited the "motion" of my kind Instructor for an introduction.

A company of eighteen beautiful spirits then floated directly above my head, and formed themselves into a circle. Presently, a magnificent cloud enveloped my form, and obscured

from my sight every surrounding beauty of heaven. This was created by the operation of the combined will-power of those above me. Soon, however, the flower-perfumed zephyrs of Paradise wafted each golden particle away, and revealed to my astonished gaze the most enchanting spectacle I ever beheld.

Before me was a splendid Garden, filled with flowers of most exquisite beauty and delicious fragrance,

> "To which no earthly flower could well compare,—
> Not e'en the humblest one which blossomed there."

In the middle stood a capacious castle, formed of brilliant gems,—reminding one of the fabled story of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp. Around it meandered a beautiful rivulet, on whose shining surface floated many sylph-like forms, clad in golden-colored robes. On every side glistened numerous Fountains, casting up their silver-tinted waters, giving a beauty to the scene beyond the power of description. Over all arched a celestial sky, whose ethereal blue rendered each object more gloriously brilliant, encircling it in a soft and mellow haze.

Accompanying these incomparable beauties, and which gave them a greater interest, were several inscriptions and mottoes, conveying some instructive and useful lesson to my mind. In the centre of the superb structure alluded to was seen the beautiful title:

"The Castle of Brotherly Love;"

while below it were twined a couplet of lines, breathing a divine reality:

> "God is our Father, Friend, and All;
> His love on every child doth fall."

Over each fountain were written beautiful and appropriate mottoes, formed at will out of the refined elements of the ethereal atmosphere. Among them appeared the following sentences:

"Fountain of Truth."

"Come, drink of its pure and limpid waters, and verily ye shall thirst no more. Bathe in its crystal streams of Light

and Purity, and be cleansed of all errors and imperfections."

Over the sparkling "stream of water" shone, in a Halo of Glory, the significant inscription:

"THE RIVER OF PROGRESSION;"

while over the whole of this magnificent spectacle was written, in the cloudless air of Heaven:

"THE GARDEN OF BEATIFIED LIFE."

Many other brilliant devices, too innumerable to mention, were also presented to my delighted spirit. But I have perhaps related sufficient to give my reader a faint idea of the glorious scenes which were displayed to my celestial gaze at that early period of my development.

The most thrilling part, however, in this enchanting "scenic spectacle" was yet to be enacted. My Instructor and "angelic attendants" signified their desire to accompany me to the Celestial Garden, and into the palace situated in the centre.

No sooner was it expressed, ere my spirit-eyes beheld six resplendent forms sailing towards me in a splendid barge, elegantly ornamented with beautiful flags and pennons, on which were inscribed several appropriate mottoes. On the bow rested a "Bird of Paradise," from whose beak was suspended a small, half-unrolled scroll, on which was written:

"EVER ONWARD AND UPWARD;"

while on the barge itself was imprinted, in a cluster of variegated stars, its beautiful appellation:

"IMMORTALITY."

When it came by our side, Lafayette motioned me "on board;" and swiftly we floated along on the silver Lake of Eternal Life, wafted onward by the gentle breezes of angelic affection, until we rested at the base of "The Castle of Brotherly Love!"

O, how gorgeous was the scene mirrored before me! How

impossible to describe, — how utterly futile to attempt to delineate! All around me were glories too brilliant and enchanting for mortal or even immortal tongue to depict, — too transcendently sublime for the painter's brush even faintly to sketch! One has but to behold them to know that he is in Heaven!

In the distance were seen numerous mountains, dipping their lofty ridges in the crescive splendor of a Celestial Sun, while the music of the waterfall was heard sweetly blending its voiceful eloquence with the harmonial carollings of paradisiacal songsters. The flowers wafted forth a fragrance belonging alone to Heaven, while the gorgeous-tinted butterfly flitted from one to the other, sipping the celestial sweetness which sparkled, like morning dews, on each perfumed petal. Beautiful lilies were seen by the water's edge, lifting up their snow-white corollas from out the shining surface, as if to convey to us a lesson of purity and innocence. The little, modest violet, also, blossomed there, teaching us Humility and Simplicity. In fact, my spiritual vision beheld a representation of many things which had their primitive birth in a material form, either on the Earth or in some other planetary world!

The Spiritualization of Nature! What a profound theme for the study and contemplation of the philosophical and scientific mind, and, in fact, of every lover of the beautiful and sublime in Nature! Not even the minutest atom of earth or matter is annihilated or lost! Each particle contains the elements of immortality, and has its *correspondence* in the Spirit Life. The little flower, when crushed in the palm of the hand, yields a sweeter fragrance. And could the inner sight of man be opened, at such times, he would behold the departing perfume — the life-sustaining principle of the decaying flower — resolve itself into its original form, and ascend, in a more sublimated condition, to its "native home" in the Garden of Paradise.

"*Observation* teaches me that bird, and beast, and flower,
And *every* creeping thing which now possesses living power,
Will truly, in another form, enjoy a higher state;
For nothing which has life below will God annihilate.

"What the soul is to the man, such is instinct to the beast;
And if we *hold* that one will live when from the earth released,

Why, then this rule will also in the other case apply, —
For *Reason* teaches me that '*soul*' or '*instinct*' cannot die!

"But that which is repugnant now unto the mortal eyes,
Will, in this blessed world of peace, become most spiritualized;
And all things hideous to the gaze a different look will wear,
As the undying soul unfolds within these mansions fair..

"I know that many *earthly* minds will ridicule the thought
That God has not a single bird, or beast, or flower, forgot;
That He, who, without notice, would not let a sparrow fall,
Has, in a brighter realm beyond, provided for them all!

"But as the soul's interior powers develop and expand,
As it unfolds in love and truth within the Spirit Land,
It then will better be prepared to comprehend and see
What *now* appears so deeply wrapped in doubt and mystery!"

The doors of the Palace were now thrown open, and two seraphic forms, clothed in raiments of white, appeared, and beckoned us to approach them. Obedient to their request, we passed the Golden Gate, and mounted the steps which led to the Castle of Brotherly Love. Soon we were in the presence of the two angels, who led us through a long and magnificent passage, ornamented with numerous allegorical representations, until our progress was intercepted by another door. Through this we were to pass, and be ushered into the presence of many beautiful beings.

Again appeared at the door two other bright spirits, with a celestial wand in their hands, and a Crown of Glory on their heads. Over the door was wreathed, in a Girdle of Pearls, the beautiful Biblical quotation:

"Faith, Hope, and Charity:
But the greatest of these is Charity."

Soon we were in the presence of an innumerable company of immortals, who, the instant we entered, greeted us with delightful strains of music from spirit-harps, intermingled with the melodious intonations of harmonious voices.

Upon gazing around, I saw that I was in a large and splendidly-decorated Hall, illuminated with brilliant gems, and

adorned with numberless appropriate ensigns and figures. In it were floating thousands of happy beings from different Circles of Spiritual Life, who had assembled there to witness the *scene* which was soon to be enacted. Many of these were once inhabitants of other planets than the Earth, but *now* members of the same Glorious Heaven!

There I saw the once-wronged and abused Red Man, dwelling in peace and amity, and listening to the "big words" of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the "pale-faced brother." Without fear and trembling he sat at his feet, listened to the sweet counsels he breathed, heard him tell of the Great Manitou whose love extended over all, whose Big Heart throbbed with the tenderest affection for every child, and who welcomed all to a seat in His Eternal Wigwam. Joyfully my eyes feasted on that sublime spectacle, — that holy, heavenly picture of harmonial communion! It brought to mind the prophecies of the past, — the dawn of that glad Millennium-Day, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, the kid with the wolf, and brethren live together in peace, harmony, and love, with none to molest, nor to make afraid.

There, too, I beheld my dark-skinned brother, — the perseeuted, down-trodden Ameriean Slave, — he, whose "inalienable rights" have so long been trampled upon and violated with impunity by unrighteous men. No longer were my ears assailed by the elanking of chains, or the groans and shrieks of almost broken hearts, as the lacerating whip was wont to descend on the naked form of slavery's victim! O, no! No such unweleome sound disturbed the calm serenity of the Heavenly Home. Harmony and Order reigned, and Love found a habitation within each soul.

As I gazed on the Band of Celestials into whose company I had been introduced, dwelling together in unity, I turned my eyes upward to ascertain the *name* of the beautiful plaee to whieh I had been led, and beheld written on the *walls*,

"The Hall of Brotherhood."

A little below this inscription, in a garland of flowers, was entwined the fervent salutation:

"Welcome, brother, to the Land
Of Celestial Life above;
Welcome to the Spirit Band,
Dwelling in the light of love.

* * * *

"Welcome to the pure and good
Of the Hall of Brotherhood;
Welcome to our Realm of Bliss,
To our Heaven of Happiness!

"Angel lips, with *one* accord,
Welcome you to your reward;
Bid you work with them to free
Man from sin and slavery."

In the centre of the Hall was a very beautiful altar, around which were collected several radiant spirits, communing together, and seeking knowledge and wisdom of one another. On it was a snow-white lamb, by the side of which was reposing the form of a lion, while below appeared the significant scriptural prophecy:

"And the lion shall lie down with the lamb."

Among the group assembled there I beheld a few who acted with me on the stage of political life. Also, there were some who served in the memorable struggle which resulted in the emancipation of America from British slavery. Among this latter-named class I beheld one, who poured out his heart's blood on that eventful day, the seventeenth of June, 1775, and who, as the Star of Freedom began to break through the darkening clouds of foreign oppression and despotism, unfolded into the universal liberty of the children of heaven. I have but to speak the name of

"Joseph Warren,"

to cause every *true* heart to glow with the spirit of patriotic enthusiasm, and the ardent desire to be as faithfully devoted to the principles of Freedom and Equity as *he* proved himself.

By his side was standing another noble spirit, who also has "made *his* mark" in the mundane world, and bequeathed to

mankind an inestimable legacy in his brilliant and patriotic example. His fiery words of eloquence in behalf of liberty, together with his fierce denunciations of tyranny, have touched, as by an electric wand, the throbbing hearts of millions, — made thrones and empires tremble, and tyrants quake with fear. Gloriously beautiful did the spirit of the fearless and loyal

"PATRICK HENRY"

appear to my vision, surrounded by his numerous congenial Satellites of Light, Wisdom and Purity. Other immortals in that group were presented to me, some of whom I recognized as among the number who accompanied me in the visit recorded in my First Communication.

Presently, I saw them separate, an equal number standing on each side of the altar, as if to prepare a place in the centre for the admittance of other spirits. My attention was then attracted to the door through which we entered into the Hall of Brotherhood, and I saw passing in two intelligences, over whom were sailing eight resplendent female forms, bearing in their hands several garlands of flowers, whose odorous qualities diffused through the atmosphere a balmy sweetness, and gave a hallowing influence to the scene.

The form of one of the spirits first alluded to was clad in a robe of "purple and gold," with a splendid *Aureola* reposing on his brow, in which were inserted the two subjoined lines:

> "He, who would find the Road to Peace and Happiness above,
> Must *seek* it through the Golden Gate of Universal Love."

The other was dressed in a "garb of sombre hue," while a shade of melancholy sat brooding on his countenance, with "ever and anon" a ray of light illuminating it, as some gentle word of hope and encouragement fell on his surcharged soul. The greatest deference was shown him by his surrounding associates, and the deepest sympathy manifested for his spiritual happiness and progression. All vied in the expression of their love and affection, and were desirous to aid him in his moral and intellectual development.

The twain soon made their appearance before the altar, while the most solemn stillness reigned in the Hall of Brotherhood. Then the beautiful spirit of Patrick Henry beckoned us to approach, that I might receive an introduction to the Immortal who had sought our presence, and, perhaps, breathe to him a few consolatory and encouraging words.

The most tumultuous feelings reigned in my soul! I knew not the earthly name of the one to whom I was to be introduced, for my celestial associates had wisely kept it from me! The most thrilling emotions of anxiety pervaded my system the nearer I approached the spot where he stood. I did not, at the moment, understand these feelings, nor the reason why I should dread to approach his immediate presence. I was *certain* that no harm or injury would accrue from the contact, or any impediments be placed in the way of my further spiritual unfolding. But it was to do and get good, that I was thus to be brought in proximity with this child of immortality; to receive him to the bosom of my friendship and confidence, and to assist him, if possible, in attaining that state of happiness and glory enjoyed by the more spiritually-unfolded children of the Higher Regions of Celestial Existence.

I perceived, also, that the same emotions permeated his being, though to a greater extent. The shades of doubt, or rather of extreme anxiety, darkened his countenance as I drew near him, while his vision was riveted on my advancing form, as if he would penetrate the most secret channels of my soul, and ascertain whether the flower of sympathy blossomed within. Soon I saw a smile of joy and hope irradiate his features, as he became convinced that my heart still throbbed with love for *all* Humanity!

Lafayette now comes forward, and opens the introduction with the following address:

"Dear Brother: Our Heavenly Father has permitted us to assemble together in the spirit of love and charity in this beautiful Hall of Brotherhood, — this glorious Temple of Peace and Harmony! We have congregated here to exemplify to you the love we bear our erring brother man, and to show, by the power of illustration and example, the Beauties of Charity and Christ-like Forgiveness!

"You see standing before you the form of one, who, when in the mortal body, was led to commit many grave errors, and, through whose agency, his attendant spirit-friend was sent on his journey to the Everlasting Regions of Celestial Life!

"With no feelings of ill-will, of hate, or discord, rankling in his soul, the latter visits his sorrowing but repentant brother, and ministers to him the oil of consolation and hope from the vial of his holy affection and confidence. Unceasingly and untiringly does he labor for his redemption, assuring him of the forgiveness of the Great Shepherd, and of His love and care for all His children!

"Beautifully have his golden instructions descended on his once-erring brother, and awakened in his soul holier desires and aspirations. Slowly is he rising out of the atmosphere of sin and darkness in which he has so long been enveloped, and is now ascending the 'high road' to ineffable felicity and ecstatic enjoyment!

"Discard, then, beloved friend, every feeling of prejudice or repugnance from your nature, provided any such exist within, and receive this child of your Father as your brother and a member of the Mighty Family of God! Whatever may have been his past frailties and imperfections, forget them now, remembering, 'to err is human; to forgive, divine!'"

When my Instructor had finished his Christian Address, John Andre, the attending spirit of the one above referred to, advanced and introduced me to his companion, as follows:

"Permit me, John Quincy Adams, to introduce you to a contrite and repentant spirit, — our friend and brother,

"Benedict Arnold!"

As this name was pronounced, an instantaneous thrill passed through my spiritual organization, — a strong feeling of repugnance, which caused me to shrink from a closer contact with him. This seemed perfectly natural, from the train of circumstances which cluster around his name and memory, and the reminiscences which the pronunciation of the former brought to mind! I could not, notwithstanding all my efforts, and the advice of Lafayette, "conquer my prejudices" in a

moment's time, as they were too deeply rooted to be extirpated at once! I thought of the "last, crowning sin" of his earthly career, of that much-to-be-lamented act which has attached so much odium to his otherwise fair fame! With these feelings pervading me for the time being, is it a matter of wonderment that I should have started back with repugnance as the name of "Benedict Arnold" fell on my ear?

But as my vision rested on his repentant spirit; as I saw that Band of Holy Men lending their efforts to bring him out of his unhappy condition into a higher and holier realm of development; as I listened to their encouraging, soul-cheering words, and witnessed the happy emotions they excited in his bosom; in fact, as I beheld the earnest sympathy manifested in his behalf by *all* his angelic surroundings, I must say that my feelings underwent an entire change: prejudice and repugnance fled, like chaff before the wind, and a strong and ardent desire to resuscitate the still-burning, but long-hidden embers of virtue and piety in his soul, was enthroned in their stead!

Although Arnold proved himself a traitor, in *one* sense of the word, to his country, yet I saw he was *then* no traitor to God's Moral Government! Desiring to eradicate, as far as possible, the sins of his mortal career, and to become a useful member of Celestial Society, he earnestly sought the instruction of Higher Minds, and other means necessary to insure happiness and a perfect unfoldment of his spiritual faculties. By association with the intelligences of the Upper Spheres, and receiving into his soul their beautiful teachings, he entertained the hope that he would soon be an inhabitant with them in their mansions of light and glory. And I am happy to say that he has made considerable advancement during his residence on the Shores of Eternity, progressing out of the first sphere of spiritual existence, up a few rounds of the Ladder, until we find him a member of the fourth circle of the second sphere.

Yet he is not *perfectly* happy, nor beyond the influences appertaining to earth. The mistakes of a lifetime could not be corrected in an instant. As he traverses the rudimental sphere of being, he is often pained by the unpleasant remembrances of the past, and the epithets which an uncharitable world is continually attaching to his name.

The traitorous sin of Arnold is considered by the world at large as entirely unjustifiable. It has attached an odium and obloquy to his character, which only time and charity can obliterate; yet, viewing all things with impartiality, I do not consider his error any greater, or more heinous, or deserving of severer punishment, than those which are daily being committed by the supporters of the United States Government under the sanction of so-called law. Neither has any argument convinced me that the country would be in a much worse condition under the reign of England's Queen, had Arnold's object proved successful, than it is at present, under the direction of those men, whose principal object seems to be to further their ambitious designs, and to carry themselves into popular power, on the woes and sufferings of a down-trodden race. Arnold's error, in my humble opinion, seems the lesser, and more deserving of charity; because, stung by his country's ingratitude, in refusing to elevate him to those honors and emoluments to which he considered his valorous deeds and exploits were entitled, he, in a rash and inconsiderate hour, resolved to betray her into the hands of her enemies!

But what shall we say of those who are unintermittingly seeking to betray the cause of liberty, — constantly devising measures to rob their fellow-men of the immortal legacy bequeathed by God to all His children for their perpetual enjoyment? Is their sin as much deserving of our charity and forgiveness? Are they not traitors to their country, and, above all, to the Eternal Laws of God's Infinite Government? Are they not daily concocting means for the betrayal of freedom, and the perpetuity of the wicked, inhuman system of *chattel* slavery?

Where, in any country, whether monarchical or so-called republican, can you find a more infamous, God-defying, or un-Christian statute, than that which at present disgraces the Law-Book of the United States, and is known to the world by the title of the Fugitive-Slave Bill? Where can you find a more atrocious outrage on humanity, or a more direct insult to the Divine Government, than was offered in the enacting of this barbarous *law* by an American Congress?

Go with me in imagination to the Charnel House of Slavery,

and see the atrocities there daily committed, with the approval of the supporters of the American Government. See that heart-broken mother, as she rends the air with her piercing shrieks and groans, as the child of her love is torn from her maternal embrace by the tyrant, and sold far away from the benignant influences of her care and protection. Hear her agonizing cries, as she calls on God to redress the injuries done to her oppressed race! How fearful are the imprecations she wafts upward to heaven, that vengeance may be visited on the enemies of her peace and happiness! O, how thrillingly do they fall on the ears of her invisible watchers!

But see! her countenance is suddenly lit up,—a smile of hope plays along her features,—a ray of gladness has shot through her heart,—and, in fact, her whole appearance seems changed! What has occasioned this sudden revolution of feeling? Has some kind angel touched a tender chord, or breathed some sweet thought, which has awakened an emotion of joy, a hope of freedom in her soul?

Yes! a silent voice has spoken within, telling her of a land where chains are unknown, and where mothers will again meet with their darling babes! It bids her hope in God, who will eventually deliver *all* His children out of bondage, and give them that liberty which is theirs by divine inheritance,—by every law of right and justice.

But she cannot wait for death to sever the mortal tie, and give her admittance to the untold liberties of heaven. She resolves to make a bold push for freedom while on the shores of time. She has heard of the Slave's Guide,—the North Star,—and knows its situation in the heavens. Led by its unerring light, she at last treads the soil of Massachusetts. Under the shadows of Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall, and over the mortal ashes of Warren, Hancock, and other tried and faithful patriots, she feels that none will dare molest nor make afraid.

But, ah! mistaken mother! you are not on free ground! The Striped Flag still waves above you! Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall cannot protect thee, thou poor and forlorn outcast! The miscalled Flag of Freedom may float above thy head, yet it cannot shelter thee from the power of the oppressor! Every door of the American Edifice is shut against you! You cannot

enter therein, and rest your weary limbs, for you are not safe from the tyrant's clutches while your foot presses a single inch of American soil! Alas! the expanding wings of the American Eagle are not open to shield *thee!*

No! Massachusetts cannot give
The boon thy soul doth fondly crave;
The poor and panting fugitive
Must on her soil REMAIN *a slave!*

Her Bunker Hill, where patriot blood
In freedom's cause was freely spent,
Cannot a shelter give to thee
Beneath its tow'ring monument!

For tyrants even *there* may tread
And hunt the flying bondman down;
May walk the spot which Warren's blood
Made ever-consecrated ground!

Nor Faneuil Hall can ope its door
To give a welcome unto thee;
Thou canst not press its sacred floor,
And think thyself as truly free!

O, no! poor slave, thou canst not find
A home where man for freedom fell;—
Th' oppressor there thy limbs may bind,
And force thee back to slav'ry's hell!

In other soils, 'neath other skies,
Thy flying form must seek *alone*
The boon America denies,—
The precious right thyself to own!

And there, in peace, thou mayst enjoy
The blessing England gives to thee;—
No tyrant foot dare touch her soil
To snatch away thy liberty!

Parents, when you read to your little ones the history of Benedict Arnold's earthly career, and seek to impress upon their young minds the extent of his errors, do not, I beseech you, forget to warn them of the Arnolds of the present day, whose sins are as great, yea, infinitely greater, in many respects, than was his! Bid them be true to liberty, and disloyal to the wicked institution of slavery. And, by thus impressing upon

their hearts a love of freedom in their early years, it will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. Angels will then look down upon a new and improved state of things, — upon a government administered as its Founders intended it should be. Pure, honorable, conscientious, and liberty-loving men, — men ambitious only for the public good, — will sit in the Councils of the Nation, and faithfully carry out the great principles of the Framers of the Government! Instead of the Black Flag of Slavery floating over a stricken land, we shall see the star-illumined Banner of Freedom waving its folds everywhere, and inviting all to come and seek repose beneath its protecting shadows.

And, friends of humanity, let us not be lethargic in our labors to attain such an object. If internal commotions and strifes are to follow the abasement of God's Omnipotent Laws, let us be prepared for them. Let us unsheathe our sword of Love and Justice, and go forth to conquer the enemies of Right and Liberty. Let us fear no evil; reposing our trust in Him who is ever on the side of the weak, and remembering that, as it is always darkest before day, so the heavy night, which now enshrouds the destinies of our common country in fear and gloom, is but the forerunner of that glorious morn, when the Day-Star of Freedom will rise out of the murky clouds of slavery, and illuminate all hearts with its welcome light and glory; when, on the balmy breezes wafted from Southern Skies, will no longer float the long, deep, agonizing wail of the poor slave, or be heard the clanking sounds of his chain-fettered limbs; when the joyous shouts of a disenthralled people shall well up from every heart in one glad and golden strain, and angels shall catch each ascending note, and join in with them in chanting forth thanksgivings over the Natal Day of *Universal* Liberty!

Come, blessèd Day of Liberty, —
Illumine earth with thy pure light,
Dispel the mists of slavery
Which *now* obscure thy radiance bright.

Shed forth thy penetrating beams,
Until each cloud is swept away,
And earth smiles with the happy dawn
Of Freedom's glorious Natal Day!

SECTION THIRD.

The opening prayer of a special gathering — Reading of beautiful passages — Scrolls with mottoes — Poem presented by a child.

When the introduction to Arnold was completed, and I had recovered from the momentary agitation into which the mention of his name had plunged me, one of the glorious number around the altar advanced in front, and gave utterance to the following beautiful and appropriate soul-stirring prayer:

"O Thou Eternal Parent! Thou, who causest Thy showers of love and mercy to descend on the hearts of the just and the unjust, and Thy Sun of Righteousness to shine on the evil and the good! We would bow before the Altar of Thy Infinite Goodness, and invoke Thy benignant smiles to rest upon us, and to cast around our souls a hallowing influence. We thank Thee for every good and perfect gift we receive, and would seek, by obedience to Thy unchangeable laws, to make ourselves more worthy recipients of them. We pray Thee to forgive our many past sins and frailties, and to reveal Thyself more fully to our understandings, that we may know more of the beauty of Thy character, and grasp the illimitable ideas which lie in Thy Infinite Mind! Crown us with the spirit of Thy charity and forgiveness, that we may be just and humane in our dealings with mankind, and be led to forgive the enemies of Thy Truth, even as Thou, O God, art ever ready to forgive! We rejoice, that we are permitted to mingle together in sweet brotherly love and affection, and assist one another in developing the faculties Thou hast implanted in our being. We thank Thee that Thou hast privileged us to convene together in this Hall of Brotherhood, for mutual intercourse, and to present to our newly-arrived brother a beautiful picture of spirit-life, and an example of Christ-like forgiveness. May this glorified meeting abound in good results to him and all of us, and lift us still further up the Ladder of Eternal Progress! May the light of Thy Divine Mind shed its brightness on each spirit, and awaken within some new and lofty aspiration, whose golden wings shall waft it onward and upward nearer Thee! Bless the spirit who has invoked our presences, to be instructed and ennobled by our humble teachings! May the fountains of his soul be opened

to receive the inspiration flowing down from Thee! May he realize that Thou art all love, goodness, and mercy, and that Thy arms are outstretched to enfold him in their Infinite Embrace! May he prove loyal to Thy Holy Will, and to the immutable principles of Thy Divine Government. May his soul expand in the beauty of truth and virtue under the genial rays of Thy Sun of Righteousness. Clothe him in the raiments of Thy Immaculate Love. Bedew him with the softening influences of Thy Spirit, and raise him out of darkness to be a shining light in Thy Firmament of Truth and Holiness. And may we *all* become more receptive to the influences of Thine All-Permeating Spirit, more enlarged in our own sympathies and affections, and better fitted to dwell with Thee in Thy Mansions of Eternal Blessedness."

When this Minister of Truth concluded his Christian oblation, another brilliant spirit stood before the altar, and, opening a shining book, which he carried in his hand, read to the Celestial Assembly the following beautiful passages:

"Love is the brightest flower which adorns the Garden of Paradise. Its bloom is unfading, and its fragrance perpetual!

"Love is the highest and holiest attribute of the human Soul; for in it are concentrated all other attributes!

"To love your fellow-man with all your heart and soul, is to love your Father who is in heaven. Ye cannot hate the one, and love the other!

"If thy brother sinneth against thee, and would despitefully wrong and persecute thee, return to him thy love and forgiveness. For it is written, by so doing, ye will heap coals of fire on his head!

"Give unto the hungry and famishing the Bread of Eternal Truth, and a cooling draught of water from the Well-Spring of Everlasting Life and Love!

"Be possessed of the spirit of Christ, that ye may perform, like him, much good for your fellow-man, and be brought into holier association with his Realm of Life, and sit down with him, and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in sweet and blissful communion!

"Be meek as little doves, and learn of them a lesson of innocence and purity. Perform unostentatiously your Father's

work. Become divested of all pride, casting away each unholy feeling!

"Preach the Gospel of Christianity to all people! Draw no line of demarcation to your sympathies; but let them range all immensity, blessing and ennobling all upon whom they descend!

"Disseminate the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. Teach the oppressor to love his neighbor as himself, and to release from bondage his fellow-man. For it is written:

"'Break the chains of the oppressed, and let them go free:' 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee:' 'He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best;' thou shalt not oppress him.

"Be kind and forgiving to the erring, and aid them to unfold the moral and intellectual powers of their being. Instruct the ignorant, redeem the degraded, and lift up the bowed down.

"Be firm and steadfast in the right, bound together by the ties of Brotherhood, and ever ready to condemn wickedness and error, and to applaud virtue and morality.

"Peace, Love, Truth, and Harmony, be and abide with you all, and guide you on to higher and more beautiful regions of Celestial Bliss and Glory!"

As soon as this spirit had finished the recitation of these passages, the door, through which we entered, again opened, and a large concourse of immortals passed in, clad in dark habiliments. Above them, also, hovered a band of angels, robed in garments of dazzling splendor, and crowned with gems of incomparable brilliancy. In each hand was a spirit-scroll, on which were emblazoned several beautiful mottoes, among which were the following:

"Angelic Love, like stars at night,
Shines with a radiance *ever* bright,
To guide the traveller on his way
To realms of never-ending day."

Among this group were several very beautiful children, who were completely covered with spirit-flowers, and who, also, carried in their hands scrolls of exceeding brightness. On one was the couplet:

"Love, Harmony, and Innocence,
My youthful spirit represents."

On another, borne by a transcendently beautiful seraph, were written, in letters of gold, the lines:

"Heaven is a land of peaceful rest,
A home of bliss and purity,
Where, with the ransomed and the blest,
The soul will dwell eternally."

Another lovely spirit-child unrolled a shining chart, and revealed to my celestial vision the following poetical lines, — each word written as soon as the preceding one was read:

"From the realm of fragrant flowers, —
From the land of golden Bowers, —
Where the fairest roses bloom,
Wafting forth their rich perfume, —

"Come we here to *add our mite*
To the cause of Truth and Right; —
With our influence to bless
Those who seek for happiness.

"Meekly as a little dove,
Do we come to teach you love;
And to guide you to our skies,
To our sunny Paradise.

"Christ, — the Meek and Lowly Man, —
Bids us all do what we can
To bring back the darkened soul
To his all-expansive Fold!

"Faithfully shall we pursue
What our hands now find to do,
That we *all* may closer rest,
On dear Jesus' gentle breast."

Then several other beautiful gems of thought, culled from the Shores of Eternity, sparkled before my eyes, and impressed me with some sweet lesson of love and charity. Several gifts were laid on the altar by various spirits, — each one emblematic of some attribute of the Divine Character!

One incident occurred, during my visit to the Hall of Brotherhood, which it may be interesting and profitable to relate, ere I proceed with Benedict Arnold, as it unfolds a peculiar characteristic of Spirit Life.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
July, 1855.

MESSAGE III.

THE RECONCILIATION.

SECTION FIRST.

Two hostile politicians — Hostile still in Spirit Land — Their antagonism excludes them from the Garden — Seraphs accost them — Converse with them — A child prays for them — They confess to rancor and hate — Are kept down near to earth by their hate — Had heard that Adams was to receive a special welcome to the spheres above — Wish to be present — Strive to ascend — Succeed — But cannot enter the temple of Brotherly Love — Become reconciled, and are admitted.

Our attention was suddenly attracted to the entrance of the Castle of Brotherly Love, through which two spirits were striving to gain an admittance. They seemed very desirous of entering into the Castle, and, *through* the entrance, into the Hall of Brotherhood. Yet, notwithstanding their strenuous exertions, they were prevented from approaching any nearer by some invisible, repelling power, which they could not comprehend. In their hands were several gifts, which they desired to present as offerings at the altar. Why they should not be permitted to do so, I could not, at the moment, understand; for I judged, that the Castle of Brotherly Love, by its name, was opened to the admittance of every spirit, who sought the instruction of its indwellers, and was desirous of progressing in knowledge, wisdom and goodness! Subsequently, however, the reason was satisfactorily explained to me.

It appears that these two intelligences were very bitterly opposed to each other, when in the earth-life, because of a difference of political opinions. So extremely virulent were they in their denunciations, that their antagonisms followed them into the Spirit World, and proved as almost insuperable barriers to their onward and upward advancement! And even a few years' residence in spirit-life has not wholly eradicated these

inharmonious feelings from their natures, or brought them on to the plane of harmony and brotherly love.

While, therefore, there existed a single antagonistic feeling in their souls, they could not force an ingress to the Garden of Beatified Life; for *Love* was the *only* passport to the delights abounding therein,—the *only* key which could unlock the Golden Gates of the Castle of Brotherhood. After these non-sympathizing feelings were removed, and harmony restored, then they would become prepared to enjoy the society of those communing together for mutual benefit in the Hall of Brotherly Love. Had they, however, been admitted, at *that* time, their disharmonized feelings would have impregnated the atmosphere, and, probably, defeated the worthy object of the meeting:

"For Discord cannot find a place
Within sweet Harmony's embrace."

As they realized their conditions, and the stumbling-blocks in the way to an entrance to the Castle, they turned sorrowfully away, deploring the circumstances which prevented the consummation of their wishes. At this instant four beautiful seraphs were seen to emerge from the Celestial Garden, and approach them. In the hand of the first was a brilliant chart, on which was written the following truth:

"To love thy God with all thy heart,
Thou, too, thy brother man must love;
Thou canst not hate the one, and find
Admittance to the courts above."

In the hand of the second was an opened book, in which was written a portion of the 23d, 24th and 25th verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, as follows:

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee,

"First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him."

When these passages were disclosed to view, one of the

disharmonized spirits, to whom they were directed, retorted by repeating a verse in the same chapter:

"Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

Instantaneously the hand of the angel was moved to write out the following reply:

"All thou askest for shall be thine: seek to know thy conditions, and, knowing them, become elevated above all hate: Love thy neighbor and thy brother as thyself.

"He who hateth his brother, and thinketh evil of him, hateth the Father also. Love and Hate are enemies, and abide not together in the same tabernacle:

"He who casteth out the spirit of hate, conquereth himself, and giveth freedom to his soul; but he who entertaineth it as a guest enslaveth himself.

"Cast out all unrighteousness from thy soul, and be pure-minded and devout in all things. Be as little children, and learn of them lessons of wisdom and purity.

"Angels gaze on thee with love and compassion, and wait for thy coming at their courts of bliss. They know thy aspirations, and long to grant them.

"Therefore, be kindly-affectioned one toward another, for the fruit of the Spirit is love and peace. Let the Spirit of the Lord rest within you as a little dove, and abide there forever.

"Then, and *only* then, wilt thou become prepared to receive what thou askest. Let the jewel of God's Love crown your spirit, then come and dwell in His Heavenly Courts.

"Go forth, dear brethren, on your way,
And seek to do each other good:
Thus come prepared to dwell within
The princely Hall of Brotherhood."

The third bore in its hands a splendid banner, on which were imprinted numerous scriptural inscriptions, in fiery letters, as follows:

"Deck thyself *now* with majesty and excellency, and array thyself with glory and beauty."

"Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great *things* He hath done for you.'

"We will teach you the good and the right way."

"If thou hast done foolishly in lifting thyself up, or if thou hast thought evil, *lay* thine hand upon thy mouth."

"If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you."

"Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil: cleave to that which is good."

"Make straight paths for your feet: Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh unto you; submit yourselves to Him, and speak not evil one of another."

Then, below these Biblical passages, appeared the following benediction of the Spirit:

"The blessings of our Heavenly Parent be and abide with you both, now and forevermore. May His Holy Spirit dwell in your souls, and unite them in the bonds of Brotherly Love and Sympathy."

The fourth was an exceedingly beautiful child-spirit, who simply carried in its hands two festoons of flowers, in each of which was wrought the sentence:

"Love is the Guiding-Star to Heaven."

Advancing to the two antagonistic spirits, she placed one on each brow. The following short but beautiful communication was subsequently reflected from her glowing mind:

"From the Land of the Beautiful and the True, where the highest and the noblest minds dwell, and send forth their intellectual light to illuminate the Spirit Heavens, do I come to breathe a cherub's love to each, and to entwine a sweet garland of flowers around your immortal brows.

"I love you, dear brethren, because you are the children of my Heavenly Father, and because He loves you as no other parent can. He has taught us to love those below us, and to throw around such the halo of our purifying and elevating influence, that they may be lifted up, and enjoy with us the progressive glories of our Beatified Life.

"Christ taught us to love one another, and to be kind and gentle in our dispositions. He has said that, unless we possess His spirit, we can be none of His. And even *now* the dews of His love and affection are descending from His Heaven beyond

the stars upon us, watering each germ within, and causing them to spring up into flowers of wisdom, purity, and goodness.

"May the benignant influences of that noble saint fall also on your souls, dear brethren, and cast out the weeds of discord which rankle within. May the Flower of Harmony, the fairest and the most fragrant which blossoms in the Garden of God, bloom in your souls' deepest affections and sympathies, and guide you into the more beautiful paths of perfect godliness and love.

"Free yourselves from the chains which now enslave you, and then you will be prepared to enter through the 'Golden Gates of Universal Love,' there to walk with bright seraphs in the Garden of Beatified Life, and enjoy, with them, a glorious communion in the Hall of Brotherhood!

"The instructions necessary for your unfoldment and progress will be imparted to you by those Higher Intelligences who watch over you, and are desirous of your elevation to their Mansions of Light, Truth, and Wisdom.

"Be not, then, beloved ones disquieted nor cast down. Go your way, rejoicing in the light you have received from angelic minds, determined to abide by their holy instructions, and to uproot every antagonistic feeling from your natures.

"The influences of our cherubic love shall fall upon you like summer showers, and revivify into life each holy emotion of the soul. Often will we come from our Celestial Bowers laden with beautiful flowers of thought, and with the brightest gems of wisdom and truth. We will teach you the highest Christianity, the noblest and the purest spirituality, and will rejoice with you in your elevation to the more glorious Regions of Intellectual, Moral, and Beatified Life.

"When you have conquered each unchristian element, then you will become fitted to mingle in the harmonious society of the pure and good of the Higher Realms, to walk with them the same golden street of celestial being, and to drink from the same Fountain of Eternal Truth.

"Then the doors of the Castle of Brotherly Love will be thrown open to your spiritual entrance, and the Garden of Beatified Life will waft upward its sweetest odors, while the angelic choir will strike their harmonial harps, and join, in one

glad strain, o'er the redemption of your souls from the shackles of inharmony and error.

"Bright beings, from their Heaven above,
Look kindly down on thee,
And bid thee seek their realms of love,
Their home of purity.

"O, hearken to the mighty truths
Which angels breathe to thee;
And realize how good it is
For brethren to agree!

"Let every dark, discordant thought
Be banished from the mind;
And love and harmony within
A habitation find.

"The blessèd Jesus bids us all
To love our fellow-man;
And with our heavenly influence
To do what good we can.

"He bids us raise the erring soul
From darkness and from sin,
And, like the good Samaritan,
To pour Love's oil within.

"And by *His* life may you both mould
The impress of your own;
That you may dwell with Him in bliss,
Around the Father's Throne.

"Go now, dear brethren, on your way,
Each bitter feeling quell;
And fit your souls for higher realms,
With angels there to dwell!"

The sweetest emotions were awakened in the bosoms of these two warring spirits during the pronunciation of the foregoing address, and the dictation of the other messages. Each sorrowful countenance brightened up with gladness, and the shade of despair was supplanted by the rays of joy and hope.

As the child-spirit observed these happy signs, she joined their hands, while the following sweet invocation burst from her lips:

"O, our Father Eternal! May these children of Thy creating

be united in the bonds of holy Brotherhood and Love. May the unchristian spirit of hate, discord, and animosity, which has so long rankled in their bosoms, be dispelled by the influences of Thy Blessed Gospel of Peace and Good-Will, and the heavenly teachings of those appointed to instruct the ignorant and undeveloped, and to guide the discordant soul into the pathway of Harmony and Truth. May the lofty impressions of Superior Intelligences fall upon them, and lift them up above their present conditions to higher developments and nobler aspirations. May the beautiful teachings of the dear Jesus find a home therein, and uproot the weeds of inharmony which now choke the growth and blossoming of the fragrant flowers of Peace, Holiness and Love. May His hallowing influences shine around them, and inspire them onward to more ennobling fields of intellectual and moral labor. O, may they discern the truth as ministered unto them by Thy error-enfranchised children, and be led to worship Thee as the Father of Love, the Author of all things, and as the Grand Principle which permeates all immensity! May they look up to Thee as the glorious Embodiment of all Goodness and Purity, and realize that it will be hard for them to enter Thy Kingdom of Righteousness with their affections calloused or blunted by long-continued antagonisms. O, descend upon them, dear Father, in Thy holy power and might, and bring them out of darkness into the glory of Thy Undying Truth. May Thy Spirit radiate each nature, and become a Beacon-Light to lead them ever onward and upward. May Thy Divine Command, 'to love our enemies, and do good to those who hate us,' be promptly obeyed by them, and exemplified in their glorious Resurrection from the bondage of prejudice and ungodliness to the Heaven of Love and Light Everlasting! And O, when they shall have become purified of each discordant element, may they be prepared to advance still higher in the Regions of Illimitable Wisdom and Glory, eternally approximating nearer Thee, — the Divine Concentration of Infinite Perfection!

"O, may thy bright and shining Light
Descend on them in forms of Love;
And bring them out of 'Discord's night,'
Into the paths of peace above!

"Be with them, Father, evermore,
Reveal to them thy Power Divine,
And on their heads devoutly pour
The glories of Thy Perfect Mind!

"And give to *us* the blessèd power
To guide aright each wand'ring soul,
To lead them nearer unto Thee,
And place them in thy Heavenly Fold.

"And may the holy life of Christ
Their pattern and example be;
And *through* it, may they learn the road
Which guides to Glory and to Thee!"

When this lovely child-spirit finished her Christian prayer, she pronounced the following parting benediction, the two still joining hands:

"May the Holy Spirit of God, the All-Prevailing Essence of Life Immortal, find a welcome habitation in your natures. May the long-seated, deep-rooted feelings of discord and hate soon be supplanted by the heaven-born Spirit of love and good-will. May the lessons of Charity and Forgiveness, which your well-wishing celestial friends have taught you at this time, be instrumental in drawing you together in harmony and brotherly love. O, then, the children of yonder beautiful Hall of Brotherhood will greet you to their elevating spheres of being, and accept your gifts as the fervent outpouring of hearts throbbing with affection and love for all Humanity. Peace and Harmony be and abide with you both through the progressive ages of Eternity!"

Then a brilliant cloud of angels hovered o'er their heads, struck their golden-stringed harps, and warbled forth their sweetest strains of music in the following few verses:

"Brethren, of the lower spheres,
Come from darkness, sighs and fears,
To the home prepared above,
For the children of God's love:

"Come and roam with us in bliss,
Through the Bowers of Happiness;
Seek the joys which wait for thee
In our Heaven of Purity.

" Cast out each discordant thought,
Let your feuds be all forgot ;
Live, as God's own children should,
Joined in Holy Brotherhood ! "

After this short poem was chanted, these brothers addressed their immortal benefactors and instructors in a few words, while that Holy Band encircled them, to shed their hallowing impressions on their unfolding natures:

" Beautiful Representatives of the Higher Circles of Being: We confess, with shame and humiliation, our many weaknesses and imperfections, and the bitter, rancorous feelings of hate and discord which have so long disturbed the peace and serenity of our Spirit Existences, and prevented us from advancing out of darkness and error into the Light, Truth and Glory, of your own radiant Spheres.

" We now more clearly see our own inharmonious conditions, and the impediments in the way to a further unfolding of our spiritual capacities. We have listened, with gladness, to the purified teachings you have promulgated for our welfare, and, with joy and hope, we look forward to our redemption from each unhallowed thought and passion.

" The gentle, Christian admonitions, which have fallen from your lips, are doing even now their holy work, in cleansing the spirit of all animosities, and in awakening its slumbering energies to a nobler activity. The coals of fire you have heaped upon our heads are burning out the dross and materialism of our natures, refining each sordid element within, and kindling into an active flame each hidden ember of harmony, truth and love.

" The dear and beautiful Jesus bade us, in his Immortal Sermon on the Mount, ' to love our enemies, and do good to those who hate us; to pray for those who despitefully use and persecute us.' Long have we felt the force of this Christian Requirement and Command, and the necessity of yielding obedience to it. Anxiously have we sought the instructions of Superior Minds, and called down the harmonizing influences of the Pure and Good of Upper Skies.

" But the incongruous surroundings of the lower spheres of being retarded the growth of our souls, and the opening of the

tender flowers of Universal Love and Brotherhood. Their unholy influences chained us down to darkness, — fanning into a more vivid flame the feelings of discord and animosity, and, if possible, widening the breach of harmony and peace between us. An insuperable barrier was wound around us by the fascinating will-power of undeveloped immortals, — binding us down to the fearful gloom of their own deplorable conditions, — while hoarse, unrelenting voices, ever thundered in our ears, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'

"With these opposing influences working against us, we despaired ever attaining those pure enjoyments, a foretaste of which we have at this time received. Bitter feuds and revengeful passions were constantly excited by association with discordant minds, placing us further beyond the possibility of a harmonious and fraternal reconciliation. The light of angelic love scarcely illumined the dark materialisms and grossness of our sphere of life, or gladdened us with buoyant hopes of a speedy resurrection from spiritual death and darkness to beatified life, light and glory. We were at war with one another, and, until every passionate element was eradicated from our natures, we could not enter into the joys of the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace.

"In this unhappy antagonistic condition we remained, until apprised of the glorious intelligence that Heaven was about to enshrine another noble mind of earth on her starry bosom, and reward it with a Crown of Eternal Glory. We saw the brilliant preparations angels were making to greet the birth of another soul to their society, and, by the joy and gladness depicted on each countenance, we knew that the coming visitor would be most happily and cordially welcomed.

"By our near contact with earth, we soon ascertained that the expected spirit was one well-fitted to adorn a high station in the Celestial Life, and to wear a Diadem commensurate with the sublime and heroic deeds he had performed on earth.

"At length the Golden Gates of the Eternal City were thrown open, and the freed spirit of John Quincy Adams trod its shining pavements, and bathed in the auroral splendor of the Sun of Immortal Life! Numerous bright angels awaited his Unfolding Presence, to guide him through each flowery grove, and show

to him the magnificent beauties painted on the Ever-moving Panorama of Heaven! Many spirits of the lower circles were aware of his coming, and sorrowed that their undeveloped conditions prevented their attending his joyous reception to the Abodes of the Blessed. In this deprivation, they all realized that the way of the transgressor was hard, and that, to attain the delights of the higher circles, they must be harmonious, loving, and honorably aspiring.

"When the most undeveloped of this class became aware of our intentions to visit the 'new-born child of immortality,' all the malignant passions of hate, jealousy and envy, were aroused, and various measures devised to prevent our anticipated journey. Attempts were made to feed the flame of antagonism between us, and to strengthen the bonds of hate and malice, and discourage our contemplated ascension to newer and higher conditions of spiritual being; for they well knew that while these feelings predominated over every noble attribute of the soul, we could not accomplish our wishes; as, in the language of a beautiful spirit of the Upper Spheres,

'Discord cannot find a place
In Harmony's benign embrace.'

But the laudable aspirations of our natures were the magic wands which rendered their machinations powerless; and on their golden wings we mounted, hoping they would waft us upward and onward to the heaven of concord and peace.

"At first we feared a failure in our undertaking. We knew that we could not go beyond a certain grade of development, and we were then ignorant of the sphere of glory which was to enshrine the unfolding spirit of John Quincy Adams! We, however, continued our march, silently praying that our worthy intentions might not be frustrated.

"At last, after traversing a considerable space in Immensity's Realms, we were met by several immortals, who informed us that a magnificent Castle, named Brotherly Love, was being erected by Bright Celestials for the reception of spirits desiring to receive wisdom and truth, and that in it the newly-arrived spirit of Mr. Adams would welcome the children of the lower spheres.

"Having enjoyed, when on earth, a slight acquaintance with this well-developed immortal, we were exceedingly desirous to continue it in the Eternal World, and to derive useful knowledge and information from his well-balanced mind. This, we thought, would prove a sufficient passport to his exalted friendship and society, and privilege us at once to enter into his celestial presence.

"After we had received the intelligence from our spirit-friends, we continued our upward passage, until we paused before yonder splendid palace, surrounded by so many glowing beauties. All this time, it must be remembered, we maintained our antagonistic relations, not dreaming *they* would be any hindrance to the realization of pleasures we were so fondly anticipating.

"Into this beautiful temple of Brotherly Love we were both desirous to enter, to receive the benefits of a harmonious intercourse with its glorified children, and to congratulate the spirit of John Quincy Adams on his resurrection from physical death to the glories of the Heavenly Life. We attained the pathway leading to the Castle, and endeavored to pass through the gate to the Garden of Purified Life: but, notwithstanding all our exertions, we could not force an admittance. There seemed to be a 'yawning gulf' between us and the entrance to the Hall of Brotherhood, over which, for some unaccountable reason to us, we were unable to cross.

"This failure, of course, was a source of great disappointment to both of us. We could not explain the reason of our defeat, or why we should not be permitted to enjoy the companionship of those we sought, if our ambitions were pure and just. We read the name of the Castle, and certainly *that* inspired us with encouragement, and gave us reason to believe that we should be warmly, cordially, and affectionately welcomed within.

"When, however, we found that our efforts proved unavailing, we turned sorrowfully away, and prepared to return to our *lower* grade of life: for we could not long breathe the more refined atmosphere of this particular circle. We were out of our element, and we knew it. We saw that the influences of yonder Hall of Brotherhood were against us, and we retraced our steps, feeling, for the time being, that God was *not* impartial, nor his immortal children just.

"We listened to the soft, dulcet strains of music, vibrating from seraph-harps, as their harmoniously-tuned strings trembled with the gentle touch of angel-fingers. We heard their sweet symphonies, each echoing note, as it fell on our ears, counselling us to attune *our* spirits to the music of fraternal love and harmony. We felt the sweet-perfumed odors of yon beautiful flowers fanning our brows, inviting us to repose beneath their lustral and alluring glories, and to inculcate the lessons of purity and meekness they shadowed forth.

"As we were about to depart to the shades of our gloomy condition of spiritual existence, rendered more hateful and distasteful to us from contrast with the glorious scenes around us, our visions were gladdened by the appearance of your celestial presences at the door of the Castle of Brotherly Love. We experienced a delight we could not express or manifest, save in our appearance of gratitude and joy; for we felt that, *now*, *all* things would be made plain to our comprehensions, and especially the reasons of our non-success clearly and satisfactorily expounded to us.

"We intently watched your advancing forms, and knew, by the glory and whiteness of your celestial raiments, you were inhabitants of an exalted realm of spirit-life, and, therefore, well fitted to instruct and assist us. We saw the brilliant scrolls and banners you bore, read the soul-encouraging messages written thereon, and heard the holy words of forgiveness and humility which emanated from the immortal lips of the lovely wisdom-spirit by our side.

"Suffice it for us to say, beloved angels, that your beautiful prayers, benedictions, mottoes, and verbal communications, will do their intended work. Already is the ice of discord and hate melting away before the permeating rays reflected from the burning sunlight of your holy teaching and counsels. We now fully comprehend our conditions, and the reasons why we cannot enter at once into communion with the saints of yonder gorgeous Castle of Harmony.

"Yet we will not complain. The deprivation we now deplore shall prove our greatest blessing in the end. The work of regeneration has commenced within us, and we hope soon to be participators with you in the joys and glories which

belong to your superior condition of ethereal existence. We shall depart to our grade of being, elevated by this sweet intercourse with you, resting assured that the pure instructions you have taught us will lift us up at least one round on the Ladder of Infinite Progression.

"Forcibly do we realize the beautiful saying of one of your Angel Band, that,

> 'To love thy God with all thy heart,
> Thou, too, thy brother man must love;
> Thou canst not hate the one, and find
> Admittance to the courts above.'"

Then, pausing a little while, the two turned to the child-seraph, and addressed it as follows:

"To you, beautiful Representative of Peace and Innocence, would we speak a few words. Bear aloft to your Heaven of Harmony and Happiness the fond aspirations of our souls, and send forth other bright-winged Messengers to minister to our individual wants, and aid us to find the true pathway of Progress. We thank you for the consoling communication you have breathed to us, and hope that you will frequently bless us with the exalted teachings of your Higher Life. Come to us with your radiant counsels and instructions, and waft us up, on the wings of hope, nearer your blessed realm of being. We will now descend to our circle, with the prayers and gratitudes of our hearts ascending to the Throne of Deity. We hope soon to come, and present our offerings at the Altar of Truth and Love!"

Then these reconciled brothers offered up the following deep-felt and effective invocation:

"O Thou Supreme Father and Guiding Power of all things! We most fervently thank Thee for the constant manifestations of Thy Infinite Wisdom, and the glorious evidences of Thy boundless Love and Mercy. We thank Thee for the ministrations of Thy beautiful angels, and for all Thou art doing for them and us. May we return to our condition of life, ennobled by their teachings, and brought in nearer communion with Thee. May every spark of hate and inharmony be quenched in our natures, and the beautiful flame of love and fraternal sympathy

burn therein. And then, through our purification, may we be prepared

> "To dwell in blissful realms above,
> In peace, and harmony and love,
> With each unrighteous thought dispelled,
> And every bitter feeling quelled."

As soon as this prayer was uttered, they were about to take their flight to their respective spheres, when they were re-called by the soft, gentle voice of the child-spirit. Casting their spiritual visions toward the Castle, they saw that over the "impassable gulf" was erected a splendid bridge, on which was written the beautiful sentence:

"HARMONY IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."

While over it was a magnificent arch, with the following cordial invitation wreathed in a garland of evergreen:

> "Come, and join the Angel Band,
> Living in the Holy Land;
> Joyfully they wait for thee
> In their realms of harmony."

These once antagonistic brothers were lost in unutterable wonder at the change which so suddenly had taken place. They could, to use a common saying, "hardly believe their own eyes," so instantaneously was the change effected. They doubted, at first, whether the invitation was intended for them, and whether they were, at *that* time, to enjoy the blessing of a communion with the Angels of Love and Truth in the Temple of Brotherhood. Gazing upon each smiling countenance above them, they felt assured that they were indeed to breathe the odorous atmosphere of the Garden of Beatified Life. Elated at this unexpected pleasure, they fell, like the father and his prodigal son, on each other's neck, and wept tears of joy and gladness over the reconciliation bright celestials had wrought, rejoicing that their sincere repentance and contrition had removed one heavy obstruction to their onward progress and salvation.

They saw before them the bridge spanning the once yawning gulf, and which their own contrition and reconciliation had cre-

ated. The doors of the Castle of Peace, Love and Harmony, were thrown open, ready to admit them into the presences of the Beautiful, Just, and Holy. For the evil spirit of rancor and contention had departed out of them at the bidding of angelic voices, and fraternal affection and sympathy reigned instead.

In the glorious manifestation of Love and Charity, displayed by their Christian sympathizers, they recognized the beauty of that immortal teaching of Christ:

> "Blessed are the Peacemakers;
> For they shall be called the children of God."

The first of these Celestial Intercessors then passed before them, waving her shining scroll above their heads, on which was written the consoling truth:

"Dear Brethren: Each of you has fought the Demon of Discord, and conquered him. Eternal Glory and Blessedness will crown the brilliant victory."

The second, with her Book of Immortal Life, next flitted before the visions of our regenerated brethren, and disclosed to their spiritual view the following sentences:

"Thou mayst *now* bring thy gift to the altar; for thou remeniberest thy brother has naught against thee.

"Leave thy gift before the altar, and there remain; for thou hast reconciled thyself to thy brother while thou wert in the way with him; and thou mayst now safely come and offer thy gift.

"We have given to him that asketh of us; and to him that would borrow of us we have not turned away."

The third brilliant immortal, bearing the banner, next presented herself to their sight, robed in habiliments of translucent beauty, and radiant with her smiles of love and affection. On her floating standard shone the beautiful verses:

> "The gentle influence of love
> Has broke the chains which bound thee down,
> And soon thy spirit will receive
> From angel-hands a brilliant Crown!

"O, may the teachings we have given
Enable thee to find the way
To that Eternal, Happy Heaven,
Where night is lost in cloudless day!"

Then the last, the glorious child-spirit, whose message of love had given so much joy and satisfaction to these belligerent immortals, appeared once more to their gladdened visions.

Clad in her garments of silver brightness, with a floral wreath adorning her spotless brow of innocence and purity, and her countenance lit up with the smiles of benevolence and tenderness, far more divinely beautiful did she appear to the fast-unfolding perceptions of these reclaimed brothers; and this was enhanced, if possible, as she breathed to them the following poetical address:

"Behold! the cheering words, which seraph lips to you have spoken,
The tie of discord, hate, and wrath, have now unloosed and broken;
The galling chains which bound your souls to darkness, too, are riven:
Walk o'er yon pearly bridge, and taste the sweet delights of heaven.

"The Hall of Brotherhood awaits to greet your ransomed souls,
And angels' arms are now outstretched to clasp you in their folds;
While their bright harps, attuned to love, with sweetest strains vibrate,
Rejoicing you have freed yourselves from passion, sin, and hate.

"O, may the lessons you have learned be for your endless good,
And closer bind your spirit-lives in holy brotherhood;
Upbearing you, on golden waves, to those Immortal Shores,
Where God's Eternal Love, on all, a deathless lustre pours.

"And may the teachings you 've received to *other* souls be given,
That they, like you, may also find the road which leads to Heaven,
And be prepared to mingle in the friendship of the good,
Who dwell in unity and peace in th' Hall of Brotherhood.

"O, may the blessings of our God attend your progress on
To those Expansive Realms above, where noble thoughts are born:
And where the soul will bask amid the joys which cannot fade,
With nothing to disturb its peace, and *none* to make afraid!"

As soon as this poem was concluded, rich, melodious music was heard again issuing from the Castle of Harmony and Good-Will; at the same time two lovely seraphs were seen floating in the direction of the harmonized brothers, with a flowing robe

in their hands, which, when in contact with the spirit-child, they delivered into her charge, with an accompanying message.

Then this beautiful and sainted being again communicated with her reconciled brethren, committing to their care the garments bequeathed to them by the Immortal Band of Heaven, as an offering of their unbounded joy and happiness over their release from the bondage of malice and hate:

"Beloved and reconciled Brethren: The garments of darkness you now wear are exchanged for these robes of light and glory. Please accept them in behalf of your celestial friends and sympathizers, who rejoice with you in your redemption from the shackles of hate, wrath, and animosity. Wear them as the glorious reward of your reconciliation, and remember, they will increase in brightness and splendor, as you advance in purity and wisdom.

"And may their bright reflections send forth a subduing, hallowing influence to other spirits, and bring them, even as it has brought you, nearer the summit of Infinite Perfection. And when you retire to the abode of Spiritual Being, for which this instructive and memorable interview has fitted you, give not yourselves up to illaudable vanities or exultations, that you have thus triumphed over the machinations of the discordant and ungodly, and wear the shining robe of angelic approbation; but be humble, meek, and child-like, that no spot of unrighteousness may tarnish the scintillant folds of the garments which deck your forms, and beautify your advancing Spirit Life. And bear in mind, that, the more progressive condition to which you have attained by this sweet communion is but a single round in the Illimitable Ladder of Ever Onward and Upward Advancement, and that you have only aspired to a position where the lower and less-unfolded will soon be able to reach and enjoy the expanding glories you have at this time tasted."

At this point in her address the child-spirit ceased, and awaited the proximity of two other immortals, who were seen to emerge from the interior of the Garden of Beatified Life, each one carrying a crown in their hands, which, upon their near approach, they delivered into the custody of the communicating spirit, who, on receiving them, spoke as follows:

"I am requested to present to each of you a Crown, adorned

with a few bright pebbles of thought and wisdom, gathered from the banks of the River of Progression. It is another evidence of the joy and gladness angels feel over your reconciliation, and of their good wishes for your continued advancement and eternal happiness. In each is wreathed a single word, which explains your future glorious mission; and may you prove true and faithful to your high and holy calling! May you indeed prove, through *all* eternity, a devoted

'PEACEMAKER,'

and promoter of the good of Humanity. Unite in brotherly love all antagonistic hearts, and breathe o'er them the purifying influences of the sacred lessons you have learned from us."

Then, turning to her attending spirit-friends, she pronounced the following brief communication:

"Now, beloved friends, I must leave you to attend these reconciled children to the Hall of Brotherhood, and depart on my way to the Regions of Glory and Blessedness beyond, gladdened by the humble assistance *I* have rendered in the reclamation of my once-erring brothers. With unutterable pleasure shall I bear upward, to my Heaven of Purity and Happiness, the glad tidings of two more reclaimed spirits added to the fast-expanding Fold of Eternal Salvation. As a Messenger of Good News shall I be welcomed by angels of the Higher Realms of life, who will rejoice with you and me o'er this happy reconciliation; and the dear and sainted Jesus, he whose love is boundless for all mankind, will shed holy tears of joy o'er their repentance, and rejoice with us at their deliverance from discordant and wrathful feelings. I go from whence I came. May the prayers of the beautiful and pure attend you for evermore. Farewell."

Then slowly and gracefully that lovely spirit arose on the winged air of Heaven, receding further and further from our view, floating *up*, UP, UP, the lofty ridges of the Mountain of Progression, until her cherubic form was lost to sight in the amazing splendors of the eternal skies beyond. As I gazed on her retreating figure, and thought of the glorious mission she had accomplished, I silently invoked her beauteous spirit to come again and bless us with her "saving influences:"

"Come, radiant seraph, from thy Bowers of Purity above,
And tell us of those brilliant lands illumined by thy love;
Come, visit us again, and teach us of that holy life
Where no discordant passion comes, no envy, hate, nor strife.

"Most gladly do we *all* embrace the blessed teachings given,
And ask that thou mayst guide us on to thy Immortal Heaven,
Where tears are wiped from every face, and joy the soul illumes, —
And flowers, of never-fading hues, waft forth their rich perfumes.

"Farewell, bright star-gem of the skies! thy sacred power and light
Have led two wand'ring spirits out of Discord's gloomy night,
And kindly aided them to find Progression's endless road,
Which guides to Wisdom, Love and Truth, and to our Father-God!"

Then, in company with this immortal trio, the *newly-born* spirits of our beloved brethren, adorned in their garments of light, with the Crown of glory on their brows, walked over the Bridge of Harmony, through the Gates of Universal Love, into the Garden of Beatified Life, and thence into the Castle containing the Hall of Brotherhood, where many angels joyfully received them.

When they were in front of the altar, they laid their offerings upon it, while the gentle, hallowing strains of music still vibrated on the spirit-air, wafting forth their harmonial echoes to all hearts, and causing them to throb with sweet emotions and delights. As I gazed upon their countenances, I recognized in them two spirits who departed the earth-life some few years before I entered upon the duties of President of the United States!

As has been stated, when inhabitants of the outer tabernacle, they were intensely opposed to each other in politics, — working themselves into passions of the most malignant nature, and exhibiting in their political declamations the bitterest hatred and jealousy which could possibly be manifested by two opposing individuals. One was an ardent champion and supporter of the Administration of President Jefferson, and the other was as bitterly and intensely opposed to it. There was no language too monstrous, too extravagant, or too virulent, for these, I must say, foolish opponents, to employ against each other. With unrelenting hatred they pursued each other, improving every opportunity offered them to defame, to injure,

and to kindle a flame of animosity and malice, which would require many years ere the gentle power of love and harmony could entirely quench it.

These long continued and cherished antagonisms, of course, had the tendency to indurate the noblest powers, and to blunt the finest sensibilities of human nature. To injure and calumniate each other, and to raise exciting jealousies and inflammatory feelings of every description, seemed to be the all-absorbing aspiration of their souls.

The consequence of these constantly-nursed animosities was the departure of every attribute which ennobles and dignifies human nature; for one cannot be called truly a Christian, if he cherishes a single bitter thought or feeling against a single fellow-creature. No matter how eloquently his *other* characteristics are extolled, or how *many* he may be said to possess, if he nourishes the spirit of discord and contention, it is sufficient to destroy or render inactive every other manly quality of the soul!

In this inharmonious and unreclaimed condition these two spirits were inducted into the Immortal Life. Possessing a large fund of knowledge and information, yet but *little* wisdom and discretion, many perhaps will believe they found at once a high circle of spiritual development. But let me say,

That *knowledge* will not grant to man
A passport to those worlds beyond,
Where every spirit is conjoined
In Harmony's Eternal Bond.

For *Holiness* alone can give
The Watchword to those realms above;—
It holds the magic key which opes
The pearly Gates of Peace and Love.

SECTION SECOND.

Conscience quickened in the other life — Yet perceptions of truth often come tardily — Higher spirits aid the lower — Conditions and processes of elevation.

As soon as these antagonistic brothers had passed from the earth-existence into the Higher Life, all the spiritual ills, weaknesses and deformities of their terrestrial being rushed with

overpowering velocity to their awakened senses. They comprehended at once their many errors and imperfections, — discerned their darkened conditions, and *knew* that the Judgment Day of the Soul with them had commenced! They saw around them beings of the same discordant temperament, living on a low plane of development, and even rejoicing that their company was strengthened by the addition of two more to their grade of unhappy life. The misery of the two for a season was almost unendurable. The fine, God-bestowed intellects had been prostituted to unholy ends and purposes, and therefore these but served to enhance the wretchedness of their condition. They knew they were in the Spirit World, and believed that the brief ephemeral life on earth was to decide the eternal condition of the soul in the immortal state of being.

As they became fully conscious of the inferior condition to which their errors had consigned them, no human pen, nay, nor immortal tongue, can depict the deep, fearful agony and remorse of conscience they experienced. With terrible pressure, the mistakes and follies of their evanescent earth-existences bore upon them, and, notwithstanding all the ingenuity they could summon to their command, they were unable to conceal them from the gaze of their gross and material associates.

They beheld those around them, who, like themselves, had sinned against and wronged their brother-man, and whose undeveloped conditions had rewarded them with an inferior plane of being. Decked in garments of darkness, — the natural result of their mental and spiritual degradation, — they presented to the visions of these hostile immortals an appearance truly terrifying!

Departing earth-life ere the joyful news of "Heaven opened to earth" was communicated to the inhabitants of the rudimental sphere, no well-known voice from the Spirit Land spoke its tender, endearing accents into the ear of their souls, to touch some silent chord, and make it respond to the sweetness of celestial purity and love. A mother's hallowing influence strove in vain to penetrate the dark channels of their being, and illuminate them with the light of her affection.

The hardened, obdurate spirit, nourishing feelings of intens-

est hatred, was impervious to the purifying impressions of those sanctified powers. No blessed angel, if it would, could approach sufficiently near to make them aware of its presence, and conciliate them with its beautiful teachings of love and amity;

> " For hardened were their hearts against
> Th' approach of those bright Powers above,
> Whose blesséd ministry it is
> To watch o'er those on earth they love,
> And guide them on to paths of peace,
> To Realms of Holiness and Light, —
> Where sorrows, sins and discords cease,
> And every soul responds to right ! "

The very discordant elements by which they were encircled *deepened* the sufferings they were enduring, but did not have the effect to purify and exalt. They saw no hope for themselves beyond their present gloomy condition, and consequently made no effort to exalt themselves. Doomed, irretrievably doomed to darkness, they felt themselves to be, with not the slightest ray of hope to irradiate their unhappy souls, nor a word of solace from some angelic lip to give them encouragement and cheer. Dark and fearful forebodings filled their minds, and constantly were they in dread of being cast into that lake of fire, where, as they had been taught, the wicked will burn through the ceaseless ages of Eternity, with a wrathful and avenging God gloating o'er their interminable miseries.

These terrible fears were continually agitated by their undeveloped associates, who assured them they were beyond redemption, — that the short life spent on earth determined forever, ay, *through all Eternity*, the condition of the soul; that they were past all retrieval, and all their aspirations, however laudable, would not raise them an iota from their wretched and forlorn state, or mitigate the pangs of remorse and suffering everlastingly to be their portion. They might repent of their misdeeds, and promise perfect obedience in future to the holy mandates of the great Central Presiding Soul of All Immensity, — they might regret, over and over again, the follies and frailties of their evanescent career, and by the strongest possible signs manifest a deep contrition of spirit, — but no ! all these external or internal indications for the better, would be

of no avail, as the Impartial Judge had *tried* them at his Awful Tribunal, found them wanting, and sentenced them to an everlastingly perpetual banishment to some dark corner of His Habitable Kingdom!

No wonder, with these dismal pictures presented to their burdened imaginations, a terrible despair took possession of them, and in the bitterness of their souls they cried aloud, "O God! my punishment is greater than I can bear!" No wonder they prayed to Deity to annihilate them, rather than to continue the tortures of conscience, which, as they felt, were eternally to be theirs without a second's cessation!

The sweet and gratifying intelligence, that the soul is endlessly progressive, and that the life on earth will affect its happiness or development in the Spirit World only for a season, was not communicated to these children until they had been residents therein for some time. So dark and undeveloped were their conditions, that the pure, radiant, celestial teachings of Exalted Minds could not at once probe the darkness of their souls, to illumine them with that light and knowledge which would waft them up on the wings of hope to eternal peace and happiness.

Years passed away! No perceptible progress had been made by these unhappy immortals since their passage from the earth-sphere. The same elements of hate, envy and malice, raged in their bosoms. Angels, from their high abodes, endeavored to calm the troubled waters of animosity, and to breathe into their souls their sweet influences, to assist them to rise to glory and bliss; but their extreme *scepticisms*, added to the gross materialisms of their natures, hindered the receptivity of their holy power, and retarded the true advancement of the spirit to loftier unfoldings.

Thus it continued, until at last it became perceptible there was a change for the better. The secret, mystic chain of angelic power was slowly winding itself around them, and unconsciously drawing them together in the inseparable bond of brotherhood. A few rays of light had found an entrance to the dark avenues of their souls, and brought with them the sweetest hopes and holiest emotions. A revolution was going

on in their natures, which at the time was entirely unaccountable to them. They seemed lifted up, and in their elevation realized a degree of happiness and pleasure they had not before experienced. The feelings of jealousy and discord were lessened, and higher ambitions awakened in their contentious spirits; but as yet no reconciliation had followed this happy change. Angels were paving a way for *that*, through their *silent*, permeating influences.

At length I was born to the Spirit Life. Beautiful beings welcomed me to their Celestial society, and inducted me into the glorious delights of Heaven. My coming was the signal for the release of these error-chained brothers. Drawn to me by the tie of former acquaintance and friendship, they felt that I held the golden key which would unlock the gloomy fortress in which they had so long been enslaved, and admit them to the freedom of a more elevated spiritual life.

A Temple of Brotherhood was created by the will-power of Higher Intelligences out of the refined essences of the ethereal atmosphere, in which the inhabitants of the lower spheres, or those who were sufficiently harmonious to admit of their entrance, could welcome me, and gain that light and knowledge requisite to advance them onward to higher gradations of being.

It would be well to state, that only spirits residing in one or two circles below the one in which the Castle of Brotherly Love rested, could penetrate the atmosphere of the Garden of Beatified Life. The lower or grosser classes could find no affinity in the residents of those blest circles, neither were *they all* aware of the glorious congregation assembled there to give me greeting; for so material were they in their conditions that the pure and hallowing thoughts of Superior Intelligences could not at once permeate their abodes of being, and convey to them a knowledge of the birth of another spirit to the Immortal Country.

In the Hall of Brotherly Love were assembled inhabitants of *different circles* of Spirit Life, waiting to instruct those whose conditions would allow them a passport to their society. Into this these disharmonized brothers were very anxious to enter,

and be welcomed by the beautiful presences congregated there.

As they hovered near the Garden of Beatified Life, and saw the beautiful flowers waving a welcome to them, the deepest, ineffable joy and ecstacy filled their immortal beings, and awakened therein the most sacred emotions and aspirations. They felt that their ambitions were about to be realized, and their fondest and dearest hopes gratified! But, ah! mistaken immortals: they had not yet learned that lesson of love, charity and forgiveness, which alone could admit them to the supernal enjoyments they were coveting, and to the friendship of those holy intelligences dwelling in the higher regions of Spirit Life!

When they realized that their conditions prevented the consummation of their most worthy aspirations, no wonder they felt chagrined at their defeat, and, for a brief moment, distrusted the impartiality of the laws of Heaven, and the boundless love and goodness of Omniscience! No wonder they turned sorrowfully away, and felt more keenly the darkness of their mental and moral state of spiritual being.

But when their visions were gladdened by the appearance of celestial beings floating towards them, these gloomy feelings were exchanged for those of delight and joy; and, as they were made aware of the reasons of their failure, they wondered not at it. They were surprised that they could even hold communion with those so much superior to them in Christian Love and Goodness, and whose souls throbbed with *all* the graces of the Supreme Character.

The glorious teachings which seraphic minds breathed to them opened their visions to a full view of their spiritual nakedness, and their understandings to the causes which had so unhappily resulted in a frustration of their fondest hopes and anticipations. The reasons of their non-success "flashed at once" across their discord-shrouded minds, and led them to ponder deeply upon the methods to be employed to raise themselves from the darkened state into which the abasement of the all-enfolding laws of Harmony and Love had plunged them.

"What shall I do to be saved?" was the first thought which struggled for ascendency in their minds, subsequent to their

conviction of the truth of their antagonistic positions, and that *they*, and *they* alone, were the stumbling-blocks in the way of their onward and upward progression. Brought up in the prevalent rigid Faith, with their mental faculties cramped by the narrowness of its sectarian creeds and dogmas, their views of Heaven and its Eternal Builder were consequently distorted, and their hopes of a future eternally-happy or everlastingly-miserable existence were based solely upon Biblical Deductions, and upon the morally, socially, and intellectually-developed conditions of the human soul while it remained in the rudimental sphere of action. Like many others of the same erroneous persuasion, they maintained the idea that the short-lived, evanescent existence below decided the eternal destiny of the soul in the Everlasting Hereafter!

Tortured by these doubts and misapprehensions, with not a single shooting ray of hope to illumine the intensity of their darkened conditions, no wonder the prospect before them appeared gloomy and terrible in the extreme. No wonder that an impassable gulf yawned between them and the Heaven of Everlasting Felicity and Glory.

Some time, as I have before written, was required ere they could approach "within any distance" of the purified beings who existed beyond, and who were desirous to assist them in bursting the chains which fettered them down to the sphere they then inhabited. The rigid school of orthodoxy, in which they were spiritually educated and nurtured, had so blunted their natures, as to shut out for some time the very *light* needed to melt away those material incrustations which congealed the highest and noblest affections of the soul.

The Holy Intelligences dwelling beyond were cognizant of these discrepancies in the way of a healthy receptivity of their ennobling revelations. They must, slowly and by degrees, probe the chambers of the soul, and purify it of all its rubbish of error and superstition. This must be done by the process of unconscious communication, or, in other words, by establishing an invisible *rapport* with them, and, through this telegraphic connection, silently impress and influence them to unfold and expand whatever of the noble, pure and good, existed within.

By this method of unconscious intercourse, a way would be

paved for the enlargement of the affectional and sympathetical nature, and for the establishment of a more intimate relationship with the angelic tribes. Then a higher channel of celestial communication would be opened, and the beautiful, elevating and sublimated instructions flowing therefrom would descend deep into each spirit, and restore it to that state of purity and innocence enjoyed by it in the happy morning of its primitive youth and childhood.

These hallowing, subduing influences were felt and realized by them, although they could not understand the source from which they emanated. For their error-befogged visions could not discern the High and Holy Intelligences hovering about them, no more than can mortal eyes, or spirits still tenanting their earthly tabernacles; because a disembodied spirit, in order to behold an angel, must be an angel itself. Its aspirations must be purely spiritual, striving after things which belong to God, and not to mundanity; pursuing with eagerness, the good "race set before it," and working for the common benefit of all Humanity. Then the spirit will become an angel, rising out of its inferior state into higher and nobler conditions of spiritual existences, and into the holy companionship of "just men made more perfect."

Some twenty or thirty years rolled away ere these discordant immortals were prepared to entertain spiritual visitors from the regions of Celestial Light and Glory, or to receive the tangible and gratifying intelligence of the power and ability of the soul to progress, and ascend to more refined and elevating grades of immortal being. It required years of time for the influences of angels to permeate their abodes of darkness, and make them aware that

"Progress was written on the soul,"

and that they possessed now the same opportunities to redeem themselves from error and ungodliness as when sojourning on earth; that God had planted the germs of everlasting improvement in the spirit at the very hour of its primitive birth, crowning it with the capability of advancing in knowledge, wisdom and goodness, and in all the Excellences of the Infinite Character, throughout the lapse of eternal duration.

As these contravening spirits became aware of these facts, is

it surprising they should manifest a spirit of joy and gladness, or feel a laudable and worthy elation at the joyous prospect of a speedy deliverance from the gloomy prison in which, for such length of time, they had been held as captives? Never did a prisoner, in his lonely cell, pining for the freedom of the external world around him, more joyfully receive the sudden and unexpected news of a pardon, than did these two immortals welcome the glorious prospect of a release from their dark and discordant conditions! They saw at once the true state and development of their natures, and the measures to be adopted to unfold the good and truthful and harmonious elements within them.

With this knowledge they commenced their work of expurgation, of casting out all dross and materialisms from their souls, and of softening the indurated feelings which long-continued antagonisms had created. This they found at first to be a very difficult undertaking. They went about their tasks, however, with cheerful alacrity, and were rejoiced to see their efforts crowned with comparative success. The darkness around them seemed lessened, and they recognized a gradual emancipation from the gloomy, undeveloped state, into which long-nurtured feelings of hate and discord had consigned them.

It was my privilege to witness, however, the most glorious scene enacted in this interesting drama, that of the Reconciliation! As I viewed, from the Castle of Brotherly Love, the union of these two opposing spirits in the bonds of fraternal love; as I witnessed the "magical effect" which the inspiring teachings of their Celestial Intercessors produced in them, I learned a lesson of everlasting benefit, and I resolved, if the slightest feeling of animosity existed in my nature towards a single child of God, instantly to uproot it, that every impediment might be removed to my further unfoldment and progress.

Never, I vouch to say, did father or mother receive with greater joy and delight their prodigal son back to their parental arms, than did the Angels of Love and Mercy receive these once wandering children to the refining influences of their celestial society and friendship. Never were more grateful tears shed o'er the returned and reclaimed wanderer, than fell from those angelic eyes, as these redeemed brothers walked in

the freedom of a *new birth*, and enjoyed at last the glorious privileges of a blissful communion with saints. Never did richer or more melodious music vibrate from celestial harps than that which welcomed them to the Castle of Brotherly Love. The slave, groaning in physical servitude, could not feel greater exultation at his deliverance, than was experienced by these two immortals as they emerged out of the darkness of their undeveloped conditions, into the glowing splendors and alluring beauties of the Constellated Heavens of Harmony and Truth! It was such a picture as an angel cannot portray through any mortal organism.

What more sublime spectacle can be presented to the gaze of "Man or Angel," than the reclamation of spirits which have long travelled the road of sin and darkness? What sweeter satisfaction or delight can the soul experience than in knowing it has been an instrument for the moral and spiritual elevation of those long wandering from the path of right and virtue? What greater joy can a true Christian feel than that which arises from a consciousness of having reclaimed even one erring soul, and brought it back to the Fold of Purity and Peace?

Such were the feelings which inspired the celestial tribes as these two harmonized brothers joined them in the Castle of Brotherly Love. The sublimated angels who effected this reconciliation, experienced a degree of pleasure and happiness, at the successful result of their noble labors, which only *they* can feel who have performed a similar good work, and who have done something to harmonize a contentious world, and to add to the glory of the Father's Kingdom, either on earth or in the Spirit Life. The offerings of their regenerated brethren were joyfully accepted, and placed on the altar, as attestations of the glorious mission which had been so triumphantly performed. The very air seemed more refined, and the brightness of our gorgeous Temple more glowing and brilliant! The harmonial songsters, which flitted through the Garden of Celestial Life, chanted their sweetest symphonies, as if exulting o'er the magnificent victory which angels had won; while all heaven, in fact, rejoiced that two more stars were enshrined on her all-expanding bosom!

As these harmonized brothers passed into the Hall of Brother-

hood, the sweet word "Welcome," greeted them from the whole United Spirit Band. No discordant sound disturbed the holy stillness of the celestial air, — no *un*welcome note grated upon the hallowed sanctity of the scene. The most exquisite sensations pervaded each soul, and thrilled it with an ineffable joy and felicity, which only the pure and good of the upper heavens can realize. Ah, yes! greater joy was manifested in heaven over these two erring children, who had repented, than over ninety and nine, or any number, who need no repentance. The tears of angels descended on their hearts, and watered them with their love and affection, while the silent voice of the Eternal One constantly whispered, "Come up higher, O, my children, and participate in the joys of the Blessed around my Throne of Light!"

As they stood before the altar, a beautiful female form appeared above it, and breathed forth the following sweet

POETICAL INVOCATION.

"O Thou Eternal One! whose love
Is *everywhere* made manifest;
Whose wisdom and whose goodness prove
That, of *all* friends, Thou art the best:

"We thank Thee for each glorious gift,
Which thy Omnific Hand hath given;
That we our prayers to Thee can lift,
The All-Presiding Soul of Heaven.

"O Father, may we recognize
A Universal Brotherhood, —
And feel that Thy all-searching eye
Is on the evil and the good!

"May we, like Thee, be full of love,
Be rich in every Christian Grace;
Advancing upward nearer Thee,
Through all the realms of endless space.

"We would return our thanks to Thee,
For every blessing we enjoy;
And for the rich assurances
That Thou wilt every sin destroy.

" O may Thy Holy Spirit rest
On each dear child assembled here ·
And may we feel, O Father Blest,
That Thou art *ever*, EVER near !

" We thank Thee, Giver of all Good,
That we can visit those below,
And tell them of those radiant skies
Where everlasting pleasures flow ;

" That we can stamp upon the soul
The impress of Thy boundless love ;
And raise it, from its darkened state,
Into the joys of worlds above.

" O bless us, Father, with the light
We need to aid our progress on
To those eternal realms of bliss,
Where brighter scenes will on us dawn !

" And may we seek to reconcile
Those hearts by hate and discord bound ;
Upon our efforts sweetly smile,
That they with viet'ry may be crowned.

" We *know* Thou art our Faithful Friend,
And that Thy love will never end ;
If friends prove false, or foes defame,
We *know* that Thou remain'st the same .

" O may we, then, in Thee confide, —
In Thee, our Anchor and our Guide:
For Thou, O God, in weal or woe,
Wilt prove the truest friend we know !

* * * *

" If darkling clouds eclipse the light
Of Truth's most bright and glorious dawn ,
We know, dear Father, that the night
But heralds forth the Coming Morn !

" Then, with our hearts baptized anew
In Thy all-permeating love,
May we our heavenly work pursue,
Receiving strength from Thee alone.

" We would Thy holy blessing crave
On those dear ones who now have found
The pathway to those lands beyond,
Where Peace and Harmony abound.

" Impart to them that strength they need
To aid them in their glorious flight
From world to world, from sphere to sphere,
Upward to Thee, the Source of Light !

" May they, O Parent All-Divine,
Exert *their* powers for others' good ;
And labor zealously to bind
All hearts in one Great Brotherhood !

" And may the teachings, breathed to them,
To *others* be imparted, too ;
That they may also find the way
To Mansions of the Pure and True !

" And now, O Father, we implore
Thy Mighty Spirit to descend,
And cause our souls for evermore
In love and unity to blend.

" We ask that *all* mankind may soon
From discord and from sin be free ;
That every soul may bask within
The glorious light of Liberty.

" Reposing all our trust in Thee,
We will our pleasant tasks renew,
And strive, in one united whole,
Thy Everlasting Will to do ! "

When the invocation of this Glorious Saint was concluded, the angelic beings around the altar congratulated the two brothers on their peaceful and happy reconciliation, and their deliverance from the shackles of past antagonisms and inharmonious feelings.

At this instant a most beautiful snow-white bird floated through the balmy air of the Hall of Brotherhood, and perched on the altar by the side of the lamb, with a note attached to its neck, on which were beautifully written the following lines:

" From Sunny Bowers, beyond the stars,
Where *all* the Good and Holy live,
I send my Messenger of Love,
An humble offering to give.

" Sweet Silver Spray, the Good and True,
Sends forth her little Carrier Dove,
And bids it hasten down to you
With this sweet off'ring of her love !

" The joyful news, my brethren dear,
Of your release from Discord's night,
I 've borne to my celestial sphere,
My Land of Everlasting Light !

"And all rejoice that you are crowned
With the Eternal Crown of Love,
And that your souls at last have found
The Guiding Post which points above.

"Heaven is all joy when she brings back
Those who have wandered from her Fold;
With great delight she welcomes home
Each contrite and repentant soul.

"The angels of my radiant Bower,
The Noble, Excellent and Good,
Rejoice that you have bound yourselves
In th' holy ties of brotherhood!

"And, joined in one, may you aspire
To my bright realm of Heavenly Day;
There, everlastingly to dwell
With your *well-wisher*, SILVER SPRAY."

When this new token of the child-spirit's love and affection was announced to these now harmonized brothers, fresh tears of joy and gladness "coursed adown" their cheeks, and again they firmly resolved to work out for *other* antagonistic intelligences the good which angels had wrought for them. The glorious instructions received from celestial teachers gave them the power to do this, and nobly do they employ it! Other discordant spirits, through *their* combined influences, are being harmonized and made glad, and raised from the regions of darkness to higher and nobler grades of development. Thus every good deed performed by them since their happy reconciliation has not only exalted *them* in glory and happiness, but elevated those upon whom their heavenly labors descended. The second circle of spirit-being no longer enshrines their immortal souls; for the power of celestial love has led them out of their former inferior condition of life, and we now behold them enjoying the glories of the fourth circle, bathing in the ennobling friendships of its celestial inhabitants, and advancing still onward and upward through the circling spheres of the Soul's Eternal Home!

After the delivery of the poetical message of Silver Spray, — for that is the celestial name of the child-spirit, — the beautiful messenger who bore it changed its form to a most brilliant seraph, with a long, flowing robe of surpassing brilliancy, adorning its translucent, sublimated form. Then, passing out of the

Hall of Brotherhood, into the ethereal atmosphere, it floated up the Eternal Regions of Light and Glory, far beyond even the ken of our expanding visions, joining there the beloved and sainted beings awaiting its glad and joyous return!

I have thus wandered from my original subject, travelling over a considerable space, to show one among the many methods which angels employ to effect a reconciliation between disharmonized immortals, and to bring them together in the spirit of unity and concord. I trust I have not proved tedious in my narrative, or that it will lose any of its interest or good effect on account of its great length. My desire is to present as clear a picture as possible of the method angels employ to harmonize discordant elements, and unite varying spirits in that wedlock of eternal unity and love which no power can divorce or put asunder. If, in the description I have given, I have advanced *one* thought which will be productive of good to a single member of God's Universal Family, or be the means of harmonizing a single belligerent heart, I shall feel that this long narration has not been dictated in vain. With the hope that it will result in great good, and gratify those who read it, as much as it has the one who dictated it, I will leave the two reconciled brothers to their future glorious ministrations, retrace my steps, and give, as briefly as possible, the interview I enjoyed with Benedict Arnold in the Castle of Brotherly Love.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
August, 1856.

MESSAGE IV.

ADDRESSES AND SCENES IN THE SPHERES.

SECTION FIRST.

Arnold's address to Adams — to the celestial assembly — to Andre — His invocation — His reception of a robe of righteousness — of a diadem from his sister — Adams's feelings on this occasion — Heaven's joy over the repentant — Review by Lafayette — His address to Arnold — to Adams — An angel's prayer — The Castle dissolves.

After each one had presented its love-offerings at the altar, and congratulated the once warring brothers on their happy reconciliation, the spirit of Benedict Arnold breathed to me the following sweet and interesting

ADDRESS.

"Beloved Brother: It is out of the power of language to convey the tumultuous and elated feelings which thrill every fibre of my spirit-being, that I, with others of the Spirit Band, am permitted to address you, and extend to you a welcome to the Celestial Existence. It is a privilege I did not expect, as I was well aware the high development of your spiritual faculties would accord to you a sphere of being far beyond my own; and thus, as I thought, place it out of my power to 'give you greeting' to the Everlasting Shores of Progression. But the Great Father provided a way by which my worthy aspirations might be granted.

"Several days anterior to your departure from earth, and ere the world had received the first intimation or warning to that effect, the far-seeing visions of your angel-watchers perceived that the silver cord was loosening, and that soon another glorious star would glitter in Heaven's Celestial Galaxy. Anxiously did they watch your course down the Stream of Time, ready

to welcome the spirit to its heavenly home when it should cross the waters of physical dissolution.

"At this time, while in momentary expectation of your unfoldment into the New Birth, I received a visit from the noble and exalted spirit of John Andre, who informed me of the anticipated pleasure which angels were soon to realize in receiving you to their celestial society. He furthermore stated that, among the immortal number who were to attend you, *he* was to be one to present to you an attestation of the joy and delight of a stranger spirit.

"Accordingly, an angel band was appointed to watch over you, and, unconsciously to yourself, prepare you for the beautiful and happy transformation which was soon to take place. Each consecutive day they faithfully hovered o'er your head, watching, with angelic solicitude, the flickering light burning fainter and fainter on the altar of your mortal being.

"At length the Celestial Committee communicated the intelligence to the Spirit World, or rather to the inhabitants of the different circles attainable to them, that they might momentarily expect your exit from the shores of terrestrial being, and advent into the Higher Life. Their slumberless eyes saw your aged earthly body fall in the Nation's Capitol, at the Post of Duty, and they knew that soon another bright spirit would be added to that Celestial Congress representing the Divine Will in the glorious Heavenly Confederacy.

"At first, the intelligence of your expected coming, instead of proving a source of gratification to me, filled my soul with deepest sorrow and anguish; not because I was not glad of the acquisition Heaven was to receive by your coming, but because my inferior condition would debar me from the glorious pleasure of joining in with the festivities of that most joyous and happy occasion.

"It was while these feelings of melancholy were pervading my soul, that I received a visit from my Celestial Intercessor, John Andre, who assured me that the blessing I coveted should be granted me, and that *he* would attend me to the circle of existence in which it was proposed to welcome you.

"These tidings, of course, created a joy and satisfaction too ineffable to portray, — too transporting for even the most vivid

imagination to conceive! The drowning man never clutched at a floating straw with greater eagerness than did I at the precious ray of hope which unexpectedly had found a way to my circle of being.

"The sweet and heavenly music which floated forth on the 'still upper air,'—the joy and gladness depicted on each seraphic countenance, and which even illumined the obscure corner of my spirit-life,—the melodious warblings which echoed forth from a million celestial voices,—conveyed to me the gladsome news of your triumphant entrance to the Eternal Existence. My soul thrilled with exultation and ecstasy, and fervently did I implore my Heavenly Father to give me strength to welcome you to the ennobling sphere of duty upon which you had entered.

"Even with these sweet and pleasant hopes to cheer me, there would come, ever and anon, a wave of sadness across them to tinge my cup of joy and happiness with the bitter waters of dark distrust. I knew the deep prejudices against me, the terrible stigma attached to my name and character, and the uncharitable denunciations which an unfeeling world was unceasingly pouring out against the most unfortunate error of my whole mortal life.

"I asked myself, Will the Spirit of John Quincy Adams overlook that most terrible, but long and deeply-deplored, mistake of my sublunary career, and kindly and cordially accept a fraternal greeting from the Betrayer of his country? Will he smile upon me, and drop a pitying tear over my misfortunes, and thereby assure me, by these unmistakable signs, that his heart is opened

'To feel for another's woes'?

Or will he spurn me from him as he would a deadly viper,—as one who, in a dark and unfortunate hour, sought to deliver his country into the hands of its relentless enemies, and, consequently, was deserving of little or no pity or charity from him? Will he cast me aside, or refuse to acknowledge my contrition of spirit, my worthiness of his celestial acquaintance and friendship?

"These fearful doubts and misapprehensions excited in my soul the deepest and wildest despair, and, for the time being,

made me perfectly miserable. I saw no glimmering ray upon which to base a single hope, — no bright scintillation of light to illuminate the darkness of my despairing condition, or reflect over me a single joyous beam of encouragement and gladness. All was night around me, without a solitary star peering through the darkness and gloom to cheer and inspire me onward with its cordial and friendly light!

"Much as I longed to fellowship with you in the spirit-life, yet I dreaded to approach you. I was aware of the high and spotless fame you had won in your espousal of noble principles, and the brilliant coronet of immortality which good and generous deeds had placed upon your brow; and this knowledge provoked a diffidence, and made me reluctant to approach you in the familiar attitude of a friend.

"I was perfectly confident that the mere mention of my name would awaken in your soul a thrill of repugnance and prejudice, and cause you to shrink back with detestation from one, whose guilty hands, in the dark hour of temptation, would have delivered the beloved country, in whose service your honored father had consecrated his warmest sympathies, over to the tyrannical grasp of a merciless and indurated potentate and his autocratic government. I had no reason to expect any sympathy or mercy from you, for I felt I deserved none. I only desired to communicate with you, and give you a history of my progress since my departure from earth, and evidence, to your satisfaction, my sincere repentance for the many sins and imperfections which stained my mundane career!

"At length the season arrived when I was to be ushered into your glorious presence. The spirit of Andre promised to attend me, — previously assuring me of a warm and cordial greeting. Then we mounted the golden stairway of heavenly aspiration, ascending higher and higher, each step bringing me nearer the apex of my then highest ambition. The darkness of my low plane of development faded away as I emerged into the more sublimated atmosphere of the Higher Heavens. The soft, dulcet warblings of the celestial songsters, which I heard from a distance, drew nearer, enchaining my soul, and wrapping me in an Elysium of the most ecstatic enjoyment and delight. The perfume of a million flowers bathed my spirit-

brow, and wafted celestial sweetness to my ascending soul. The first joyous rays of the glad Resurrection Morn had at last dawned on my vision! I was emerging out of darkness into the birth of a new life.

"Aspiration and Hope were the bright-winged angels who rolled away the heavy stone from the door of the tomb, and bade me come forth and revel in the light and glory of a holier and more divine existence.

"The point of my ambition was at last gained. Beyond it I could not go; for my development would not allow of any further progress upward at that time. I had reached the summit of my most ardent wishes and expectations, and they were about to be crowned with a triumphant success. Before me towered the gorgeous Castle of Brotherly Love, with its golden turrets uprising far into the refined atmosphere of heaven, as if pointing the aspiring spirit higher up the glory-crested Mountains of Everlasting Progress. Around it I saw the beautiful Garden of Beatified Life, with its millions of sweet-scented flowers, waving in the expanding light of an eternal sun, and sending forth, on the floating zephyrs, a perpetual fragrance. The streaming fountains sparkled in the glorious reflections of divine light, and the rippling waves of the circling river played to and fro as the wooing breezes of angelic influence swept lightly over it. The birds sang their sweetest melodies, and the heaven-tuned harps of rapt celestials gave forth music the most enrapturing I ever heard!

"As my celestial vision wandered among all these supernal beauties, — as I listened to the glowing strains of joy bursting from the lips of the Celestial Band, — as the floating forms of glorified seraphs passed in a holy phalanx before my gaze, and beckoned their hands as a token of amity and friendship, — O, it seemed as if I were in a dream, and the magnificent scenes before me were too gloriously-enchanting to be of long duration! I felt bewildered, as though I was out of my rightful element, and should not be easy until I was back. The glories were too dazzling and supernal for me to bear; too wonderful and gorgeous for my heaven-smitten spirit to realize!

"But, ah! they were no dreams! they were glorious realities! And I, the sinning but repentant Benedict Arnold, was

to be a bright and happy participator of them, and to revel in joys to which I had hitherto been a stranger! The dark robes of night I had so long worn were to be thrown aside or exchanged for one more consonant to the developing aspirations of my nature! The night was nearly spent; the first streaks of the morning's light were visible to my clear, searching vision, and threw a celestial radiance around my soul; and O! I hoped, devoutly, sincerely hoped, soon to bathe in the splendors of the Eternal, Nightless day of Righteousness and Peace! The prospect before me was a happy one, and I firmly determined its brightness should not be marred by any inharmonious act or thought of mine.

"In company with my celestial guide, I passed through the Garden of Beatified Life into the Castle of Brotherly Love, and thence to the Hall of Brotherhood, where I found already convened a brilliant assemblage of immortals. Among that Band I instantly detected your form.

"Now came the most anxious moment of my spirit-life, — the dreaded but desired introduction to you. The depth of your sympathy was now to be fathomed! Every feature of your countenance I carefully scrutinized, to see if I could read thereon 'an index to the soul;' for my material eyes could not discern, like to the angels, the inward thoughts, workings and actions of the spirit. To do that, my nature must become more refined and humbled, more like the sublimated beings of the higher realms. This accomplished, my vision would be able to penetrate the most secret channels of the immortal soul.

"I saw a pleasant smile play over your countenance, and a sweet expression, which seemed to say, 'Fear not; the heart, which throbbed with love for all humanity on earth, will not prove cold or pulseless in heaven; it still beats for the erring and unhappy, and will continue to beat through all eternity for those who need its warm sympathy and affection.'

"These manifestations of 'good-will,' as reflected through your countenance, gave to me a sweet assurance, and relieved me, in some degree, of the heavy load of anxiety and distrust which weighed upon me. The lashing waves of doubt and misapprehension were hushed to repose by the calm, soft breathings of inspiring confidence and trust; I felt a new hope spring-

ing up in my soul, and I fervently prayed that it might not be dashed from me in the hour which promised a glorious realization.

"At length, we stood 'face to face' before the altar. The exalted spirit of John Andre approached and introduced you to me, giving the title you were known by when on earth. As *my* despised name fell on your quickened ear, I detected the involuntary shudder which thrilled every fibre of your newly-unfolded soul, and the feeling of deep repugnance which caused you, instinctively and naturally, to shrink back from a nearer contact with one whom history has represented as 'leaving no fragrant memories' behind, — only a name of 'hateful celebrity.'

"I did not wonder at this manifestation of prejudice and repugnance on your part. I was well prepared for it, and should have been surprised had it been otherwise. I did not expect you would at *once* cast aside all the feelings of repugnance which a long and familiar acquaintance with the history of my life had aroused in your humanity-loving soul. This would require a protracted season, and a more extended knowledge of my condition, of my sincere repentance and contrition.

"But as your celestial vision rested on my dark-clad form, — as it penetrated deep into the silent recesses of my soul, and saw written there its aspirations for a higher and purer existence, — the feelings of prejudice and repugnance you felt, for a brief moment, were exchanged for those of the deepest commiseration and sorrow. Your vision beheld my deep contrition, and most worthy and ardent desire to become fitted to dwell with saints in their glorified spheres of being. The tenderest chords of your developing nature were touched, and from them pulsated the celestial music of Love, Peace, and Good-Will. The highest emotions and sympathies of your generous, truth-beating soul, were called out, and all other elements succumbed to their all-sanctifying, all-ennobling influence and power.

"O, my beloved friend, — if I may be allowed to style you as such, — no one can describe the ineffable joy, the happiness and bliss of my soul, as I recognized, in these favorable symptoms, the feelings of charity and good-will my errors and misfortunes had aroused! I saw the spirit of fraternal love and affection beaming from your very countenance, and it inspired

me with increased confidence in your sympathy, and caused me to more deeply feel the necessity of a higher unfoldment of my spiritual capacities.

"When I first launched my barque upon the then unknown sea of Eternal Life, my condition was most wretched and unhappy. Added to the stigma of betrayer, was also that of a murderer! Ay! start not! For the act which hurried the youthful Andre out of the mortal world into the immortal, fell with an almost overpowering force and effect upon my head! To be sure I did not directly imbrue my guilty hands in the blood of my brother. Yet I was the immediate cause which ushered that noble spirit into the celestial life; whereas it was in my power to thwart the blow which shortened his mortal thread of life.

"From the hour that gave up this exalted spirit to the embrace of heaven, there was no peace or quiet for my soul. The terrible curse of the 'First Murderer' followed me throughout the length and breadth of the whole universe! I felt myself a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth! Wherever I went, terrible visions of the slaughtered Andre rose before me, and the raging fires of remorse burned with terrific intensity at the vitals of my life, and made it a wearisome burden and curse. Even those whom I would have served at the expense of my own fame and honor, turned from me with feelings of the deepest disgust and loathing, and refused to acknowledge acquaintance with a traitor. *This* had the tendency to heighten the wretchedness and misery of my forlorn situation, and I fervently prayed for death to terminate my sufferings, little thinking, however, that there was no peace for the wicked, either in the earthly or spirit life!

"In this unhappy state of mind I continued until called to my final account by the Supreme Judge of the World! Then were revealed more perfectly to my senses the awful deformities of my soul, and the utter hopelessness of a better and happier condition. The transition from one world to the other did not immediately effect a change for the better; but only rendered more keen the terrible anguish and remorse of my disembodied spirit.

"The terrible deeds which stained my mundane career, and

rendered my name a hissing and a byword throughout the world, and to all future generations, pressed with almost unendurable heaviness against my soul, and led me to echo the language of the two spirits, whose harmonious reclamation you have witnessed, 'O God! my punishment is greater than I can bear!' All the horrors of an eternal hell were pictured before my frightened and anguished soul, into which I momentarily expected to be irretrievably and hopelessly plunged! The prayer of 'God be merciful unto me a sinner,' I felt was of no avail *now;* I was beyond the power of regeneration, — hopelessly consigned to the torturing agonies of an interminable hell! The tender mercies of a Heavenly Father could be extended to me no longer, and all the prayers I might waft up to Him would receive no sweet return, no glad response from His Throne!

"The moment my feet touched the borders of the Spirit Land, I expected to meet my injured brother, and receive from him a denunciation for the crime which sacrificed his earthly life to the unworthy ambition of an erring man. But no such meeting took place; for that noble spirit, exalted and refined by association with the most ennobling intelligences of heaven, could not then approach one so much inferior to him in point of moral and Christian worth and excellence; and, had it been possible for him to have done so, he would have disdained to mock or gloat over the agonies and sufferings of an erring fellow-creature.

"Some time elapsed ere I was made aware of the power and ability of the soul to progress or rise higher in the scales of spirit-being. No friendly visitor, in the interim, from the Upper Realms, came down to give me cheer, and make my soul glad with new and buoyant hopes of 'a better time coming;' no angelic eyes beamed on me with tenderness and affection; no seraphic countenance gave me a smile of recognition or assurance, or looked kindly and lovingly on me; no gentle ray of light from the eternal day of happiness descended to brighten the gloom of my cavern of darkness, and inspire me with a beam of hope or gladness; but, surrounded by the incongruous and discordant elements appertaining to my low grade of development, I continued my 'burdensome pilgrimage,' without the slightest prospect of a resene from my then unhappy state.

"At last the joyful hour of deliveranee dawned on my vision. Light was seen breaking through the thiek and murky atmosphere of my dark condition, inereasing in brightness as the elouds melted away under its all-penetrating and seorehing power. A holy, subduing influenee was environing my soul, awakening in it aspirations and emotions I never before experieneed! What is the power? I asked myself. Is it possible there is yet hope for me, and that this blessed influence is but an emanation from heaven, sent to prepare me for a closer walk with God and His holy angels?

"No sooner had these interrogatories flitted aeross my mind than a calm, sweet voice issued from the vaulted skies above: 'Yes, dear brother, it is the influenee of light and love deseending from the only *true* heavens, to fit you for a higher destiny, and to arouse in your developing nature the noblest of impulses and ambitions; to eheer you with the sunshine of joy and hope, and bid you rise from out the darkness of your low condition into the glorious unfoldings of the Circles of Purity and Wisdom.'

"No one ean depiet the eestatic joy whieh glowed in my breast as these heaven-inspiring tones fell upon my ear, and dissipated the doubts and fears I had before entertained. The condemned eulprit, ready to expiate his erimes on the seaffold, eould not receive, with greater emotions of delight, the unexpeeted annouueement of a pardon, than did I the blessed assuranees and hopes with whieh the sweet breathings of this angelic voice inspired me. Like the reclaimed brothers, I saw there *was* hope for me, and that the spirit, instead of being inaetive or at a stand-still, was eternally progressive!

"This heavenly influenee eontinued to pervade my spiritual system, until I began to realize a gradual rising out of my sphere of darkness into the light of a better and happier state of existenee. I felt a pereeptible ehange going on in my nature, that I was being borne upward, on the waves of aspiration, nearer the great vortex of the Eternal Mind. The most delightful sensations were created by this happy discovery. I looked forward to the glorious season

> 'When I should roam the vernal fields
> Of Paradise above,

And, with the bright, celestial choir,
Sing songs of peace and love!'

And the prospect was a most glorious one! With my previous doubts and fears in a great degree removed, there were no obstacles to impede my 'pilgrimage to the Holy City.' Assured by the evidences angelic teachers had furnished me of a continually-progressive existence, I resolved to improve my powers to my eternal advancement, and thus, in part, retrieve the time misspent during my earthly career; and, by so doing, I should also render my soul more receptive to a higher and diviner influx, and be better prepared to commingle in the society of the pure intelligences beyond.

"As this favorable change was going on, I was visited by a band of spirits from the spheres of wisdom and purity, who expressed great joy and satisfaction in seeing the reformation taking place in my whole being, and which their beautiful and angelic influences had brought about. Among them, I discerned the elevated, smiling spirit of John Andre; my loving and much-adored Margaret, whom the world has wrongfully and cruelly represented as instigating me on to the commission of my *worst* crime; my beloved sister Hannah, who clung to me with such affectionate devotion through life, when all the world was against me, and an infant child whom I gave up, in its joyous innocence, to God, ere it had known its father's crime.

"No look of reproach shaded their countenances; no allusion was made to my earthly errors, or word of disapprobation heard regarding my crowning sin. They manifested towards me a kindly affection and regard, and were very desirous to assist me in my spiritual unfoldment. From Andre's lips I received sweet words of encouragement and cheer, and an expression of interest which could hardly be expected from one I had so deeply and cruelly wronged. The sweetest assurances of forgiveness, without any direct reference to my past transgression, were breathed in every syllable he uttered, each word sinking deep into my soul, to help mould the impress of its future character. I received other visits from these glorified beings, each one bringing a joy and gladness unbounded and indescribable!

"While this most glorious change was going on, you were

ushered into the Higher Life. My feelings in relation to it I have already depicted. Suffice it for me to say that, had it not been for this favorable change, brought about by my celestial sympathizers, I should not be here to breathe forth to you the history of my spiritual progress; nor did I even expect, in my present inferior condition, to enjoy the blessed privilege which is now mine.

"But the brilliant hopes and anticipations, with which the elevating teachings of the angelic tribes had inspired me, were not doomed to suffer so severe a disappointment. The aspirations of my soul are being answered in the interview I am now enjoying with you. The sympathies which the story of my mental sufferings has awakened in your bosom are full of joy and sweetness to me, and come laden with peaceful and hallowed blessings. I feel a blessed and overpowering influence pervading every element of my nature, inspiring me with fresh hopes and expectations. The prospect before me is a delightful one! In the far distance I behold the blue ridges of the Mountains of Harmony, Love, Wisdom and Purity, and upon whose loftiest peak I shall ultimately stand. The Angels of the Higher Circles are drawing nearer to me as *my* soul becomes more refined and exalted! I hear the rustling of their flowing garments, and the songs of praise and thanksgiving they are singing! My soul pulsates with new emotions; the darkness is fast disappearing; the glad morning is beginning to dawn on my bewildered senses! O joy unspeakable! O prospect most enchanting!

"My low, undeveloped state often brought me, as it would be perfectly natural to expect, in contact with like conditions in the earth-sphere. During the first years of my spirit-existence I was unavoidably attracted to materialistic things, to seek among *them* a congeniality I could not find in the immortal life; for the material predominating over the spiritual in my nature, led me to search among such my congenial element or affinity. I was 'doomed to walk' the earth until some kindly hand broke the charm which bound me down, and gave deliverance to my captive soul.

"This close affiliation with earth, of course, did much to prevent my nobler development. By constant association with

the pains, discords and errors, pertaining to the rudimental sphere, I saw much to augment my distresses, and retard (a fact of which I was then ignorant) the unfoldment of the *true* spiritual elements of my being. I often heard my name pronounced in tones of scorn and contempt, and mothers teach their little ones to hate the traitor Arnold. Eloquent orators, in depicting the glowing deeds of their Washington, and others of the revolutionary band, had no sweet word of approbation for him whose star of glory culminated at Saratoga, no fragrant flower to twine in their festoons of remembrance! *He only* heard reproach and obloquy poured on his head; his good and chivalric deeds were all forgotten, and his evil ones alone remembered! But a brighter day was dawning, and, with it, great joy and happiness!

"Thus, beloved brother, I have recited to you the history of my spiritual progress since I passed beyond the confines of the earth-being. You have given to me an attentive hearing, for which I sincerely thank you. I shall eternally treasure the pleasant memory of this blessed interview, and the sympathy you have expressed for my everlasting improvement; not only holding it in fond remembrance, but referring to it as an incentive to higher duties and works.

"I will now draw my long address to a termination; but not until I have invocated the eternal blessings of Heaven upon your soul, for the manifestations of forbearance, good-will and benevolence, you have evinced during the recital of my narrative. May the purifying influences of holy angels forever encircle you, and bear you, on the waves of interminable progression, nearer the summit of Infinite Perfection."

When the spirit had finished its message to me, it addressed the Celestial Assembly in the following few words:

"And, beloved angel-friends, how shall I express my thankful feelings to you for the many beautiful lessons of wisdom and love you have taught me, and *to* which I owe my present advancement and prospective future happiness? How shall I repay you for the kind interest you have so earnestly evinced in my rapid development and progress, and for the many glorious gems of thought you (unconsciously to me) were dropping by my side from your Shores of Intellectual and Moral Being?

O, if the promise to employ them to my spiritual exaltation, will do aught to reward you for your generous regard and attention, be assured it is freely and conscientiously given, and with the firm conviction that your expectations will never be disappointed.

"I have witnessed, with unbounded interest, the glorious interview you have enjoyed with the two antagonistic spirits before me, and which has resulted in so much good to both parties. With you all, do I rejoice o'er their happy reconciliation, and that they at last have found the true road to glory and happiness. My further prayer is that they may still continue to advance in every attribute of the Divine Character, and that the exalted truths and teachings they have received from you will go forth from *their* hearts to cheer, enlighten and elevate others.

"The beautiful influences of the Hall of Brotherhood shall go with me to encourage me onward in my work of development, and to assist others, also, to unfold the germs of the Divine in their natures. With feelings and affections elevated by association with your celestial presences, I shall pursue my heavenly way, exulting over the conquest which your ennobling instructions and ideas, and my own individual efforts, have won, and prepare myself, by good and excellent deeds, to receive that higher tide of inspiration, flowing down, through Heaven's intermediate channels, from the waving ocean of intelligent existences.

"In my future visits to earth's children, it shall be my ardent wish and purpose to exert upon them a pure and godly influence, and to assimilate them, by the exercise of the all-divine principle of love, to God and His holy angels. I will visit the sinful and erring, and, by beautiful thoughts and impressions, invite them to the paths of purity and virtue, and aid them to 'work out their salvation;' I will teach them, as far as I am able, the mighty doctrines of Christ's Gospel, which embody all truth, all wisdom, and all love, and open a way for the receptivity of higher thoughts and revelations. I will be strenuous in my exertions to make earth smile with the beauties of holiness and love, and the wilderness to blossom with the sweet-scented flowers of harmony and peace. And thus, by zealously

working for the eternization of the great and noble principles disseminated by Jesus, and other good and holy men, I shall reap a glorious reward in my own elevation to richer and diviner enjoyments, besides adding to the glory of my Father's Holy Kingdom.

"I will again return my thanks to this immortal assembly for the sympathy and interest displayed in my behalf, and for the Christian, liberal spirit, in which you have weighed my errors and misdemeanors. Could others, of the lower stages of being, be present with me at this time in the Castle of Brotherly Love, and witness the beautiful fruits of a life of Virtue and Goodness, O, they would return no more to the ways of darkness, and gloom; but, with their souls quickened by holy contact with the angels of purity and light, with renewed exertions would they apply themselves to their work of regeneration, and of casting out every 'unclean spirit' which may have gained an ascendency over the better nature! It is my earnest wish and prayer that other undeveloped immortals may soon realize the joys I have at this time tasted in the Hall of Brotherhood, and bathe in the glowing sunshine of your radiant smiles of Love and Affection."

The spirit of Arnold here ceased in his message to the Celestial Assembly, and addressed a few words to his forgiving brother Andre, as follows:

"To you, dear and faithful spirit-brother, do I breathe, in the presence of these celestial witnesses, the most fervent benedictions of my soul for the beautiful flowers of thought and wisdom your loving hands have strewn in my spiritual pathway, and for the many evidences of your forgiveness and love. The heavenly instructions you have breathed to me in your celestial visits shall never be forgotten, but be instrumental in wafting me upward to enjoyments and felicities which only the good and pure can realize. May your holy influence continue to pervade my nature, and wash away all its materialisms, its errors, and infirmities, and prepare it to become the abode of the most exalted virtues.

"And not only do I ask it for myself, but for *all* who are wandering in darkness and despair, and away from the true fold of our Heavenly Father. I desire you may visit them,

and with the magic power of your influence aid them to work out their speedy redemption. And all that I can do, in my humble capacity, to assist them in the unfoldment of those higher faculties which have so long been hidden from the glorious light of a true and proper development, shall be cheerfully and willingly done! I will bear to them the history of my interview with yonder spirit, John Quincy Adams, and the happy reception I have met from the shining hosts in the Castle of Brotherly Love. I will pluck for them some of the fairest flowers of thought which blossom in the Garden of Beatified Life, and weave them into beauteous garlands of wisdom for their souls. I will carry them the waters of life from the Fount of Salvation and Truth, and they shall drink and thirst no more. In fact, the ennobling influences of this Temple of Brotherhood shall depart with me to gladden *my* upward and onward progress, and be employed, also, for the spiritual elevation of others. The lessons of charity and forgiveness you have taught me in your visits to my former abode of darkness, shall be taught to others, and cause them, in the language of a beautiful and happy spirit from the Upper Heavens,

> ' To realize how good it is
> For brethren to agree
> And dwell together, as they should,
> In peace and amity. ' ''

Then, again turning to the celestial audience, the spirit of our brother Arnold uttered the following parting lines:

> " O, spirits of the loved and dear,
> I now depart to my life-sphere,
> Made happy by the interview
> My spirit has enjoyed with you.
>
> " Your good instructions I will bear
> To those in darkness and despair,
> Illuminating, with their light,
> The soul enchained in error's night.
>
> " Inspire me ever with the right,
> With Everlasting Truth and Light,
> That I most faithfully may preach
> The heav'nly doctrines which you teach."

Then the overjoyed Arnold knelt at the altar, while the angels of love and mercy hovered near, ready to bear to the Throne of the Eternal the following brief but deeply-felt

INVOCATION.

"O Father all-omnipotent ! I humbly bend the knee
Before the Altar of Thy Love, and breathe my prayers to Thee,
And ask Thy Holy Spirit now upon my own to rest,
And make me, with Thy gifts divine, most gloriously blest.

"O God ! I thank Thee for the light, the wisdom, and the good,
Which I 've received from Thee and Thine in th' Hall of Brotherhood,
And I would ask that Thy pure Love my spirit may attend,
And closer draw myself to Thee, my Father, God and Friend ! "

When this prayer was finished, a beautiful female form was seen floating through the spirit-air in the direction of Arnold, with a robe of silver brightness ornamented with many sparkling pearls in her hands. On it, in a garland of flowers, arranged in a circle, shone the significant sentence,

"The Robe of Righteousness."

When in contact with Arnold, she delivered it into his hands, with the following accompanying communication :

"O, wear this robe of righteousness
As a reward of works well done !
And may you rapidly progress
To spheres beyond your present one,
Where blesséd angels wait to give
A cordial greeting unto thee,
And bid thee evermore to live
In their celestial company

"With joy those sainted powers look down
From their most glorious courts above,
Rejoicing that they *now* can crown
Your spirit-brow with flowers of love ;
And gladdened by the prospect bright,
That soon your joyous feet will tread
The vernal fields of Truth and Light,
Those ' many mansions ' overhead ! "

And who is this beautiful being, who, with arms lovingly entwined around the neck of the repentant Benedict Arnold,

breathes forth such a sweet and consoling message to him? Who, with gentle eyes beaming with warm affection, gazes so tenderly into his face, sweetly revealing a love and interest which only a true and faithful woman can evince? A moment's glance assures us that it is the loyal and devout partner of the hero of Saratoga.

Another shining figure was seen sailing through the celestial atmosphere, with a brilliant diadem resting on her arm, in which were wrought many curious devices. Among them was an anchor, above which was the image of a hand, with one finger pointing upward, which represented

"HOPE AND ASPIRATION."

On one side was beautifully imaged a Messenger Bird, about winging its flight above, with a message in its parted beak, in which were indited the following lines:

"Your invocations will I bear
To Him who ever answ'reth prayer."

On the other side was another allegorical representation of a bird, but this time winging its flight *downward*, with a message, also, in its beak, containing the sweet poetical lines:

"Your hopes and prayers I 've borne above,
To Him who is all Truth and Love;
And downward I my flight pursue
To bring the answer back to you."

Then the figure of a large star was seen, around which clustered other smaller ones, which owed their brightness to the "borrowed reflections" of the centre or larger one. The one represented

"DEITY,"

and the others, His Satellites, who receive all their light and power from His infinite glory.

Other beautiful designs were presented to view, but I have enumerated a sufficient number to give the reader an idea of the brilliant diadem which was to adorn the immortal brow of Benedict Arnold.

The spirit who carried the diadem, then presented it to him, uttering the following few lines — the celestial auditory around preserving a strict silence:

"Thy mission nobly has begun,
The glorious conquest *will* be won;
The darkness *all* shall flee away
Before the dawning of the day.

"Accept this heavenly diadem, —
Adorned with many a precious gem, —
As token of the boundless love
Which angels feel for thee above.

"O, may these pearls of truth, which shine
With such effulgent power divine,
Direct thy footsteps e'er aright,
And crown thy soul with radiance bright!

"And may their lustre gild thy heart,
And burn away each drossy part,
Until our visions shall behold
Naught but the pure and burnished gold.

"Now, dear belovéd, go thy way,
Thy work continue; well obey
The sacred teachings we have breathed,
And into forms of wisdom wreathed."

The reader will probably recognize, in this beautiful spirit, the beloved and devoted sister of Benedict Arnold, who, in her transparent robes of exceeding brilliancy, proved herself to be a sublimated inhabitant of the Upper Heavens.

Then other beautiful spirits presented sweet offerings to him, all redolent with the love and affection of true, sympathizing hearts. The tears of joy which fell o'er him from angelic eyes were like dew-drops to his thirsting soul, invigorating every channel of his immortal being, and breathing into beautiful existence new thoughts, hopes, and aspirations. The Heavens of Eternal Harmony and Felicity were imaged before his vision, and he sincerely hoped soon to be an indweller therein.

And in what manner, dear reader, did *I* receive the interesting address of Benedict Arnold? Did I coldly repulse him from me, as one unworthy of my notice, and refuse to extend to him the Hand of Sympathy and Friendship? Did I cruelly

turn from him, and refuse to listen to his earnest pleadings, his deep and fervent prayers?

O no! whatever feelings I may have entertained respecting his past errors on earth, or whatever opinions expressed or held regarding the greatest considered sin of his mundane life, they were *all*, ALL instantly and eternally dissipated by the highly-interesting and sweetly-expressed communication delivered to me. And surely, had I entertained a single feeling of prejudice or repugnance toward him prior to its delivery, that tearful countenance, that look of deepfelt contrition and repentance, would have proved sufficient to dispel them all, and to render him an object of my warmest sympathy and solicitude. Every word he breathed truthfully told how deeply-rooted was his repentance, and how ardent were his desires to correct the evils and errors of the past, and become prepared to assimilate with the holy intelligences, whose purifying and elevating influences had attracted him thither to the Castle of Brotherly Love, and the Garden of Beatified Life.

And did I, by word, thought, or act, do aught to discourage the tender hopes, the buoyant aspirations, which the glorious spirit of Andre and other bright immortals had inspired into existence? Did I, Priest and Levite like, "pass coldly by on the other side," and refuse to bestow that sympathy and affection which his mental sufferings demanded, and which, peradventure, would help to cure the wounds which past errors and crimes had inflicted?

O no! God forbid that *I* should have placed any impediments in the way of his reformation, or by a harsh word or feeling crushed out a single rising emotion in his soul! The quenchless fires of eternal truth and righteousness had begun to burn away the dross of materiality in his nature, and I resolved no act of mine should dampen their glowing lustre or power. I looked upon him as a Child of God, and, therefore, deserving to be treated as such,—as one possessed of an immortal destiny,—as one capable of rising to higher glories and orders of development, and should receive as such a helping hand.

The address of Arnold produced its desired and destined effect. All the sympathies of my nature were fully aroused in his behalf, and I thought of him, not as a traitor, but as a man,

stamped in the likeness of the Great Eternal, endowed with an immortal nature, capable of expanding to broader fields of action and duty. No longer was the Arnold of revolutionary memory before me, but Arnold the regenerated, the "born-anew," the penitent! Heaven proved the Tribunal of his soul, at which all his good and evil deeds were carefully weighed, while angels were the jury who returned the verdict, and God, the Supreme Judge, who pronounced the humane and impartial Sentence!

I did not suffer him to pass from the Hall of Brotherhood until I had briefly replied to his interesting address. I assured him that the past was forgotten, — that the error, which had rendered his name and memory infamous among the children of earth, should have no further effect upon my feelings towards him; that my sympathies were with him, and that all I could do to aid him in his eternal advancement would be most cheerfully done; that, wherever I was attracted, the memory of this sweet interview should go with me, brightening my onward pathway, and making me more zealous than ever to reform the wayward and sinning soul.

These fresh assurances of my sympathy and friendly regard greatly affected him, and, with a heart overflowing with the sweetest joy, he threw his arms around my neck and wept, — each falling tear an offering of gratitude to Him in whose infinite hands are all our destinies. And our beloved brother was not alone in his outgushing emotions of joy and gratitude; but from every sympathetic soul there welled up the purest streams of thanksgiving and gladness, and every heart responded to the glorious truth, There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over many just ones who need no repentance.

O, do not angels weep for joy
O'er each discordant soul
Brought back, in sincere penitence,
Into the Father's Fold?
Do they indifferently gaze
On such a scene as this,
And feel no sweet emotion rise,
No kindred joy nor bliss?

O, are we not all children of
One God, — the Good and True?

And if our brother suffers wrong,
Shall we not feel it, too?
And with our influence exert
What healing power we can,
And with it comfort and bind up
The wounds of fallen man?

No higher mission can inspire
Our Band of Brotherhood;
No nobler work can we desire
Than that of doing good;
Of raising from the pit of sin
Those who have "fallen from grace,"
And placing them, to fall no more,
In Virtue's sweet embrace.

After many other beautiful scenes had been enacted in the Castle of Brotherly Love, my Celestial Guide, Lafayette, again breathed to me a sweet message, as follows:

"Beloved Brother: Your celestial vision has beheld several beautiful characteristics of Spirit Life. You have seen long-cherished antagonisms quieted by the spirit of harmony and love, and hearts long burning with the fires of hatred and malice brought together on the platform of unity and peace. You have also enjoyed communication with one, whose name is seldom pronounced by earth's children except in tones of derision and contempt; and from the happy interview you have learned a lesson of charity which I know will never be eradicated from your quickened memory, but, following you through your everlastingly-progressive life, will shed around an ever-hallowing influence, and guide others, even as it has our brother Arnold, out of the darkness of discord and error.

"In the instance of the reconciled brothers, you behold the power which love and kindness exert over malignant passion and enmity. Had we refused the sympathy and aid which their antagonistic positions demanded, our convention would have been a farce, and the Castle of Brotherly Love a meaningless name.

"Yet, as you are well aware, ere they could be brought in close association with the immortal children of the Hall of Brotherhood, the vile weed of hate and animosity must be torn up by the roots, and not a seed left to sterilize the fruitful soil of the soul; for none can pass through the Garden of Beatified

Life, through its beautiful walks lined with flowers of ever-living fragranee, without the perennial rose of harmony blooming in their hearts.

"Consequently, ere they could be admitted into the presences of the exalted and good of our Castle of Brotherhood, they must possess the passport necessary to such admittance, which is Love. Without this divine principle glowing in their souls, it would be utterly impossible for them to affiliate with those in whose pure and lofty natures this sublime trait predominated. Therefore, a reconciliation must be effeeted ere their ardent desires and aspirations could be realized. They must understand that the power of love alone is able to admit them into the blissful enjoyments and glories of the Castle of Harmony and Good-Will.

"As they became aware of the eauses whieh prevented them at first from entering the Castle, no wonder that sorrow and dismay brooded on their eountenances, and sat heavily on their souls. And when they saw the advaneing forms of bright angels, no wonder the scene changed, and the beams of joy and hope lightened their features.

"Then was enaeted that most glorious phase of spiritual existenee which you have witnessed, and which has so much delighted your heart as well as ours, and resulted in such unspeakable good to the once belligerent brothers. In that instance, you see reflected one among the many divine missions belonging to angels, and the joy it inspires in them when they are successfully performed. May it be your province to engage in every labor which promises good to your fellow-ereatures, whether they dwell in the earth or spirit life, and to restore the wandering ones to that Fold of Righteousness from which they have so long strayed.

"The pleasant conversation you have enjoyed with Benedict Arnold has also been fruitful in good results. You have seen a calloused heart melted to repentance by a burning eoal from the altar of almighty love, and the never wholly-slumbering sparks of virtue and piety kindled into a livelier flame, to burn brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. The story of his mental sufferings, and the anguish of soul he endured in the primitive stages of his spiritual being, have, I am rejoiced to say,

touched a tender chord in your heart, and caused it to throb with the holiest and noblest of human sympathies.

"I knew it would be thus. I knew, from the very generosity of your nature, as manifested in the many noble acts of the past, you would receive the earth-despised, man-condemned Arnold, as a brother, and, with your words of sympathy and affection, assure him that the soul, so full of love for humanity below, would not remain cold or indifferent to the same divine principle in heaven.

"I have not been disappointed in my expectations. The Hand of Sympathy and Friendship has been nobly and freely extended, and the spirit of our beloved brother has grasped it with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy. Not as a traitor have you received him,— not as one who should be cast out of the pale of all sympathy, as undeserving of all pity and commiseration, — but as a brother, belonging to the same mighty family, with the Eternal Father for the Chief Head.

"It was pleasing to angelic eyes to see the Christian spirit you manifested in the interview with Benedict Arnold, the regenerated. Dispelling all the feelings of prejudice which his past crimes awakened, you brought to your aid a noble and forgiving spirit, and you welcomed him as a member of the same great Family of Brotherhood!

"And let me assure you, in behalf of the whole Celestial Assembly, you will never regret the interest or sympathy you have displayed for your brother spirit. As you are borne along on the billows of eternal advancement to higher spheres, the memory of this sweet interview will cling to you, and impel you forward in your everlasting march. And, as your vision watches his upward progress, the pleasant thought, that you have assisted him in his unfoldment, and added to his happiness, will brighten your pathway through the endless gradations of spiritual existences, and cause you more fully than ever to realize the force of that beautiful passage of Scripture, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

My Celestial Instructor then grasped the hand of Arnold, and closed up our interview with him in the following brief Address:

"I congratulate you, my brother, upon the happy change

you have experienced during your existence in the spirit-life. Angels, one and all, rejoice with you in your salvation from sin and darkness, and pray that you may still continue to advance in wisdom, purity, and love. All that they can do to contribute to your comfort and happiness, and to aid you to reach the summit of your present worthy aspirations, will be cheerfully accorded, and the prayers of your soul shall float up to be answered by Him who ever heareth the righteous' prayers.

"As you drink in the inspiration descending from on high, and become thereby more receptive to the influxes of angels, you will recede further and further from earth, and nearer gravitate to the Ultimate of all Perfection. The bitter invectives and denunciations of uncharitable minds will then no longer assail your hearing, — no longer reach your celestial habitation, to poison your cup of happiness and joy, or to impede your glorious advancement; for, far removed from everthing pertaining to the earthly, no unwelcome note or discordant sound will ruffle the calm placidity of your developing spirit-life, or tinge it with the shade of sadness or sorrow. The music of angelic love and approbation will everywhere greet you, as your barque of immortal life floats up the circling river of endless progression, nearing the Port of Infinite Perfection, — the summit of our highest ambitions!

"Then, advance onward, O beloved Spirit! in the path which thy ministering angels have pointed out to thee. Turn neither to the right nor the left, but take a straight-forward course, with Love and Truth to light thee on. And soon the dark waves which so long have furiously lashed thy barque will forever sink to rest under the imperative command of 'Peace, be still!'"

Then, once more turning to me, he concluded this interesting occasion in the following few words:

"We will now, dear brother, depart for a while from the pleasant influences of the Castle of Brotherly Love, and ascend higher in the spirit-spheres, where many beautiful angels await to receive and give you a warm and fervent welcome. But, ere we go, let me assure you that it is our purpose to descend with you into the still lower regions of undeveloped spirit-life, and

present to you the fearful anguish and remorse of soul the violators of natural laws suffer.

"In presenting to you such a melancholy picture, it is our purpose to draw out your sympathies in their behalf, that you may exert all your power and might to relieve their distressed condition, and throw around them an influence which will exalt them

> "Into the joys of higher spheres,
> Where come no darkness, sighs, nor tears.

"The primitive spiritual conditions of Arnold and the reconciled brothers are naught compared to many who inhabit these dark domains. The wretched sinner, who, since the morning of his infancy, has scarcely performed an act worthy of a child of God, and of a noble manhood, is seen there, wallowing in the mire of the blackest scepticism, and utterly hopeless of bettering his condition. He thinks himself in a hell, beyond all power of redemption, and, consequently, must remain there in confinement as the ceaseless ages of eternity roll onward.

"Such utter darkness it is impossible for the light of celestial love to penetrate at once; it requires a long period to illuminate this darkened habitation with the rays of divine goodness and purity, and make it echo with the songs of redemption; for we cannot manifest ourselves to the children of the lowest circles in any more tangible forms than to the inhabitants of the rudimental sphere; for their visions are so beclouded by the dross of materiality, that they cannot behold the angelic forms of ministering ones, floating above them, anxious to lift the veil of darkness which hides the glories of their seraph home to their gaze.

"Neither is it possible for us to descend into the lowest depths of the spirit-circles any more than it is possible for the most undeveloped immortals to ascend to the highest circles of our sublimated heavens. We cannot go beyond a certain point. The atmosphere is not suited to our development. We cannot commune with the lowest grades of being, except through intermediate channels or subordinates. The manner in which this is done shall be made plain to you by an illustration.

"I will no further amplify on this point, but leave it until an example shall render it perfectly plausible to your mind. Sub-

sequent to a parting benediction on our future labors, we will conduct you out of the Castle of Brotherly Love, into the glorious presences of other waiting angels."

As soon as this message was completed, the angel at the altar pronounced a beautiful and effective

PRAYER.

"O Thou Supreme Originator! With souls laden with gratitude do we again approach Thy Infinite Self in prayer, and offer up our thanks for the blessed communion of spirit we have enjoyed in the Hall of Brotherhood. We rejoice, O God, that we have assisted the fallen and degraded to rise from their low condition of spirit-life, and pointed out to them the way to a holier and happier existence. We would pour out the holy influences of our love on all who are wandering from the right, and enable them to realize the true relations they bear to Thee and to one another. May we, individually and collectively, partake more of thy Divine Spirit, act more in consonance with thy Heavenly Graces, and follow out Thy just requirements, as breathed unto us by the living voice of inspiration. May the glorious teachings we have received in the Castle of Brotherly Love depart with us to aid in the more perfect purification of our souls, and their elevation to the diviner enjoyments of Thy Upper Kingdom. Bathing in the sunlight of eternal peace and happiness, may we not prove indifferent, O Father Supreme! to the sorrows, trials and miseries, of those suffering the penalties of transgressed laws; but may we visit their abodes of darkness, and, with the light and knowledge we possess, assure them that there is hope for them even beyond the grave, and that an everlasting life of the purest and most rapturous delights awaits their ransom from spiritual death and darkness. Remove all selfishness from our natures, and cement us more firmly together in the bonds of brotherhood. May we exert ourselves diligently in the great struggle of freedom and right, willing to act, and to brave all discouragements in our pathway. Be our Shield, Divine Parent, in every impending difficulty, and our Sheet-Anchor on which we may recline in every season of despondency. And may we turn to Thee, our All, when the

clouds of trial lower gloomily on our Christian labors, confiding in Thee for strength and support, and for the successful triumph of every good and worthy work. Go with the beloved brethren, who, through Thy divine assistance, and the ministrations of Thy angelic children, have been converted at the altar of Thy immaculate love and goodness; and may the instructions they have received flow out to others to lead them in the right channel to purity and virtue. Crown, also, our newly-arrived brother with the harmonic influences of Thy loving Spirit, and depart with him, as he goes from the Castle of Brotherly Love to the ineffable glories of those blissful climes, radiant with every enjoyment which can insure happiness to the advancing soul. With his mission thus plainly set before him, may he perform it faithfully and without fear, realizing that every wandering spirit he brings in penitence to Thy Fold will bring his own in holier and nearer contiguity to Thee. And to Thee will we ever pour out the homage of our hearts, and ascribe the triumphant success of this sweet Interchange of Thought in the Hall of Brotherhood."

After this beautiful prayer was uttered, the Spirit of Benedict Arnold bade me a parting adieu, pronouncing a blessing on my future mission, and departed from the Castle, not as he entered, with fear and trembling, and clothed in sombre robes, but with a halo of glory on his brow, and the light of hope and gladness illuminating his whole spirit-form. Then the reclaimed brothers came forward and grasped me by the hand, congratulating me on my deliverance from earth, and praying that my life in heaven may be the happier for this blissful communion of soul. Then several highly-unfolded immortals saluted me, and manifested great joy over my departure from terrestrial to celestial things.

O, how sweetly and soothingly fell the music of their angelic voices on my soul! How full of joy was each word which vibrated on my celestial hearing! How richly laden with immortal blessings was each sound as it gushed forth from hearts throbbing with the highest love and the most sacred emotions! How redolent with the holiest joy was each gushing sympathy which welled up from their souls, and met mine in pure and blissful communion! Ah! cold and emotionless must that heart

be which can give no sweet response to such a heavenly flow of harmony, and love like this!

After the lower order of spirits had congratulated me, they passed out of the Hall of Brotherhood to their respective circles of spiritual being, elevated by the celestial intercourse they had enjoyed with the children of the Upper Mansions. They were loth to part at first from the hallowing influences of the Castle of Brotherly Love, yet rejoiced that they soon would attain the ennobling circles of beatified existence to which their Christian Instructors were about to ascend.

Our Band of Spirits were the last to leave the Castle. When all had departed, upon the application of the will-power, it slowly began to move from its position, receding further and further from our riveted gaze, until it entirely faded away, wrapped in the golden mists of the gorgeous heavens beyond. *All*, ALL passed away, — the Castle, with its garden fragrant with immortal flowers, its crystal fountains, its winding river, and its o'erarching sky, leaving us involved in wondous amazement at the vivid contrast!

SECTION SECOND.

The Valley of Beauty — Its mountains — The home of little children — The Temple of Instruction — Stella, a slave's child — Her address to Adams — Spirits grow in stature — They can assume the earth-form — Andre speaks of Arnold — Repeats Arnold's prayer.

WHEN the Castle of Brotherly Love and all its beauties had passed away, at the instance of my Celestial Guide, another brilliant cloud encircled our forms, — hiding from our visions every surrounding object, — and again we slowly began to ascend the constellated stairway to the Upper Heavens, increasing our aerial flight as we traversed the vast ocean of celestial spaces. The further we ascended into the star-spangled skies, the more brilliant and refined grew the girdle of glory which environed us.

After having journeyed an immense distance, we paused in our upward flight, and waited for our celestial cloud to pass away before the more ravishing splendors of the spirit-clime. Soon it disappeared, disclosing to our view another magnificent

scene far more gloriously beautiful, if possible, than the one we had just left. Around us were several towering mountains, blossoming with the most luxuriant flowers ever beheld by mortals; while, at the base of each, was a winding stream of water, upon whose silvery bosom beautiful swans were sailing, and ever and anon dipping their snowy necks beneath. On the mountain-sides were seen the shining figures of cherubs gathering the beautiful lilies which bloomed there profusely. Upon their heads were brilliant tiaras, adorned with sparkling diamonds, and their little forms were decked in garments of translucent gauze.

Long my vision gazed upon the surrounding scenery, upon the large assemblage of innocent life sporting amid the sunny splendors of the Eden clime, and gambolling, like mermaids, in the sparkling waters before me. Upon inquiring of my Celestial Guide the name of the magnificent place o'er which we hovered, he informed me that it was known to angels as

"The Valley of Beauty."

I noticed that some of the mountains, rising in such majestic splendor before my gaze, were more elevated than the others. One, particularly, engaged my attention, whose aspiring peak rose far, so far into the celestial regions, as to be beyond the actual distension of my spiritual vision. This was known by the title of

"Mount Aspiration."

But, ah! there was another which extended even beyond that, and to which the first was but a mere stepping-stone. This one was known to angels by the glorious appellation of

"Mount Harmony."

And, yet, there was a third, which towered above these two, stretching far into the ocean of space, among those millions of worlds which the scientific navigator has never explored, and which, even with the aid of the most powerful telescope, he can never reach. Upon the summit of this grand mountain is where the noble and good of past ages reside, glorying in the ineffable splendors of unending day, and preparing themselves

to march still onward and upward through the ever-continuous vaults of God's eternal and Sublimated Heavens! It is there where the Seraph Jesus dwells, looking down from his lofty pinnacle of glory and happiness on his beloved brethren below, and still inspiring them with those exalted truths and teachings which made his earthly life so inconceivably grand, and which even robed his death in a halo of immortal lustre! Around him are the followers of his youth and manhood, still laboring with him for the perpetuation of his Father's Kingdom among the children of men, and for the subjugation of Error, of Ignorance, Superstition and Bigotry! Ah, yes! upon the glory-encircled summit of

"MOUNT WISDOM"

dwells the glorious and sainted Hero of Calvary, surrounded by stars of the most brilliant magnitude, who draw light and glory from the intensity of this their Central Sun. And yet, in the language of a well-developed spirit of earth, the summit of this mountain is but the base of another, yet more distant and exalted!

There were other mountains, of minor height, which towered before me, representing some beautiful characteristic of the human spirit. There was

"MOUNT FAITH,"

with its lofty peak pointing upwards, and which is the first step in the stairway leading to Mount Wisdom. The summit of Mount Faith rests at the base of another mountain, which I knew to be

"MOUNT HOPE;"

and, beyond even these,—greater and mightier than they,—was seen still another, which I recognized as

"MOUNT CHARITY."

These three mountains must first be ascended ere the spirit's vision can trace the lofty heights of the Wisdom Mount.

Between Mount Faith and Mount Hope was seen a magnificent Temple, in which were gathered a large body of little

children, and others of more expanded intellects, who were acting in the capacity of teachers. It (the temple) was designated by the appellation of

"The Temple of Instruction."

The Valley of Beauty, as my Instructor informed me, is the locality (if we suppose that Heaven can have a local place) where the spirits of little children, or infants, are received and educated for the circle of wisdom. It is in this beautiful garden of celestial delights that the ministers of love receive the tender buds within the fold of their devoted care and affection, and prepare them to unfold in the Paradise of Truth and Wisdom. Here were seen many under the care of their own maternal parents, expanding beneath the light of their smiles, and the influences of their holy guardianship. The little child, brought into the material world under unfortunate circumstances, scarcely knowing a day of happiness since its primitive birth, was seen there, carefully superintended by those who will love and educate it as one of their own. Those blessed teachers welcomed all alike to their embrace; the rich man's and the poor man's child both commingled there in sweet and happy communion, and enjoyed together the pure delights of the Valley of Beauty. The poor were made rich, and the rich still richer. Verily, angels are no respecters of persons; all are admitted to their refined society, to be educated and fitted to adorn the higher mansions of glory and wisdom.

While absorbed in the amazing beauties around me, I turned my attention upward to the Temple of Instruction, and beheld a band of cherubs leave it, and float in the silvery air towards us. They carried in their little hands garlands of pure white flowers, — emblems of their purified spiritual existences, — while wreaths of evergreen adorned their brows, symbolic of an eternal life.

One of that seraphic band then left the others, bearing in her hand a small bouquet of lilies. Upon her brow reposed a beautiful tiara, in which appeared the sentence:

"Heaven gives Freedom to the soul."

In scanning closely her lovely form, I noticed she differed somewhat in appearance from the rest of the band; not that she was less beautiful or less unfolded in her spiritual faculties, but still there was that in her celestial form which closely attracted my attention, and deeply interested me in her behalf. Her *raven* hair fell in thick clusters about her finely-moulded neck, while her *dark-brown* form reflected a haze of peculiar beauty and mellowness. The sweet name which angels gave her, upon her birth into the heavenly country and the Valley of Beauty, was that of

"STELLA."

The following beautiful communication, breathed to me by this angelic presence, will explain the peculiarity of her appearance:

"From the beautiful Temple of Innocence and Love, where the minds of little children are instructed for the circles of wisdom, do I hasten to bear to thee this simple token of spirit-affection, twined with the fairest lilies of our blooming Garden of Eden. May it encircle thy noble brow, each lily adorning it as fadeless as thine own spotless fame. Wreathed by cherubs, they have commissioned me to present it to you, as an humble testimonial of their high appreciation of your exalted character, and of the untiring devotion you displayed in every Christian labor of your earth-life.

"The bright-winged angels of heaven have faithfully guarded your mundane career, and none more zealously than the immortal inhabitants dwelling in the Valley of Beauty. Their heaven-breathing tones have fallen on your spirit, even as the cooling rain descends from summer clouds on the earth, to make it smile with the beauty and glory of a Father's love. If dark clouds lowered heavily around thee, their seraphic influences would pierce them through, and scatter them far away, to return no more; and their voices would be heard, in low, sweet whisperings, bidding thee 'fear not; bidding thee do thy work nobly and fearlessly, and a rich and glorious inheritance will be thine.'

"Wouldst thou know, beloved saint of heaven, my earthly history, as it was imparted to me by my heavenly teachers, as soon as my mind was sufficiently expanded to comprehend it?

I was born of a slave-mother. My father I never knew. I was but a few days old when God translated me to blossom in his beauteous Paradise, where chains are never forged for the limbs of the children He loves.

"The ministration of guarding that sorrowing mother of earth was my happy portion. As the youthful spirit unfolded into the heavenly country, it was attracted by the law of affinity to that darling parent; and, when her heart was almost bursting with grief from the cruelties of the oppressor, I would weave around it the sweet and fragrant flowers of an angel-child's love, and breathe into her ear a message laden with hope and strength.

"When night draws its sable curtain over the blooming works of nature, and the twinkling stars send forth their lambent light from their far-off azure bed, I silently steal from my rosy bower in the Valley of Beauty, and, descending to earth, glide into the humble cottage of my mother, and sing to her God's love and care for all His children. Then I breathe into her dreams radiant visions of my seraph-home, and point her, beyond the dark clouds which surround her, to those beautiful skies,

> "Where Freedom's glowing Star is crowned
> With dimless power eternally,
> And human limbs are never bound
> To wear the yoke of slavery.

"I cannot tell you, bright spirit, how much I love that mother! Words cannot describe that sacred emotion, as it pulsates through every fibre of my developing soul. And although I could not appreciate her worth during the brief season I sojourned upon earth, yet I fondly and fervently love her, because I feel she is *my mother;* and it shall be my happy province to watch over and minister to her wants, until her tried and afflicted spirit shall join the heavenly band, enshrining the immortal form of her cherub-child.

"My Heavenly Father crowned me with the diadem of immortality, as my celestial teachers inform me, nearly twenty years ago. He smiled upon the tender bud exposed to the mildew of slavery, and bore it beyond its blighting power, to blossom in His Heaven of Liberty and Love.

"My extreme youth of course prevented me from realizing at onee the glorious transition from sublunary to eelestial things. I knew naught of the sorrows and trials of the world from whieh I had so early departed, or of the joys and pleasures which belong to it. I was too young to understand its many sins, temptations and evils, or to realize the blighting influence of the poison-fanged serpent I had escaped, in my passage from terrestrial objects.

"As the little germ, however, born on earth, began to develop itself into the beauties and harmonies of the heavenly spheres, I was made aware of the pleasures as well as the sorrows of the world I had left. Under the careful guardianship of my celestial instructors, I was educated in the beautiful laws of almighty wisdom, which govern sublunary things, and also that immense ocean of celestial space we call the Spirit World, permeating *far*, FAR, FAR beyond the ethereal residenee of the most sublimated archangel of the skies. I learned that the Laws of God were just, equitable, everywhere abounding, penetrating all immensity, and were *forever*, EVERLASTINGLY irrepealable!

"I contemplated, with great delight, the magnifieent unfoldings of the glorious works of God, and witnessed, with equal pleasure, the rapid march of the progressive spirit, as it proceeded, in its winding course, through all those supernal circles of celestial existence, extending throughout the realms of illimitable space! I watehed the infant soul as it entered the Valley of Beauty, and expanded beneath the light of knowledge and wisdom reflected from sunny worlds beyond!

"One of the sweetest pleasures of my spirit-life has been to visit earth, and leave there some imprint of my angel footsteps. I have hovered near the suffering and afflicted ones treading the thorny road of martyrdom,

> "And left some sweet impression there;
> Some token of an angel's eare,—
> A ray of hope which would lift up
> The soul, and sweeten slav'ry's cup.

"O, it is a sweet pleasure to soothe and lighten the sorrows of others, and inspire them with heavenly hopes of a happier

existence, where the angel of freedom is ever ready to welcome the aching, slavery-crushed spirit to its bright and peaceful domains! As a well-developed spirit has truly said, angels delight in such ministrations of love and benevolence, and to make the pathway of mankind glisten with their pearls of truth and beauty.

"And may the noble mind, which God has implanted in your being, and which has already bequeathed to mankind many jewels of intrinsic worth, still shine in all its native brilliancy, and reflect the light of its wisdom and love on the hearts of both the children of earth and heaven. As you progress onward in the Celestial Spheres, and acquire a thorough knowledge of the laws and conditions which govern each winding circle, may you breathe it unto those below you, that they may aspire to the same exalted position, and assimilate with higher intelligences in their mighty ministries of Good.

"Now, bright and glorified one, I present you with my humble token of love. My prayer is that you may rapidly advance in your new abode, ascending to those sunny realms from which my spirit-love now flows to you. I go from whence I came. May you soon dwell in the radiant spheres of light above, and your unfolding spirit revolve around that fadeless orb, whose light once shone, in such unspeakable splendor, on earth, and who still welcomes all to his pure society with a 'Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Farewell, bright spirit: I now go
To my celestial realm above,
Where everlasting beauties glow,
And cherubs dwell in peace and love."

This lovely seraph, as will be seen by her address, was the offspring of a slave-mother. Born amid the woes and evils of American slavery, in its pure and innocent babyhood the angels of mercy bore it heavenward to the Valley of Beauty, placed it under the protection of careful tutors, to be instructed in the elements of knowledge and wisdom. Of course, it entered the spirit-life with all its earthly features and characteristics, its infant form, and the dark hue which distinguished it from

other spirits. Without these characteristics there would have been no positive evidence of its identity. They were essential to thoroughly establish this, and also to strengthen my mind in the belief that, as the spirit leaves the earth-existence, so will it enter the spirit-life.

Twenty years' existence or more in the Spirit World has done much towards unfolding and perfecting the intellectual powers of this beautiful cherub. Her association with a high order of intelligences has so far expanded her capacities, and enlarged the wisdom-elements in her soul, that we see her acting in the double capacity of teacher and pupil. The instruction she receives from her celestial tutors she imparts unto others, while, at the same time, she is a constant recipient of higher thoughts and truths from other spheres.

It is believed by many that the spirit, when it passes away from the corporeal form, will retain, through all eternity, its original size and height. This I find, from what I have witnessed during my brief residence in the immortal country, to be a mistake. The spirit, as it advances in knowledge and wisdom, progresses also in its structure, attaining to the size and height it would have attained had it remained in the mortal form the *destined* age of man.

To suppose that the little infant, for instance, will retain its tiny figure, through all duration, without expanding in the slightest degree its stature, is, in my humble opinion, unsubstantiated by either reason or nature. The idea that the spirit remains at a stand-still, in point of height, when it leaves the earth, is to my mind absurd and unphilosophical. It *must* expand exteriorly in proportion to its interior growth. The untutored infant will no more retain forever in spirit-life the primitive form of earth, than it would if living in the mortal habitation. As its intellectual capacities unfold, its little soul will magnify accordingly, until we shall see no longer the baby form, but a beautiful and expanded spirit, wearing the robe of a wisdom-perfected manhood or womanhood.

But many will ask, how am I to recognize my angel-child or friend in heaven, if this theory is a correct one? How shall I know my sainted babe, when I go to dwell with it, aside from the many millions who throng the Valley of Beauty, if such a

change has been wrought in its being since its departure from the rudimental sphere?

Those who have acquainted themselves with the laws which govern the control of angels, know that spirits of the departed can manifest their respective presences to the interior perceptions of some, in whatever shape or form they may please, necessary to establish their identities. Some come in their youthful forms as they were last seen by their earthly friends, and others in the maturity of manhood. Some appear in garments similar to those worn on earth, while others come

> "In girdles of resplendent light,
> Or flowing robes of snowy white."

If thus they can manifest themselves to the interior gaze of mortals, surely they can do so to the unclouded visions of immortals. They possess the means, at any and at all times, of establishing to their friends, with undoubted accuracy, their *positive* identities, and of forever putting to rest the mooted question of the recognition of spirits in heaven.

Upon the advent of spirits into the Higher Life, their angelic friends appear to them as they were last seen in the earth-existence. Then, as their perceptions become more refined by contact with spiritual things, they behold the advancement which they have made, and they appear no longer to their eyes in the garb of infancy or childhood, but that of a beautifully matured and developed spirit.

The cherub Stella appeared to me in the character of a beautiful child. Twenty years' association with the inhabitants of the Spirit Realms had well developed her faculties, and we now see her no longer a tiny bud, but a finely-opened blossom, shedding the fragrance of her wisdom and beauty around.

As I gazed upon the large assemblage of innocent childhood before me, who had passed into the spirit-life

> "Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,"

far removed from the frailties and imperfections belonging to earth, I could not restrain the prayerful feelings which welled up from my soul, and, bowing myself before the Divine Altar, I

invoked the blessing of God upon me, and that He would make me, as little children are, full of humility and love.

After the lovely spirit of Stella, and her beautiful companions, had departed to their Garden of Eden, Andre, who was one of our number, concluded his interview with me as follows:

"My beloved brother: I have now performed the pleasing task assigned me at this time, and must bid you a short adieu, and depart to *my* realm of spirit-life. But, ere I go, let me express to you my heartfelt thanks for the sweet reception you gave to our beloved and repentant brother Arnold, and the spirit of charity and fraternal love you manifested in his behalf.

"There is no sweeter mission allotted to angels than that of helping those who have fallen into the pit of sin and darkness. Gazing down from their holy heavens, their humane natures are awakened at the spiritual weaknesses below, and the full power of their sanctifying influence is exerted to restore the fallen to purity and holiness of life, and to a higher condition in the Father's Kingdom.

"As you look down from your starry home upon Arnold's advancing spirit, and watch his unfoldment into the higher walks of spirituality, 'the sweet thought that you have done something towards developing the germs of virtue and goodness in his soul, will, indeed, — to borrow the language of your celestial instructor, — brighten your own pathway to glory, and add to the measure of your happiness and enjoyment.

"My brother Arnold, in his interesting address to you, states that it was some time subsequent to his birth into the spirit-life, ere it was in my power to visit him.

"My existence of some twenty or thirty years in the realms of immortal being placed it out of my power at once to do so. His long-nurtured sins and errors must be swept away in part ere those of the higher abodes could come in close proximity to him. This done, he would be prepared to entertain celestial visitors.

"Beautifully did the purifying influences of holy angels descend into his region of darkness, until they found an avenue to his soul, and aroused therein the dormant sparks of love and purity! A new hope at length sprang into his life, — a

hope of a higher and better condition! Light had dawned upon him, — the darkness at last was disappearing!

"Our success was unbounded! Beyond even our own anticipations had we succeeded in touching the chords of his heart, and fanning into being the most generous emotions and aspirations. From my far-off plane of existence I discerned the holy work going on, read the pure and worthy desires of his nature for a happier change, and the hopes angels had awakened in his yielding spirit.

"The Sun of Righteousness had found, at last, a way through the thick incrustations which hid the noblest feelings and froze the purest affections of his being, and the warm sunlight soon melted the ice away, and, by its generous rays, caused to open the buds of truth and piety within. The darkness, also, disappeared as the glorious beams of angelic ministrations fell upon his once-erring soul, and the brilliant light of immortal day shone upon his ravished vision.

"While in this happy and hopeful condition, a band of immortals, myself included, visited him at 'his residence' in the spirit-life. We were received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy, and an affection which only a spirit long confined in the prison-house of darkness could manifest. Tears of sorrow and repentance streamed down his cheek, more eloquent and touching in themselves than mere words could have been. He expressed deep contrition for his past transgressions, and, falling on my neck, asked forgiveness of me for the outrage (I employ his own words) committed against my mortal body.

"I assured him that, as far as the power was conferred, I had forgiven that act, and cherished none other than the kindliest and most charitable feelings towards him; that we were all liable to err, that none were infallible, not even the most developed archangel of the highest heaven; that no one but God was perfect, or without variableness or shadow of turning, and that He was all love, all charity, yea, all perfection! that His tender mercies were over all His works, and His infinite, benignant eye was on the just and the unjust, on the evil and good; that even the most depraved soul was open to his mercy, and would finally become holy, and happy.

"As I concluded this last sentence, with a plaintive look he

gazed into my face, at the same time exclaiming, 'O! is there indeed hope for me beyond my present condition? Have I found favor in the sight of God and His holy angels, and is there a chance for me yet to reform, and become an inhabitant of heaven? Or am I doomed through all eternity to confinement in this prison-house of darkness, with no prospect of a more blessed or happier change? O! tell me, if truly there is hope of my redemption, and if this revolution going on in my nature will result in everlasting benefit to myself; or is it but a dream, a mere phantasy, without the shadow of a reality?'

"When he had relieved his overburdened soul of these interrogatories, I told him there *was* hope for him, and that to encourage and assist him was the object of our visit. I assured him that 'progression was written on every soul,' and that none would ever be cast out of the pale of God's Sympathy and Love; that the prison-house, which enchained his soul down to the gloom of darkness, would soon be thrown open, and he walk in the freedom of a more glorious condition, in the light of a nobler and purer spirituality.

"These assurances filled him with the deepest gladness and the most ineffable emotions. He instantly comprehended that *all* was not lost; that he might yet be happy, and counted as one of the glorified children of God; that the darkness which enshrouded him was only temporary, and would flee away as the light of truth, wisdom and godliness, penetrated it; that there was no such thing as eternal misery; that happiness, continued and unalloyed, would eventually crown the earth-freed spirit,

> "And glory mark its onward flight
> Through regions of eternal light.

"So delighted was he at the brilliant and happy prospect presented to him, that some time elapsed ere he could give expression to his grateful feelings; and, when he did, he breathed forth an invocation of thanks, the sweetest and most impressive I ever heard; and, with your consent, I will repeat it, assuring you it will well repay repetition."

Then Andre repeated the prayer of Arnold, uttered at that season of his development, and which, with the consent of my readers, I will transfer to these pages. It evinces the indescrib-

able joy and gratitude of a spirit, upon whose vision has dawned, for almost the first time, the glad signs of a speedy redemption. I will style it

THE PRAYER OF A REPENTANT SPIRIT.

"O Thou Mighty, Good, and Most Merciful God! My burdened and aching soul would pour out to Thee its fervent thanksgivings for the bright hopes and aspirations which these beloved children of Thine have raised within. I sincerely thank Thee that they are permitted to visit my low abode of being, and awaken in my nature high thoughts and emotions, and inspire me with the hope of a happier and better state of existence. Long, dear Father, has Thy child wandered in the realms of darkness and death, and away from Thy true fold of righteousness and virtue; and *now* that the first rays of hope begin to dawn upon my eyes, I would ask that they may burn a way into the indurated elements of my being, and extinguish whatever of evil there may be within! O, eagerly have I turned my vision upwards to Thee, in hopes to catch a faint look at the glory of Thy shining countenance, and to hear the sweet word 'pardon' breathed from Thy lips! In vain have I watched for the coming of Thy dear Son Jesus, our Blessed Saviour, who holds the keys of life and death, and who is able to save us from our sins. Send him, O Divine Benefactor! down to me, that he may break the thraldom which chains me to this wretched condition, and introduce me into the glorious liberty of Thy holy children. Rain down upon my sinning soul showers of divine love and purity, that I may become cleansed, and every ungodly element be made to bow fealty to truth, wisdom, and piety. Refine the coarser particles of my material nature; — sift the chaff from the wheat, — the dross from the gold, — that I may stand forth in Thy sight a regenerated being, — one worthy to be called Thy child! And O, I thank Thee for the existence of those infinite laws of mercy and wisdom which empower Thy beloved angels to descend and make bright and joyous my circle of life with visions of their heavenly home. Permit them to come often, laden with messages of purity and light, and to cheer my path of progress with fresh hopes and remembrances. Give them what light they may want to teach me, and may it

be imparted to me as my spirit becomes prepared to receive it. May *they* grow in grace and godliness as their spirit-life continues, and reap a golden harvest for the seeds of goodness and truth they have sown in my soul. May they faithfully watch each developing germ, careful to water it with the refreshing dews of their own sweet inspiration, and to breathe an influence blighting to every weed of error, and salutary to every flower of truth. And, Divine Parent, I would not be selfish in my demands, or thoughtless of those who are in darkness with me; but would pray that Thy appointed agents may also visit them, and awaken them to a consciousness of their eternal destinies. May light and knowledge be granted unto them, that they may rise out of the degradation of their low condition, and walk through those heavenly streets, illuminated with so many brilliant lights of ineffable wisdom and glory. I thank Thee, in their behalf, that all is not lost to them even beyond the tomb; that, according to the teachings of Thy celestial ministers, and the promises recorded in Holy Writ, there is yet hope of all becoming finally holy and happy; — hope of a glorious resurrection from the grave of sin and darkness, and birth into a heaven of perfect peace and felicity. May I do my part to instruct them in what knowledge I have gleaned from my immortal teachers, and aid them to roll away the stone from the door of the tomb which has so long confined them. And, O, most merciful God, I would not close my simple orison, without a remembrance of him, who has so beautifully exemplified a spirit of charity and forgiveness in this visit to my sphere of existence. I rejoice that I have heard from his lips a pardon pronounced for the injury I did him on earth, and for the cruel, wicked betrayal of the confidence reposed in me. O God, forgive me that heinous deed, even as Thy child has forgiven it! Bless the other purified intelligences who have thrilled my soul with their burning thoughts and words of truth, and may I soon enjoy their heavenly society in their mansions of glory and bliss. May other hearts be the recipients of their glowing instructions, and through them be brought to a knowledge of the truth, as represented by Thy well-beloved Son Jesus.

"Descend, O Holy Spirit, in thy power and might,
And radiate our souls with Truth's celestial light;

Unclasp the galling chains which bind our spirits down,
And with Thy Love Divine our upward progress crown:
Until, before thy Throne we face to face shall stand,
And thank Thee then for all the bounties of Thy Hand."

When John Andre had repeated this beautiful and impressive prayer (which he read from a shining scroll he carried in his hand), he closed up his address in the following language:

"You will recognize, dear brother, in this prayer, the depth of feeling and sincerity which inspired Benedict Arnold, as he became aware that the gates of heaven were not shut against him, or the smiles of a loving Father refused him. And although sectarian in some portions of it, yet throughout it breathes a spirit of humility and contrition commendable in one, who, when on earth, was so haughty and self-ambitious.

"But these traits all disappeared as the glowing influences of angels descended on his spirit. The grim monster, error, fled before the gentle power of the spirit of truth. The hardened nature softened as the light of God's holy love descended upon it. The clouds disappeared as the Sun of Righteousness fell upon them, and radiated their darkness. Gladness succeeded sorrow, conviction followed scepticism, and hope's bright beam lined the mists of doubt and uncertainty. Thus reclaimed, your vision now beholds him.

"I will now leave you and your attendant companions, and pass *onward*, UPWARD to my realm of being! This pleasant interview with you has given me great and indescribable pleasure, and will, I trust, prove profitable to us both. I shall hope for other pleasant conversations with you, as you press onward to the goal of your high destiny. May success crown your labors for humanity, and may the beautiful lesson inculcated in your interview with Benedict Arnold follow you through your endless spirit-life, and be instrumental in lifting up others who walk in the paths of ungodliness.

"Press onward in thy work divine;
Let Love and Truth around thee shine;
And seek, with earnest power and might,
Throughout the world to spread the right."

SECTION THIRD.

Lambs and flowers — The spirit-barque — Storm disables her — Crew take to the boats — Pilot sticks by the helm — He saved — They perish — The pilot is a pilgrim of Truth — The crew are servants of popular opinion.

After the angel Stella had uttered her joyous words of greeting, other bright forms from the Temple of Innocence and Purity flitted by me, leaving some precious tokens of their sweet and affectionate regard. Flowers far more fragrant and beautiful than any earth has ever produced were strewn at my feet, while diamonds of the most transparent brilliancy brightened the pathway of each spirit. Everything which could give true enjoyment and comfort to this glorious company of cherubic life was there displayed, with naught to mar the serenity of their beautiful existences. Snow-white lambs, emblems of innocence, were seen playfully frisking about, with festoons of flowers around their necks, which the hands of sweet cherubs had twined. Various were the occupations which engaged the attention of this large body of innocent childhood.

One beautiful picture, however, was presented me, which exceedingly delighted my soul. As soon as the bright cherubs of the Valley of Beauty had strewn their precious offerings of love around, another band of spirits left the Temple of Instruction, and approached us. Then, at their ardent desire, we floated upward, until our feet rested on the banks of a most magnificent river, which emptied itself into a still larger body of water, which I will designate an ocean.

By the shore was moored a beautiful barque, with a small body of men upon her deck, who were preparing her for sea. There were a captain, a pilot, and a crew on board, all actively engaged in fitting the vessel for a long and perilous voyage.

At length she is ready to start. Gracefully and majestically she floats away from the shore, ploughing the serene waters of the river, until she merges forth into the fathomless depths of the mighty ocean. For several days she breasts the waves, with naught to disturb the progress of her career. Suddenly, the clouds o'ercast the sky, the lightning flashes with fearful brilliancy, and the deep and heavy thunders terrifically rever-

berate across the briny sea, while the mountain billows roll furiously o'er the deck of that lonely barque, threatening every moment to founder her.

After drifting about for several hours, exposed to the wild fury of the tempest, she becomes unmanageable, and the crew desert her and take to the boats; but, being unable to withstand the violence of the gale, are soon engulfed beneath the surging waves.

One brave heart among that band had refused to leave the barque, determined to stand by, or go down with her. Faithfully he cleaves to her, with his strong arm steering her away from the shoals and quicksands which beset her path, trusting to Providence to guide her in safety to her destined haven of rest.

He continues to drift about on the wild, upheaving ocean, for several days, his faith still strong in the superintending care of an Overruling Power, hoping yet to ride out in triumph the fury of the tempest.

Suddenly the countenance of that faithful pilot is animated with the liveliest emotions of hope and joy; each feature lights up with the beams of silent gratitude, and from his heart there goes forth fervent gratitude to God for his wonderful preservation through the severe trials and dangers of the protracted tempest!

What has created this sudden change, and absence of all fear? Has some bright angel above him whispered a cheering hope to his soul, or told him of a successful voyage? Ah! he discerns a light, in the far distance, breaking from the clouds, which evinces to him a cessation of the raging tempest. Soon the appearance of the glorious orb of day gladdens the sight of the lone, sea-tossed mariner, and he falls on his knees and thanks his God for His overshadowing protection through the perils of the storm. The clouds all disperse, and the sun gleams forth in its full meridian glory; and where the waters once heaved and roared with all the tumultuous passions of a fearful tempest, they are now without a ruffle, moving along in beautiful harmony. In a short time that faithful pilot arrives at his destined port in safety, where a new and sturdy crew stand ready to follow his fate and fortunes.

The lesson which this allegorical picture impressed upon my mind was this:

It represented to me the Pilgrim of Truth starting on the ocean of life, accompanied by a few disciples, in search of the nearest inlet to the Haven of Infinite Perfection. The wind and tide of sectarianism dash furiously about his noble barque, whose name is

"PROGRESSION."

The waves of ignorance, superstition and bigotry, roll over it, seeking to bear it down beneath the angry waters. The storm increases, the billows roll higher, and the danger becomes more intense; but the noble barque marches along in its course, for it is piloted by a steady, fearless heart.

At length the crew despair, and desert the vessel and its courageous helmsman, and thereby become engulfed in the labyrinth of Popular Opinion and Prejudice. The brave pilot refuses to leave her, for his hope and trust is in God. He still glides along o'er the turbulent waters, steering her away from all the shoals and quicksands of cramped creeds and theologies, placing his trust in that Power above him, who is able to strengthen and give nerve to his arm in this season of impending danger. Suddenly the storm abates, the clouds roll away from the sky of truth, and the brilliant Sun of Hope and Righteousness appears in the full blaze of its glory, cheering the heart of the pilgrim in his onward pathway o'er the deep. Soon he arrives in 'port, where he finds sympathizing souls waiting to congratulate him on his safe passage, and to join him in his benevolent labors of good.

This sublime picture was witnessed with great interest by myself, as it rolled, like a huge panorama, before my gaze.

After each cherub had presented love-tokens, they formed themselves into a brilliant circle, and chanted the sweetest music of the heavenly spheres. Then, bidding me and my attendant band a sweet adieu, they passed into the flower-valleys of their blooming Paradise, there to receive the education which would fit them for mansions of wisdom.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
August, 1856.

MESSAGE V.

SPIRITUALISM.

SECTION FIRST.

Heaven not as Adams expected — Man below yearns for and needs clearer light — The church is defective and misleading — Peace and good-will the *True Gospel.*

THE beautiful scenes which greeted my entrance into the world of spirits were entirely different from my expectations, and my preconceived ideas and sentiments. I believed that the immortal life was fraught with the purest joys, and that the ties, dissevered on earth, would be united in heaven, nevermore to be sundered by the "stern archer, death;" that the weary pilgrim of truth, plodding along through the keenest trials and martyrdoms to maintain his most righteous cause, would there find a haven of rest and peace for his tried soul.

But I did not entertain the idea that I should be permitted to roam at pleasure the vast and illimitable "pastures of the Lord," and pluck from them the ever-blooming, fragrant flowers, which would prove as tangible to the spirit's contact as are those of earth to the mortal touch; or that I should hear the sweet warblers of the air carol forth their paradisiacal symphonies, the beauty and harmony of which have so often gladdened my soul on many a sunny morning of corporeal life.

Mankind, from the very commencement of existence, have yearned for a more satisfactory knowledge of the life beyond the grave than that which they have gleaned from the mystic creeds and dogmas of the past. The various theologies of the churches, their wrangling and their inconsistent faiths, instead of satisfying the deep yearnings and aspirations of men's spirits, have had a tendency to plunge them into a cold and cheerless scepticism.

They have long desired, yea, and prayed, for some friendly

citizen of the unknown country to come back, and give them a knowledge of the Immortal Life; to remove all doubts and fears from their minds, respecting an individualized existence hereafter, and a glorious reünion with the loved-ascended.

History chronicles no subject which has more deeply engaged the minds of earth's children than the great and momentous one of immortality. It has attracted the attention of the gifted and wise; the loftiest intellects of the theological world have taxed their ingenious powers to unravel, to the satisfaction of all, the mightiest interrogatory of the age, — the eternity of the soul!

But their arguments have failed to satisfy the demands of humanity, or to answer the earnest questionings of the human spirit. The antagonistic faiths of the churches, — their continual warring against one another, — only serve to augment, in the minds of many, the gloomy belief of the soul's total extinction. They (the churches) have not met the spiritual exigences of the people. Their chief aim has been, and is still (though I am happy to write not so much so as in the past), to build up sectarian platforms. They have discarded the two great features of Christianity, and without which it is utterly worthless, — the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man! An organization which disavows, either by precept or practice, these two cardinal principles or strengthening pillars of the Christian Religion, is powerless for good!

Many, dissatisfied with the teachings of the modern Church, have come out from its sectarian borders, and embraced a Christianity more in consonance with their humanity and truth-loving natures. Their spiritual wants not being fully met, they have actually been forced to take this step, and to sunder themselves from ties and relations dear to their souls. Not gleaning any satisfactory knowledge of the future state beyond that of their own immediate acquiring, they have left their sectarian-bounded limits, and gone forth in search of the exhaustless Well-Spring of Truth.

If the teachings of the present age fully meet the wants of the masses (as the clergy tell us constantly they do), why are so many dissatisfied with them, and forced to reject them as not suited to the cravings of their natures? Why — if the

Church answers their "longings after immortality," and furnishes a satisfactory solution as to their future destiny — do so many come out from it, and rush, with intense avidity, after every straw which will give them the faintest insight into the life awaiting them? Why do they not still tenaciously cleave to the "ancient doctrines" of the Church, and seek no further for knowledge of the immortal life?

Ah! it (the Church) has *not* answered the ardent aspirations and thirstings of the soul, either in the past or the present. It has been, and is still, too narrow-contracted and conservative in its doctrines and principles, and has disseminated teachings entirely repugnant to a God and man loving nature. The hungry spirit is not appeased by the food offered to it, but is still in quest of the true bread of life!

While many, however, have come outside the Church, and adopted a platform unbounded by creed or sect, there is yet a larger portion who still adhere to its conservative doctrines. So strongly are they chained *to another's* opinions, that they dare not break away from their slavish condition, and come out and acknowledge their God-implanted individuality. They are fearful of *losing caste*, or that the tide of popular opinion will set against them if they adopt ideas or principles varying from those the Church authorizes.

Again, the clergy have lacked the great and important requisite necessary in their responsible positions, — an independence of character. They have knuckled to the will of their laity, without consulting man's actual spiritual needs and requirements. They have not answered the individual *necessities* of their people; they have given them what they *asked* for, and no more; the material has been satisfied, but not the spiritual.

The slaveholder, liquor-dealer, and liquor-drinker, have each erected a platform, and inscribed upon it, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. Go beyond it, and we will crucify you on the cross of expulsion; denounce our *cherished* institutions, and we will ostracize you; you may, without molestation, think as you please, but you must *preach* to suit *our* thinking."

The "Man of Letters" hears the imperative injunction, and, fearing their threatened ejectment, willingly bows assent, and thereby enslaves himself, and yields up to others his identity.

Popular evils and sins are lost sight of; slavery and intemperance are idly passed by, as though their existence was a falsehood; and, from week to week, are heard the same irksome worn-out doctrines of the past, suited only to the heathenism of the departed dark ages, and not to the enlightened condition of the glorious nineteenth century!

It is not my purpose to deride the Church, or to contemn the motives of those who still cling to "the skirt of her garments." I accord to every individual the right to think and act for himself, when he does so conscientiously and without hypocrisy, and I claim for myself the same immunity. Freedom of thought, speech and action, is the glorious heritage bequeathed to angels by the Giver of all Good, and none can take it away. It is a power conferred on all alike, and he commits a sin against the Most High God who acknowledges and uses it not.

There is some good and some truth in every institution or sect. The Church wraps many noble men in her embrace,—men, in whose bosoms beat large hearts,—hearts, throbbing with thoughts and deeds, spontaneous, native, and outgushing. Their natures are too expanded to be enchained by the fetters of the Church, its many mystic dogmas and doctrines. They love all humanity, for humanity's sake, and are desirous to build up a Church mighty and universal as Deity,

> Where all, in holy brotherhood,
> May worship as God's children should.

There are, also, a few among the many clergymen, who are noble and conscientious enough to avow what they feel to be the truth, and to denounce evils and iniquities, existing in both State, Nation, and Individuals. Knowing the right, they are not afraid to proclaim it, even in the face of a violent and intolerant opposition. Fearless of naught but the wrong, they go forth to defend the cause of Truth, and defeat the ignoble purposes of Error. Having the good of all mankind at heart, they rise above all sectarian influence and bias, and advocate principles in harmony with those Jesus so gloriously taught. Discarding theological antagonisms, they labor to unite the whole, and bring them on to the same platform of brotherly love.

But it is the Church as a mass with which I have to do. It has not disseminated the broadest Christianity, nor the loftiest spirituality. It has not even kept pace with the advancing civilization of the age. It has most signally failed to meet the spiritual expectations, or, at least, the needs of the people. Something more in keeping with the progress of the age is demanded, and mankind will have it, notwithstanding the strong efforts of the Church to bind them still to the darkness of its illiberal creeds.

Yet, intelligent reader of these pages, do we *despair* of a complete reformation even in this stronghold of sectarian bias and prejudice? No! Such a dark word stains not the vocabulary of the Spirit World. Already has the Church begun to awake from its lethargic state, and to feel the necessity of a more decisive and thorough action on the momentous questions of the advancing age. She realizes the present revolution of religious sentiment, and her own position as a religious body, and that to live she must cleanse herself of all her old and effete dogmas, and launch forth on the sea of unbiassed and liberal sentiment.

Spiritualism, as an angel of peace, of mercy, and good-will, comes to earth laden with many joyous blessings to assist in the glorious revolution now going on. It is entering Church, State, and Nation, silently permeating each dark nook and corner, and leaving there a regenerating influence. It is not a new philosophy, or religion, if I may term it such, but is as ancient as the universe, and as eternal as its Divine Architect. Slowly, noiselessly, but surely, has it been infusing itself into the eternal nature of man, softening, refining, and unfolding each element, and causing him to realize his true condition as a child of that Infinite Parent "who stands to us all in the double relation of our Father and our Friend."

It has excited no little surprise in the minds of both believers and non-believers of this subject, why (if it is true) the Church has been so backward "in taking it up," and giving it that faithful and dispassionate investigation which it challenges. If there is aught of truth in it, they ask, why is *it* (the Church) so loth to embrace it, — so slow to give it even the poor tribute of a notice? If angels (they soliloquize) can revisit earth, as

it is averred they can by a large portion of the community, why do not the clergy turn their attention to this fact, and proclaim it from the pulpit? Surely, a subject so momentous, so affecting the welfare of God's children, should not be slighted or coldly passed by as undeserving of notice.

The reason of this lethargy on their part is explained in a few words. They are so strongly wedded to their conservative creeds and doctrines that they are unwilling to embrace any new, and especially unpopular idea, which will have the slightest tendency to divorce the tie which binds them to the old standard theology. Deeply absorbed in the ancient dogmas of the Church, they think it a sin to depart or vary in the least from the "old landmarks" which those "gone before" have laid down. Lacking independence of character, moved by the current of public opinion, and oftentimes by the material more than the spiritual profit of their ministerial profession, they still tenaciously and fondly cling to their idol, Sectarianism, and fall down and worship it as their god. Hence, their unwillingness to give attention or investigation to aught out of the narrow limits of the Church.

There is still another class who refuse to give it their attention, because, as they say, it is pernicious to Christian morality, and subversive of the divine aims of Christianity. They have investigated it sufficiently, in all its phases and bearings, to know that it is a striking phenomenon, and, as such, displays a power and force independent of human agency or volition. But they discard the idea that spirits departed from the body have aught to do with its various manifestations, or are in any way connected with them. They, therefore, tell mankind that they must have nothing to do with it, as it is conducive of evil, and fruitful in everything pernicious to virtue and integrity.

Now, every one will coïncide with me in the opinion that all phenomena work or are wrought by natural laws; that there is, literally speaking, no such thing as a preternatural law; that there can be nothing beyond a natural law. God, Angel, Science, Philosophy, *all* rebuke such an idea.

Then, having satisfied ourselves on this point, — that all phenomena are governed by natural laws, — the next question for

our consideration is, What is the Principle which guides or controls these laws? The response is, Deity!

Having come to the conclusion that Deity is the controlling agent of all law, and that all phenomena work by the direction of such law or laws, I would ask those who are continually railing against this Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, if aught can come from that Divine Source pernicious to morality or the Christian graces? Can anything impure originate from that Infinite Controlling Power who guides all laws and their workings? Can aught but that which is noble, good, and immaculate, — that which should engage the careful and undivided attention of His children, — come from God, the Divine Originator and Giver of every good and perfect gift? Every individual, in the sober exercise of an unbiassed reason and judgment, will emphatically exclaim, No!

Then, if spiritualism be true, as I can safely aver it is, is it wrong or sinful to give it an investigation? Can anything "unclean" spring from it, — anything antagonistic to integrity, to virtue, and purity? Rather, is it not a sin against the Most High God to refuse attention to any phenomena, or denounce them as evil, simply because our finite capacities cannot grasp at once the law through which they operate? Is it not a libel upon the Divine Government, and its immutable laws of wisdom, to call that impious or immoral which has its origin in God?

If the philosophy of Spiritualism has been abused by those who could not understand its wide-spread laws, neither God, Angel, or Spiritualism, is accountable for it. The abuse of a phenomenon or subject arises solely from want of knowledge of the principles which control it. If aught that is detrimental to Christian excellence or morality has gone forth to the world under the title of Spiritualism, it is simply owing to the ignorance of those who espouse it, or to their very undeveloped conditions.

An individual who comprehends the glorious principles of the Philosophy of Intercommunion, will find in it everything ennobling, elevating, and purifying. He will ascertain, in his continued investigations, the "whys and wherefores" of all the discrepancies in modern Spiritualism, and that they proceed

from the inharmonious, undeveloped state of humanity. When mankind become more unfolded in the religious and affectional nature, then all the errors and crudities, the chaff and dross, of Spiritualism will be swept away, and the pure and burnished gold of truth will shine forth in all its heavenly lustre.

The eagerness with which earth's children have grasped at this Unfolding Light plainly shows a desire to know more of the future than what the Church can give. They have long navigated the troubled sea of uncertainty, and of misapprehension, and been tossed about here and there on its stormy waters, not knowing to what haven they were drifting, or where they would finally land.

No faith or philosophy, I vouch to say, has ever dawned upon created man, which has been more cordially welcomed and embraced, or found truer votaries to worship at its shrine, in the short space of time with which the world has been acquainted with it, than this philosophy of celestial communion. It has answered his highest aspiration, inasmuch as it has opened heaven to his view, and convinced him that its immortal citizens are constant witnesses of the deeds done in the body, and ever exercise a holy and purifying influence over his life.

It has now attained to such an order of development, and numbers so large a portion of the intelligent community among its votaries, that all outside pressure will not affect it in the least, or retard its onward advancement. It has gained a deep and lasting hold upon the affections of the people, and no power but the Almighty can stay its progress.

The Church, as heretofore, may wield its strong influence to nip this Bud of Promise in its beautiful infancy, — may seek to blast it with the frosts of calumny, and misrepresentation; but it is destined, in contravention to all such efforts, to blossom everywhere, and make the wilderness of man's life fragrant with the aroma of spirit-love.

The philosophy of angelic intercourse is "bound" to overturn all creeds and dogmas, and build up the Church of the Everlasting God. It will annihilate all principles and theologies not in harmony with the laws of God and Nature, or cause them to succumb to the wide-spreading influences of Harmonial Love and Brotherhood. Its broad and liberal banner floats to the

breeze, upon which is emblazoned Truth and Progress. The enemy may attack it, and strike it down; but it will be raised again by its friends and champions, to wave over the ramparts of error, wreathed with the brilliant laurels of victory.

Friends of the Harmonial Philosophy must be fearless in the advocacy of their benign principles, must maintain an independent position, and exert themselves to promote the rapid growth of fraternal love and unity. Organizations, which proclaim not the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, are becoming effete and powerless, and must soon sink into oblivion. Like Samson shorn of his locks, their glory and strength are departing from them. Man begins to realize that he has too long been fettered by the chains of Church slavery, and that it behooves himself at once to loosen the hold they have gained upon his soul's individuality, ere they drag him still lower into the dark chasm of superstition and bigotry.

Hitherto, he has not dared to override the popular creeds and prejudices of the age, or to think and act for himself, for fear of the verdict of a cramped public sentiment. The fear of incurring censure, if he pursued a course different or antagonistic to that the Church pursued, prevented him from taking an independent stand, and avowing principles consonant to those his conscience told him were right.

> Once we thought that kings were holy, —
> Doing wrong by right divine;
> That the Church was lord of conscience, —
> Arbiter of mine and thine;
> That whatever priests commanded,
> No one could reject and live,
> And that all who differed from them
> It was error to forgive.

But, thanks be to God, a better and brighter day is dawning! His Immortal Truth is onward! EXCELSIOR is its motto! Its broad Flag is unfurled to the breeze! A mighty army have enlisted under it, and gone forth to battle for the Right. Already have their floating banners been crowned with the laurels of a noble triumph! Bravely have they stormed the strong citadel of sectarianism! Many times were they repulsed by the fire of the enemy; but the heavy guns from the spiritual battery answered their charge, and over the heads of a van-

quished foe waved the glorious ensign of truth! Their ranks are daily, and I might with truth say hourly, increasing in numbers.

Man has ardently aspired to grasp this "pearl of infinite price," — this precious blessing of the Almighty Hand! Angels have borne up the fervent prayers of hearts aspiring to know of the eternal life beyond, and a great and good Father has answered them. He pitied the children He created, and granted their prayerful requests. A channel has been opened, and the stream of time has found an inlet to the ocean of eternity.

God gives the creatures of His love
A knowledge of those boundless spheres
Which roll with such effulgent power
Beyond the mortal vale of tears;
Heaven, with its legions numberless,
Is opened to their inner sight,
And loved departed ones appear,
Accoutred in their robes of white.

* * * * * *

The dread of death is gone. No more
Do they its coming presence fear;
For now they *know* it is the door
Which opens to a brighter sphere,
Where joys unnumbered ever roll,
And severed friendships once more blend;
Where every earth-tried, burdened soul
A Life of Endless Peace will spend.

In the course of human events the philosophy of celestial intercourse is destined to be the universal faith of all the nations of the world. A subject, so affecting the destiny of mankind, so closely inwoven with every thread of their existence, cannot remain long at a stand-still; but must steadily increase until all humanity are folded in its celestial embrace.

The last eight or ten years of earthly time prove conclusively this fact. In the earlier stages of its infancy there stood many to embrace it, and hug it to their hearts as the brightest hope of their lives. Since that time, thousands, hundreds of thousands, yea, even millions, have endorsed its heavenly precepts; and not only endorsed them as far as belief is concerned, but carried them out in their daily lives, exemplifying their many beauties in every noble thought and virtuous action. It has

gone into the hamlets of the lowly, the palaces of the lordly, and has left there a hallowing influence. The Judge, the Senator, the King and the Statesman, have alike felt its kindred power, and bowed their heads in acknowledgment of its divine origin and worth! Noiselessly, also, has it crept into the stronghold of sectarianism and bigotry, winding its tender folds around the dark and hideous form of error, coiling tighter and tighter, until that now lies in the last agonies of a death-struggle.

Now and then a clergyman is heard avowing its principles as identical with those advanced by Jesus. By a careful study and investigation, some have arrived at the conclusion that the laws of God *are* immutable, and that angels can operate through them with the same facility as in the time of Moses and the prophets, or Christ and His apostles.

The strong arm of theology will still be raised to level, if possible, the strong fabric of this glorious edifice to the ground. It has already endeavored to crush and annihilate it. But has it succeeded in its insane attempts? Where one stone started from its foundation, twenty more were added to strengthen and perfect it. No longer are its worshippers in a meagre minority. The *few* who advocate its divine doctrines in the highways and byways of the world are not, by any means, the only or most positive evidences of its increasing popularity. It is stirring to the very core the heart of the community, carrying conviction to many minds, as yet not fully prepared to avow it to the world. Millions are anxiously watching its progress, hoping for its success, yet fearing "that it is too good to be true."

My association with the intelligences of heaven has somewhat revolutionized my past sentiments and feelings. Not that I have altered *all* my opinions formed on earth, but that some of them have become more refined and enlarged. I acknowledge no Church but the Church Impartial and Universal,—no Gospel but the Gospel of Peace and Good-will,—that which recognizes "a Father over all," and the Unity of the Whole Human Race! Every organization not embracing these great principles will receive no sympathy from me. It matters not what ideas I may have entertained on earth regarding either Church, State, or Nation. A few years' existence in the spirit-life has been sufficient to change them in some degree; for,

holy intercourse with the gifted minds of heaven has taught me what is the Right and True, and I can fellowship with no organization which does not boldly and unequivocally declare itself to be an advocate of the doctrines Christ disseminated,—Universal Love and Brotherhood.

While I possess the power to control human organisms, I shall promulgate these principles, and seek to enforce them upon the world's attention. Wherever error, discord, or sin predominates, there will I strive to penetrate, and, with the means at my disposal, raise the darkened soul to paths of purity and wisdom. I will enter the Church, and, by the power of unconscious impression, inspire its teachers and laity to preach the Immortal Truth of God, which alone

> "Can break the chains of Slavery,
> And set the captive spirit free."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
September, 1856.

MESSAGE VI.

TEMPLE OF PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

SECTION FIRST.

Lafayette proposes to ascend — They reach the Temple of Peace and Good-Will — Find William Penn, Shakspeare, Mary Washington, Augustine Washington, Martha Washington, Hannah More, Felicia Hemans, Jane Grey, Josephine, Elizabeth Frye, John Howard, Peter Whitney.

LAFAYETTE communicated with me in the following few words:

"Beloved Brother: We will now leave the Valley of Beauty, with all its glorious delights, its joyous congregation of innocent life, and again take an upward course, ranging still higher the world of immensity, to greet other glorified personages waiting your coming. Although your gladdened eyes have beheld many beautiful scenes in the Spirit World, and your soul drank in the pure inspiration of celestial minds, yet, O, more refined glories and enjoyments will dawn upon you as you progress in virtue, wisdom, and piety!

"Think, dear brother, of the life before you. Years, counted by billions or trillions, are but mere drops in that fathomless ocean of eternity which winds through the vast dome of heaven. Your existence has but just commenced. As you unfold in the spirit-life, higher scenes and duties will dawn upon you, and you will then begin to realize a little of the vastness of that eternity which is to be your being. We will now ascend to another field of beauty, and receive the welcome congratulations of other spirits."

Again a cloud of glory encircled us, and once more we began to move on our heavenly course, ascending higher in the spirit-realms, passing numerous vast worlds of inhabited life, and many as yet unprepared for human habitation. After fathoming another immense sea of celestial space, our brilliant cloud

ceased in its upward flight, rolled away, and presented another magnificent spectacle to our view.

A large and even plain was spread before us. Flowers of the most translucent beauty and ineffable fragrance were here, as in the other circles I had visited, displayed, only, if possible, more beautiful and odorous. Forests of trees, decked in unfading and changeless foliage, waved, in the far distance, under the influences of the sweet-scented breezes of heaven, and numerous waterfalls were heard rumbling their delightful music. Golden clusters of luscious fruits hung from heavily-laden branches, the spiritual essences of other climes than those of earth. In the centre of this plain was an immensely-large cathedral or church, in which were many millions of immortal beings, blended together in the spirit of harmony, truth and love. It was called

"The Temple of Peace and Good-Will."

In this Temple were also seen many beautiful and appropriate mottoes, arranged in clusters of stars on all sides. Biblical and allegorical passages appeared, among which was the following truthful one:

"All things work together
For good to them that love God."

In the hand of a glorious seraph was a golden standard, on which was seen the sweet motto:

"There is but one God, the Father,
Of whom are all things, and we in Him."

Another Immortal bore a silver tablet, on which was engraved the scriptural passage:

"By one spirit are we all baptized into one body,
And have been all made to drink into one Spirit."

But I will not attempt to describe *all* the glorious delights of the Temple of Peace and Good-Will, nor the many magnificent scenes which passed in splendid array before my gaze. I will only refer to some of the bright celestials among that heavenly

assemblage who gave me a fervent "welcome to their blest society."

One was a spirit who, when in the earth-life, did much for a down-trodden race, and for the happiness of humanity at large. Endowed with a nature expanded with love and virtue, his constant exertions were employed for the everlasting benefit of God's creatures, without distinction of sect, name, or color, and to unite them in the inseparable bond of amity and good-will. Maligned and persecuted, as all noble minds are who live and act in advance of their age, yet he flinched not from what he felt to be his duty, but pursued it with untiring devotion, and achieved a victory. He conquered the stern will of many a stubborn heart by his amicable negotiations, and softened the hardened nature of the red man by his beautiful lessons of love. His philanthropic deeds have written a deathless fame upon the pages of history, and his name is never sounded but in adulation and praise. A casual glance at that noble form told me, for a certainty, that I stood in the immortal presence of the distinguished philanthropist who, in the rudimental sphere, is known by the name of

"William Penn;"

but who, by virtue of his exalted deeds of charity and fraternal love, is called (and appropriately too), in the celestial realms,

"The Harmonizer."

His Christian works of benevolence, amity and love, did not close with his brief existence of threescore years and ten on earth. Still is he pursuing his heavenly labors, seeking to harmonize discordant natures, and to imbue them with the divine principles of the immaculate Jesus of Nazareth. Descending into the lower circles of development, he breathes his holy doctrines unto the darkened soul, and tells of a Father's love and care for all the creatures He has created. Ah! many a sorrowing spirit has been made glad by the celestial visits of the immortal William Penn!

After receiving a beautiful and fervent greeting from this

elevated angel, other forms appeared before me robed, in garments of indescribable beauty. One figure among the innumerable multitude, especially, drew my attention. He possessed a lofty brow, and a countenance radiant with the most exalted intelligence. Whatever may have been his earthly failings, I was sure I gazed upon a man of the noblest virtue and moral worth, and one whose celestial life is devoted to the improvement of his fellow-men, and the perpetuation of sound and healthy ideas throughout the universes of mind and matter. The pursuits which rendered his name illustrious on earth still occupy a portion of his attention in heaven, only made more pure and refined by association with sublimated immortals. His sphere is ennobling, and his influence hallows everything it permeates. He has issued, by the aid of human organizations, many valuable works since his birth into the Interior Life, although they have been accredited to the "mouth-pieces" through which they were dictated. Many thoughts and sentiments which distinguished orators have uttered, and numerous volumes which eminent dramatists have given to the world as their own productions, are but the emanations of this gifted mind. His work is still going on in the earth, and his genial impressions descend from his exalted heaven on the hearts of mankind to bless, to purify, and to perfect. He is laboring to establish a pure and refined drama, to relieve it of its present gross condition, and make it a truer representative of human nature. May success attend his laudable labors! The reader will probably recognize the individual referred to, in this brief description, to be none other than the never-to-be-forgotten "Bard of Avon,"

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Then many other brilliant personages passed before my vision, and among them the forms of beautiful and noble-hearted women, who have played a conspicuous part in the drama of earthly existence. Among this immortal class, I beheld one who is well known in American history, whose name is written, in indelible letters on every true and patriotic heart, and whose memory, as a faithful and devoted woman, will be kept fresh

and vernal through all ages, and be a shining light to every mother; for

"The remembrance of the good can never die,"

but will live eternally, as everything just, pure and noble, must. Breathing into existence one of the noblest of men, moulding, by her Christian teachings, a life to be an unfailing source of good to others, she has so closely intertwined her own memory with his, that, where the name and fame of George Washington is lauded and sung, the virtuous and pious mother,

"Mary Washington,"

will not be forgotten!

Yes, before me, in the "Temple of Peace and Good-Will," floated the seraphic figure of this holy angel, who, when on earth, was not surprised at her son's brilliant achievements, for she always knew him to be a good boy! By her side was the form of a noble spirit, whose features expressed great intelligence. Was that George? His countenance was not familiar to me, therefore it could not have been he; for I well knew the Patriot Washington, and should instantly recognize him anywhere! Ah! it was the faithful husband,—the devoted father,

"Augustine Washington;"

worthy to be the partner of such a wife as Mary Washington, and parent to such a son as George! By his side hovered another female form, radiant with extreme beauty, her countenance glowing with the light of exalted purity, and her whole soul, in fact, revealing a transcendent loveliness. Assiduous in her attention to her husband during the many trying emergencies through which he was called to pass in the earth-life,—strengthening him by her counsels in the dark hours of his country's enthralment, she has earned a fame which will live forever by the side of his, and bequeathed to generations yet unborn a faithful example of a true woman. I need not inform my readers that the glorious being who flitted before my sight was none other than the virtuous and gentle-hearted

"Martha Washington."

Others of the "Washington Family" were seen, enjoying the glories of that high circle of being. But where was George, — he whom I so longed to see? Ah! he was not then prepared to breathe his warm salutation, or present his well-remembered form, to my view.

After receiving a warm and heartfelt congratulation from each of the above named immortals, other forms appeared, among which I recognized that celebrated poetess and authoress, who, in the mundane sphere, bore the name of

"Hannah More;"

and by her side was seen another, equally well-known and distinguished, who has done much to enlighten and bless the world by her beautiful effusions. She impresses with her glowing thoughts many a mind of earth, and the brilliant productions, which have gone forth to the world as theirs, are but the glowing reflections of the gifted intellect of one of Heaven's purest children. Many a child of earth has been blest by the invisible influence of the sainted spirit of

"Felicia Hemans."

Then other female forms passed before my sight, and bade me a cordial "welcome." That devoted and faithful woman,

"Jane Grey,"

was also present, and, with others of her sex, gave me a hearty greeting to the abodes of angels.

The saint and martyr at the stake, —
Those who have suffered, bled, and died,
Because they would not Truth forsake,
And follow error for their guide, —
Were there, enrobed in garments bright,
Crowned with immortal Light and Love,
And seeking to enlighten man
With knowledge of the Life above.

No longer persecutions dark
Can torture those angelic forms,
For they have moored their heav'nly barque
Beyond the reach of earthly storms;

Where only sunshine gilds their way
To mansions of eternal light,
And comes one never-ending day,
Without the shadow of a night.

In glorious brotherhood they dwell,
Far from the scenes of sin and woe,
But striving earnestly to quell
The raging storms of strife below:
For, all-unmoved, can they gaze down,
From their blest Heaven of Peace beyond,
Upon their suff'ring fellow-man,
And not unto his wants respond?

Ah, no! unmindful not are they
Of human sorrow, pain, or woe;
No tear adown the cheek can stray,
But what those blesséd beings know;
Their mission is to soothe and cheer
Those bowed by heavy suff'rings down,
To drive away each doubt and fear,
And with rich joys their spirits crown.

There was also seen the lovely spirit of that noble-hearted woman, who endured agonies almost insupportable to gratify the ambitions of a fondly-beloved husband, and whom nature endowed with a spirit of the purest virtue and Christian excellence. Yes, before my vision hovered the peerless

"JOSEPHINE,"

the virtuous and injured partner of the too-aspiring Napoleon! O, how divinely-glorious did she appear, in her floating garments of dazzling brightness! Not a single shade of reproach darkened her beautiful countenance, nor an unforgiving look darted from it. Meekness, love and charity, were sweetly personated, and blended together, in her radiant soul. The injuries and persecutions she suffered on earth, by the hands of others, are all forgiven, and her mission it is to spread the Gospel of Peace and Good-Will everywhere. With other glorified seraphs, she is laboring for the world's salvation, and her sanctifying power is bestowed where it will do the highest good.

I anxiously gazed around, with the expectation of seeing her earthly partner; but he was not there. His spirit was not fully prepared to enjoy the elevating society of his sainted Josephine. However, he was not wholly deprived of her companionship, or of her sweet and holy counsels; for often she visits him in his lower abode, and, by her heavenly lessons of wisdom and love, he is rising to the exalted condition enjoyed by the celestial beings beyond.

There were others, also, among that celestial band of noble men and women, whose shining forms appeared, to my unclouded vision, engaged in the divine and honorable warfare of Truth and Right. There was the resplendent spirit of the faithful and truly excellent and large-hearted

"Elizabeth Frye,"

whose memory is fondly cherished by the good and pure of earth, and whose many virtues angels delight to hold up as shining examples to all. Still is she continuing the ennobling mission commenced on earth, descending into the prison-house of error and corruption, throwing wide open its wieldy gates, and bidding its many occupants to come forth from their bondage into the liberty of a more blessed life. Without cessation do her sacred teachings permeate those dark avenues, breathing peace and good-will to each captive soul, and making even the desert of undeveloped life to blossom with the flowers of joy and hope. Through her Christian influences many a sorrowing spirit has been elevated above its enslaved condition,

> "To realms where angels pure reside,
> And Peace and Harmony abide;"

and many have been the heartfelt prayers which the ransomed ones have offered up to Deity, that he would continually shower His manifold blessings upon their beloved and noble Benefactress!

But ah! another holy saint was perceived by her side, assisting her in her divine labors of love and philanthropy. His whole life was wedded to humanity below, and his words of affection and truth have softened many an iron and stubborn nature,

"Which scarcely ever felt the burning power of love,
Or knew there was in store for them a Heav'n of Rest above."

My readers need not be told, that this immortal,—this devout Christian and Philanthropist, the celestial co-laborer with Elizabeth Frye,—was none other than the good and noble

"JOHN HOWARD."

I might continue to relate an endless number of spirits who passed before me in the Temple of Peace and Good-Will, and yet

"——Be no nearer through
Than when I first began."

I will only name one more,—one well known to me in the earth-life.

Pleasant and affable in all his relations with mankind, he won their love and affection, and threw around them an exalted and ennobling influence. A kindly smile was ever ready for all, and a friendly bow of recognition would greet even the humblest child of God. There were no limits to his sympathetic or affectional feelings, but all felt alike their sanctifying power, and were ennobled thereby. He looked upon every one as the offspring of the same Eternal Father,—as possessing an immortal soul, destined to live and progress through all eternity. The spirit of ostentation or false pride formed no ingredient in his noble nature. The rich and poor alike shared his friendship and his love. From no one did he coldly or ostentatiously turn away, or ever refuse the sweet and gratifying tribute of a cordial "shake of the hand."

The beautiful mantle of universal love still decorates the pure spirit of my beloved Pastor of earth,

"PETER WHITNEY."

The light of holy affection still radiates his brow, and illumines all hearts with the intensity of its glorious and beneficent rays. In a future Message I will relate extensively the conversation I enjoyed with him upon my entrance into Spirit Life.

Most gratifying and pleasant was it to me to greet this excel-

lent Christian on the Shores of the Better Land, and to know he was continuing his exalted labors of benevolence commenced on earth.

From the Temple of Peace and Good-Will he recognized my presence, and, advancing towards me, breathed a fervent welcome to his society.

"My brother," he said, "ere I proceed to address you, let us humbly bow ourselves before the Throne of Divine Grace, and thank our Heavenly Father for this blessed reünion of spirits, and ask His benign Spirit to rest on all our future labors."

Then, meekly bowing our heads, we communed with the Father of all Good, — the following prayer being uttered by my brother in spirit, the beauty and simplicity of which bears a striking contrast to those he was in the habit of breathing when on earth. I will recite it, and hope that it will elevate other natures even as it did me:

"O Thou Omnipotent Being! I thank Thee for the glorious privilege Thou hast granted thy child of heaven, at this time, in welcoming this minister of truth to the folds of Thy Almighty Love and Goodness! I thank Thee, for this brilliant acquisition to our celestial country, — for this priceless gem of wisdom which Thou hast seen fit to pluck from the terrestrial firmament, to glitter in the shining galaxy of our immortal skies. Endow his soul, O God! with a knowledge of his Interior Life, that he may be incited to noble works, and to expand the germs of truth and piety in his soul. Inspire him still with a love of the spirit of progress, and may he assist in overthrowing the citadel of error, and building up the cause of truth. May the sparkling fountains of his richly-laden mind still continue to flow forth and refresh the thirsting soul with their pure streams of wisdom, and cause the seeds of good within to take fresh root and spring up into fruits of purity and light. Enable us to depict to him the glories of his appointed mission, that he may more fully realize the extent of his high calling. And, while we would invoke the choicest of Heaven's blessings to rest upon the unfolding immortality of this Thy devoted servant, who has recently entered upon the joys of his eternal life, we would not forget those dear friends and kindred who are bereaved by his departure from the earth-being. We would

implore thy Holy Spirit to descend upon them in this (to them) their season of sorrow and affliction, and strengthen them to bear, with cheerful resignation, the seemingly-heavy burden of trial which has so suddenly fallen upon them. May the Gospel of Christ, with all its rich promises and heavenly hopes of a brighter and happier reünion, sustain them in every moment of anguish, and bid them look up

> "To that immortal land above,
> Where shines the soul of him they love,
> And where, when earth with them is o'er,
> They 'll meet with him to part no more.

May they lift their hearts above the lifeless casket, now reposing in the arms of death within those Halls where the silvery echoes of his voice have often been heard pleading the cause of right and justice, to the bright enfranchised jewel which once adorned it, but which now bestuds Thy Starry Canopy of Heaven. May the mantle of his virtues envelop their souls, and the light of his pure example keep them in the paths of integrity and virtue. May Thy blessing, also, fall upon that mighty nation, which has so unexpectedly been deprived of the services of a valuable public servant. May its chief rulers emulate the Christian graces of their departed brother,— imitate his noble, heroic adhesion to the immutable principles of right, and, like him, seek the welfare of their beloved country, and its disenthralment from the wicked system of slavery which now curses its broad lands. May they, like him, be true to the spirit of liberty, be ever ready and willing to battle in defence of the principles of right and equity, and to sustain, at every hazard, the cause of truth; and thus, by his example, may they realize, that

> 'The lives of good men all remind them
> How to make their own sublime;
> And, departing, leave behind them
> Footprints on the sands of time.'

And enable all, Being of beings, to be guided by the glory of his wisdom, the sagacity of his counsels, the prudence of his actions, and the fearless independence of his spirit, that they

may gain, like him, the imperishable laurels of a vietor's triumph over error, and ascend heavenward to Thee, wreathed in fruitful honors, rich in the graees of Thy Holy Spirit, prepared to adorn a high station in Thy Infinite Kingdom. I would now, Almighty God, commend our brother to Thy everlasting service, and ask that his future good works may be erowned with a most brilliant vietory. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven. May we earry with us the spirit of forgiveness, ever ready to forgive those who err against us, even as we hope to be forgiven of Thee, for our past trespasses against Thy Kingdom of Righteousness. And to Thee be aseribed the homage and gratitude of our hearts for this joyous reünion of spirits in the Immortal Land."

SECTION SECOND.

A hovering circle of spirits — Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, William Henry Harrison, Benjamin Harrison, Israel Putnam — Spirit-life one grand reception day.

As soon as this Invoeation had been uttered by my beloved friend and brother, a brilliant circle of immortals passed out of the Temple, and floated in a magnificent girdle above our heads. Among them I recognized several whom I knew when existing in the earth-life, and who were desirous to continue on Eternity's Shores the friendship and acquaintance begun on earth. There were a few of those noble spirits who freely perilled their earthly lives for the sake of their eountry. There was the brave and patriotie drafter of the Deelaration of American Independenee,

"Thomas Jefferson;"

while by his side hovered another glorious immortal, who perilled, also, his valuable earthly existence, that Liberty's bright star might shine, undimmed and unclouded, upon his tyranny-oppressed country. A moment's glance was suffieient for me to know that the fondly-remembered spirit of

"Samuel Adams"

hovered above my head, enjoying, as a recompense for his good

and glorious deeds, an exalted realm of happiness and glory; and by his side appeared the effulgent form of

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON;"

the manner of whose earthly departure has been so deeply deplored by his countrymen, and, in fact, by the whole civilized world. Many years' association with superior intelligences has lifted up his gifted soul above the sordid materialisms of earth, and he now enjoys the pure and lofty society of the Temple of Peace and Good-Will. But where is he at whose hands the noble Hamilton found the immortal life? Where, O where is

"AARON BURR"?

Is he shut out from the society of his brother, — banished from the ennobling influence of the pure and good of higher realms of being? Has the cheering word, "pardon," been spoken to him, and is he an inhabitant of heaven with Hamilton? No! he is not an indweller in the same sphere with him; yet he is not isolated or banished from the presenee of his brother. Often has this beautiful spirit visited him, in his lower sphere of life, and conversed with him upon the sublime beauties of holiness and love. He has assured him that all antagonistic feelings have been forever eradicated from his nature, and that every injustice which he (Burr) had committed against his mortal body was forgiven. "Let us," he said, "be friends and brothers in heaven. Let us erase from our souls everything inharmonious with divine love; everything derogatory to our onward progress, and dwell together, as children of one Father should, on the plain of amity and good-will. I will," he continued, "visit you often, and assist you

> "Above your low estate to rise
> To purer spheres and nobler skies,
> Where Truth, and Love, and Light Divine,
> With ever-radiant glory shine."

And it will not be unwelcome intelligence to my readers to know that Aaron Burr, along with Arnold and other like im-

mortals, is progressing rapidly under the tutelage of higher instructors, and soon we hope to be able to chronicle his salvation from darkness and error. God speed the time!

Then, among that celestial band, I beheld one who was born into the spirit-life seven or eight years ere my exit from earth. Having attained the highest gift in the power of his country to confer upon him, one month from the time of its acceptance he was called away from the laborious and responsible duties of a President of the United States, to act in a newer and more ennobling capacity in another and brighter country. Ah, yes! the much-lamented, much-beloved and truly Christian spirit of

"WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON"

formed one of the members of that happy band of immortals. By his side stood another noble spirit, known to earth by the name of

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

Then other bright celestials, of glorious memory, appeared in that holy band. The brave and fearless patriot of old,

"ISRAEL PUTNAM,"

was there, still exerting a "wide and commanding influence" upon his beloved though slavery-polluted country, and

> ——— "impressing those
> Who guide the helm of state,
> That to all wrong they must be foes,
> To be both good and great."

Others who fought in the War of Independence composed, or helped to compose, that bright circle of heavenly intelligences. But I will mention no more.

It would be utterly impossible (even were I disposed to make the attempt) to describe *all* the brilliant scenes which appeared before my enamored vision, as I passed through the various circles of spiritual existences. I, therefore, must content myself with relating only a few of the sublime beauties which welcomed my earth-emancipated spirit in its aerial flight to the regions of celestial life.

Neither will it be expected, by my readers, that I can possibly state the names of *all* the different spirits who greeted me to the Shores of Progression, or the many beautiful passages inwove into this long chain of communication. It would require an almost endless period to narrate even one-half of the sublime "sayings" advanced by angels in their various reception-addresses; and, surely, the very limited lifetime of a child of earth would scarcely prove sufficient to convey even a tithe of the supernal beauties attendant upon the introduction of a spirit into the immortal life. Indeed, the Spirit Life is one grand Reception-Day; each hour — measuring, for a moment, eternity by the divisions of time — bringing some new acquaintance into the eternal world to receive the congratulations of kindred immortals.

In presenting these angelic communications and visions to the world, I do it with the hope that some wandering soul may be led in sincere repentance to the Father's Throne, and be actuated to improve the time allotted them on earth in sowing in their natures those seeds of virtue and piety which are to expand forever and ever; so that, when they pass on to a diviner life, they may feel themselves eminently qualified to receive the salutations of the highest of Heaven's Beatified Inhabitants!

O Man! prepare thyself below
To tread those shining walks above,
Where infinite joys eternal glow,
And every soul is filled with love;
For, only through a noble life,
A struggle 'gainst the power of wrong,
Can you expect to gain those spheres
Where dwell in bliss the Ransomed Throng.

Remember, you cannot abuse
The gifts which God to you has given;
You cannot scorn, cannot refuse,
The light which cometh down from heaven,
And think t' enjoy an equal seat
With those who 've suffered for the right,
Or on the blissful shores to meet
The Good, around the Throne of Light.

In order to attain the goal
Where live the good, the pure, and great,

On earth below, th' immortal soul
Must seek to reach that happy state,
By laboring in the boundless field
Of Truth, Humanity, and Light,
And wielding, with undaunted power,
The sword of Justice and of Right.

Then rally in each work of Love,
Ye who desire a princely seat
Around the Throne of Grace above,
To sit at our dear Father's feet,
Where all the True and Noble dwell,
And glory sits upon each brow ;
Where none will breathe a last farewell,
And Heaven is one eternal Now !

'T is there the earth-freed soul will meet
With those it fondly loved below ;
'T is there around the Mercy-seat
'T will greet the friend, and also foe.
The Heart of Discord will be tuned
To the music sweet of Heavenly Spheres,
And every face will light with joy,
Bedewed with sweet affection's tears.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
October, 1856.

MESSAGE VII.

NAPOLEON.

SECTION FIRST.

Spirits always did, and do now, influence men — Washington and Napoleon were influenced — The true character of these two — Napoleon's divorce — Scenic battle — Napoleon's thoughts — The conflict — Hovering angels — Joan of Arc — The angels ministers of peace.

I HAVE before cited a few instances to prove that Angelic Powers, more or less, have exerted a powerful influence over mankind; that the manifestations which, for the past few years, have so startled the world with their wonderful power, and given to it the incontrovertible evidences of Spirit Communion, are not of modern origin, but can be traced many centuries back, in fact to those dark ages of trial and martyrdom when the sublunary planet was blessed with the earthly presences of such men as Christ, Socrates, Plato, Pericles, Melancthon, Luther, and many others I might specify. Nor is it necessary for me (as I have before stated), in order to verify the truth of my assertion, to plunge into the depths of the "oblivious past," and bring to the light of the present age the proofs which the Hand of History has faintly chronicled on its pages; for the present time — the age which breathed into existence such noble spirits as Washington and Napoleon — has furnished many indubitable evidences of Celestial Guidance and Control. And here, in this connection, let me refer to these personages, the "Washington of America," and the "Washington of France."

Probably there have never existed in the lower world, or, at least, in the present age, two men more universally beloved, and, at the same time, more vehemently denounced, than are Washington and Napoleon! And yet, history has failed to

chronicle, in her long array of names, any instances of men possessing less selfish ambition and interest, or who more deeply studied the advancement and prosperity of their beloved country, entrusted to their guardian care by a confiding people. Following "the bent of war," engaging in all its turmoils and bloody scenes, both strove to accomplish the same object, — the deliverance of their respective countries from the clutches of oppression and injustice. Yet, with what malignity has an uncharitable world pursued these victims, *invading even the sanctity of heaven*, and seeking to poison their memories with the virus of calumny and misrepresentation! With what ingenuity has it endeavored to control the public mind (both in the Present and *for* the Future), and alienate the affections of the people from these noble spirits of the age! Particularly have the vituperations of the world been levelled at the fame of Napoleon. How have his good intents and purposes been misconstrued! How black is the picture an unkind and jealous public has embellished on the pages of history! How dark a character it has outlined to human perception!

The compulsory divorce from his faithful Josephine has been the subject of much comment on both sides of the water! Even his warmest historical friends have lamented that prominent stain upon his character. But, when we reflect upon the sad consequences of *that* much-deplored act, we are compelled, of necessity, to throw the mantle of charity around it. For, when we review the long and sleepless nights of agony he endured, — the many days and hours of remorse and suffering he experienced; when we consider the motives which led him to the commission of that sorrowful act, tinctured, we know, with a little of the spirit of self-ambition, we are constrained to "conquer our prejudices," and "arrest our judgments," and, like Christ, "forgive, as we hope to be forgiven." And every one, who has given any thought or study to his past life, is aware that no alienation of love or affection characterized that heart-rending disseverance of the holiest of human ties. No heart can truly sympathize with him in the deep anguish of spirit which afflicted him. No one can truly know or realize the hours of distress he endured. To Napoleon alone could their extent be felt and known! O, let us not harshly censure or judge him;

but casting around his errors Charity's Mantle, remember that we are not ourselves infallible or exempt from temptation.

"O, Charity! thou godlike trait,
Pour down on all thy golden light,
And all our pathways radiate
With thy immortal lustre bright.
Make us to feel for others' woes,
For all who walk in error's ways;
To deeply sympathize with those
Unblest by Virtue's holy rays.

"O, come, and reign within our hearts!
Find there a pure abiding-place,
And lead us well to act our parts,
As we ascend the Throne of Grace;
Make us to love our brother-man,
And round his faults thy mantle throw."

The reader may ask, What have the above details to do with the facts of Spiritual Intercourse? I reply, much; as I shall endeavor to show that Napoleon, in a portion of his revolutionary life, was governed, more or less, by the Superintending Powers of Heaven. And, in so doing, I shall not confine myself to knowledge gleaned in the earth-existence, but draw my inferences from many beautiful incidents and facts which have passed under my observation during my brief residence in the Seraph Realms.

Subsequent to the reception-message of George Washington (which I have recorded on these pages), and after others of the excellent and good had breathed their fervent welcomes, my Celestial Instructor again communicated with me as follows:

"Beloved Brother: Another sublime scene is about to be unfolded to your vision, in which will be blended the horrid din of war, the clashing of arms, the loud-pealing notes of the cannon, and the battle-inspiring tones of a band of music. At the same time your spirit-sight will be opened to behold other scenes more pleasant to the vision. Let not fear take possession of your soul; for you are to be an eye-witness, not only to a battle-scene, but to a spectacle far more glorious and desirable! The Celestial Guardianship of Heaven's Immortal Hosts will be evidenced to you, and you will realize that tho

much-beloved and much-wronged Napoleon was sustained in his mortal career by the Unseen Powers of Heaven."

At the conclusion of this address I felt a peculiar nervous sensation creeping through my renovated being, and a chilly feeling, amounting almost to an icy coldness, coursed through every fibre of my spiritual frame. The effulgent form of Lafayette then disappeared from my side; the translucent glories of the immortal land, its lofty mountains and lowly valleys, its sparkling lakes and rivers, its ever-flowing fountains and warbling rills, all receded from my view, faded away like the mists before the morning sun. The beauteous birds ceased carolling their harmonial notes of joy and love; the flower-dales changed their smiling aspect of celestial loveliness, no longer wafting their fragrant aroma to my ascended spirit. In fact, the whole atmosphere seemed to be completely revolutionized.

On gazing around, I found myself in the centre of an extensive plain; before me, in the distance, towered numerous mountains. The sun shone clear in the calm blue sky above, with the exception of a few clouds now and then intervening, as if the heavens were alternately smiling and weeping o'er the scenes about to be enacted on the stage of sublunary existence. Soon my attention was turned to a large body of men, arrayed in military costumes, with anxiety depicted on their countenances, while one, of noble bearing and majestic mien, was surveying them, with a feeling of pride and exultation animating every lineament of his war-worn face. Approaching him, I traced these thoughts revolving in his mind:

"Let them come! Napoleon fears them not, while such a trustworthy and faithful army is at his command! For thee, O, beloved France, does thy Emperor strike! For thy permanent prosperity and happiness does thy son bare his breast to the ruthless fire of thy vindictive foes, willing to lay down his life and fortune, if it will only secure the blessings of Liberty to thee and thy future children, and preserve immaculate thy glory and fame, and the integrity of thy Crown! And Thou, who art the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, the Great God of Liberty, and who canst read the worthy purposes of Thy humble child, O! give me the strength and nerve of Thy Almighty Arm, to work out the salvation of my fondly-beloved country,

and engraft deeply in her fruitful soil the Tree of Liberty and Justice. Spare the effusion of blood, and imbue my soul with the spirit of love and mercy, the possession of which alone can insure a permanent triumph, and conduct me at last to the Portals of Divine Glory and Bliss! May Thy Holy Spirit abide within me, and disarm me of all selfish considerations! May the spiritual welfare and happiness of my endeared France be my highest aspiration and aim! And, O Father Omnipotent! shouldst Thou see fit to sunder the thread of my mortal existence, lift up my spirit to that heavenly habitation, not made by earthly hands, beyond the strifes and turmoils of battle-life, where joy, peace and harmony, eternally reign. And now do I commit myself and beloved companions to Thy guardian care and protection, and ask that Thy divine blessing may rest on us all; and our cause, if it meets Thy approval, be crowned with a complete and lasting triumph."

As soon as I had read these silently-uttered thoughts, I turned my eyes to their illustrious author, and beheld him standing on my right, clad in all the accoutrements of war, ready to engage in the many perils and dangers of a rapidly-approaching battle. And, as I surveyed his noble, majestic form, and the many fine expressions engraved on each well-moulded feature; as I read the manly, virtuous qualities, reflected from the silent depths of a still nobler soul, I thought, in the ardor and sincerity of my nature, that man would ne'er look upon his like again! O, mighty Genius! thought I, how little does the world know of, and appreciate, thy true character! Regardless of life or fortune, losing all considerations for self, thinking only of thy country's future good, thou leavest the sacred endearments of private duties and responsibilities, and launchest forth on the troubled sea of battle to release thy enthralled France from the tyrannical clutches of an audacious and aristocratic power! O, noble soul! how hast thou been misjudged! How have thy generous motives been construed to represent the worst phases of cruelty and oppression! How has thy exalted nature been wronged, and thy well-meant actions vilely aspersed and calumniated!

And, O! as my vision descends into the inmost recesses of the Inner or Divine Man, and discerns the true nobility of soul

reigning therein, I am led to exclaim, in the fulness of heart-felt joy, O, Nature! here art thou faithfully personified in this, one of the noblest of thy sons! O, Prejudice! how like a canker-worm wouldst thou gnaw at the very vitals of a reputation so honorably, so justly aspiring! O, Envy! how like a venomous serpent wouldst thou wind thy poisonous folds around a fame so pure and laudable!

But, noble and elevated spirit, Time will *try* thy worth, and Eternity will prove it. Future ages will know thee as thou art known by us! The mirror of thy earth-life will be held up to public view, reflecting thy many virtues, — thy laudable and holy aspirations! The whole world will yet love and revere thee! Nations will acknowledge the greatness of thy character, and be willing to throw round thy faults the mantle of charity! Historians will impartially record the brilliant deeds of thy life, and embellish them with truthful pictures. The past has reared thy monument, the future will engrave the inscription. Acting under the impulses of an exalted nature, swerved by an honest determination to work out the redemption of thy idolized country, influenced by the imperative promptings of an unsullied conscience, the whole world will deeply enshrine thy memory in their hearts, and rear for thee a monument commemorative of the good thou hast done!

As soon as I had finished my monologue, a deep and roaring sound thundered over the battle-plain, and Napoleon started from his *reverie*, mounted his war-horse, rallied his men, and prepared them for the bloody engagement which was to ensue. "My comrades," he said, "you are on the eve of a great and important battle. 'T is for you to determine whether we shall enjoy victory, or suffer irretrievable defeat. The cause for which you are about to contend is noble, and one which I feel will meet with divine approval. Remember, it is for your country, and your country's future welfare, you fight. Nerve yourselves for the coming contest! Let not despair fill your hearts; for that will beget defeat and ruin! Let the thought that your cause is a just one inspire you onward to a complete triumph, and strengthen you, in the moments of despair, with renewed vigor and perseverance! And He, who is ever on the side of the just, will, I know, give us the strength of His Strong Arm,

and lead us on to a glorious and honorable triumph! Onward, then, beloved comrades, to victory!"

When Napoleon concluded this stirring appeal to his beloved companions-in-arms, shouts of exultation and approval arose from every quarter of the French Army, intermingled with loud cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* The boomings of the cannon came louder and more frequently o'er the battle-field, and all hearts were ready for the approaching bloody contest! Then were exhibited to my eyes the awful scenes of a battle! Louder and still louder the heavy thunders of battle-artillery reverberated o'er mountain and valley; thicker and thicker grew the cannon's smoke, until the azure dome of heaven seemed enveloped in its huge mantle of blackness! With desperate ferocity the contending armies rushed forward to mortal combat, regardless of life or danger. The missiles of the War Demon fell profusely around, carrying woe and destruction in their fearful train, and bathing the "eager, thirsting earth" in the life-blood of many a noble heart. The groans of the wounded and dying, intermingled with the shouts of the living and the almost-deafening roar of the cannon,—the horrid yellings of nearly-subjugated parties, blended with carnage-inspiring music,—all formed as fearful a picture as is possible to be presented to the gaze of either embodied or disembodied immortals!

Closer do the mortal foes gain upon each other, until they engage hand to hand in combat! Now is the battle to be decided! With anxious and intense interest do I watch the scene of strife, fervently praying that right and justice may achieve a sure and speedy victory! With terrible eagerness do they continue the carnage, suffering severe and important losses on both sides! The army of Napoleon begins to despair of success; but their exalted commander appears among them, exposes his manly form to the hottest of the enemy's fight and fire, to rally and encourage his men with thoughts of home, of separated wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters.

Again do they unite, recruited with new strength by the encouraging words of their adored chieftain, and march forward to "victory or death!" Twice are they on the point of

being routed; but the soul-cheering words of Napoleon, and the memories clustering around the sacred endearments of "home, sweet home," inspire them with fresh vigor to renew the attack for their country and its future greatness. With great earnestness of heart and purpose do they urge onward the car of battle, and again are they repulsed and nearly defeated. The heavy bullets, and other weapons of destruction, come coursing through the murky atmosphere, and many a faithful one is made "to drink the bitter dregs of death, to save his Emperor's life!" Again the insidious, cankering spirit of despair creeps through their hearts, and defeat, with all its horrors, like an appalling spectre, is presented before their eyes.

While such despairing feelings were darkening and dampening the energies of Napoleon's Army, I felt another strange sensation permeating my ethereal system, and a rushing sound, as of a mighty wind, swept by me. A halo of light and glory environed my celestial form; a holy and sanctified feeling diffused itself throughout my spiritual being, and sensations of indescribable joy and pleasure took immediate possession of my soul. Instinctively casting my eyes above the Terrestrial to the Celestial World, I became a spectator of one of the most gorgeous spectacles in the power of either angels or mortals to witness. Hovering o'er this scene of contention and bloodshed, at a considerable distance from the plane of material being, was a mighty assemblage of the choicest of Eden's Immortals, watching, with deep and sympathetic interest, the movements of the Belligerent Powers! Among that brilliant collection were seen the forms of the beautiful and loved departed, the just and the pure, the noble and the godlike, armed with the sword of Truth and Love, the helmet of Right and Justice, and the armor of Peace and Good-will! O, a glorious and invincible army was that, marshalled, in solid phalanx, on Zion's Holy Plains, under the command of a Divine Leader, — the Great God of Love!

But ah! my attention is turned in another direction, and a far different scene meets my gaze! Below this congregation of highly-unfolded life, far down into the regions of darkness, another body of spirits is forming, stationing themselves, not over the as yet unconquered ranks of Napoleon's faithful

army, but over the Adverse Power! And O, how different is their appearance to the former! Robes of snowy whiteness decorate not their forms, for they have not "ascended to the Father!" His divine graces find not a habitation in their natures. Hate, revenge and other malignant passions, sway their darkened life, and it is their determination to defeat, if possible, the noble purposes of Napoleon, and those of His Guardian Geniuses! And, by directing the full force of their power and influence to the Opposing Party, they hope to defeat the ends of Right, Justice and Virtue!

But O, what a different spirit possesses the other Body of Immortals! With not a single feeling of discord, hate or revenge, actuating their motives, thinking only of the restoration of peace and amity to this blood-stained locality of earth, and of the establishment of the kingdom of heaven in each heart, they hover near, from their abodes of light and blessedness, to shed o'er this war-blighted plain the halo of their love-inspiring influence.

My vision was now opened to behold alike the glories and pleasures of the Celestial Universe, and the frailties and miseries of the Terrestrial! And with an ardent solicitude did I view the motions of that Beatified Congregation of Angels, as they floated above this blood-stained field of battle, to cheer the drooping, faltering spirits of Napoleon's Army! Again my eyes behold the rapid strides of war, and my listening ear is awakened to the frightful discord of the thundering cannon, and the clashing of arms. Towering above the heads of his brave and faithful followers is seen still the majestic, stately form of Napoleon, disclosing himself to the fearful fire of the enemy, while over him are hovering the Guardians of the Unseen World, protecting and strengthening him in his worthy purposes, and seeking to bring this disastrous scene of devastation to an amicable close.

Fierce and fiercer grew the scene of desolation and carnage, and hundreds, who, a few moments ago, were in blooming life and health, were now a huge mass of disfigured and unrecognizable corses. The fatal shafts of death performed most faithfully their murderous designs, and many a noble

heart resignedly poured out its life-blood on the altar of its country's liberty.

O, if there was aught required to strengthen me in the belief of the deep and earnest love Napoleon's army bore for him, surely it was presented to me in the vision of the battle! When I saw the anxious solicitude they manifested for his preservation and welfare, their own bosoms oftentimes welcoming the death-shafts intended for their beloved chieftain, I needed no further evidence of the strong hold Napoleon had gained of their affections. Deeply idolized by them, they were willing to endure trials and sufferings innumerable, if it would but add to the happiness or glory of their adored commander, and secure the grand result for which he was then so heroically contending. Surely, reasoned I, a man who could win the fervent love of such a large body of men as to cause them to sacrifice their own earthly lives to save his, must have himself a heart overflowing with this divine and holy affection. And whatever may have been my opinions respecting Napoleon's character when dwelling on the earth, — whether privately or publicly expressed, — I *now* know that he has been wickedly and uncharitably abused and calumniated. And the season is rapidly advancing when the virtues of his life will shine forth in their true and native grandeur, gloriously eclipsing all his vices, and revealing a fame worthy to live by the side of our own sainted Washington!

O, much-wronged soul! The world will yet
  Do justice to thy noble name,
And twine in history's coronet
  The memories of a spotless fame;
The clouds of prejudice, which long
  Have dimmed that fame's translucent sun,
Will disappear, and soon mankind
  Will *know* the good that thou hast done!

Again casting my vision upward, I perceived that glorious Galaxy of Immortal Life still keeping holy guard o'er the undefeated ranks of Napoleon. My attention, however, was soon attracted to a peculiar movement on the part of the Celestial Army. It was dividing itself into two distinct sides or lines, forming a complete channel between them. In the far distance

a "light and airy form" was seen gliding down this ethereal passage with the great rapidity of lightning. Harmoniously does it sail along, until it stops in front of Heaven's Congregated Army. My vision was able to discern, even through the accoutrements of war with which it was clothed, the features of a female. When she had reached her destined point in front, this mighty assembly encircled her radiant form, to inspire the glowing thoughts and truths about to be reflected from her brilliant mind.

"Beloved Citizens of the Celestial Country: You have appointed me, at this time, as an humble instrument for the conveyance of thought and instruction to you from Higher Intelligences, that you may be guided aright in the path of duty, and the tide of your high inspiration be directed to those hearts heroically struggling to establish truly Republican Institutions in their dear native land. With pleasure do I accept the office, feeling, as I do, that the cause for which our beloved brethren are contending is a just and noble one, although the measures employed to gain it are deeply painful to our peace-loving natures. Enjoying a knowledge of our respective imperative duties, — realizing the importance of the Christian mission to which we have been summoned; assured of the weighty responsibilities devolving upon us, let us urge onward our glorious work, sending forth our redeeming influences on all hearts, and aiding Right, Justice and Freedom, to triumph!

"Through the divine arrangements of God's immutable laws, which are full of love, mercy and wisdom, has the power to control and watch the Belligerent Parties been conferred upon us. With a Heart ever open to the wants of His suffering children, with an Eye vigilant of their struggles for Liberty, He has empowered us to hover over the field of battle, and inspire with strength and courage the many anxious souls seeking the freedom and independence of their country.

"Acknowledging, as we do, One Brotherhood, and a God of Universal Love; assenting to the principles of 'peace and goodwill to all mankind,' it is extremely obnoxious to the finer sensibilities of our natures thus to behold, from our immortal home, the war now desolating the beautiful handiwork of Deity, and sorely distressing is it to our spirits to give countenance,

in any shape, to aught opposed to the divine principle of love, or the harmonies of our own souls. But, when we reflect that we are bestowing our impressive power and aid in behalf of a down-trodden and oppressed people,— that our sole object is to dethrone tyranny and wickedness, and assist a justly-aspiring nation to gain its lawful rights, — we feel that our good intentions will meet the approval of our Divine Master, and that He will give us the victory !

" O, let us seek to work out good to those dwelling below us ; to establish harmony and love in all hearts now at war with each other, and thereby augment the glory and happiness of our progressive existences ! Let us realize our great obligations to Deity for the divine blessings we enjoy, and do naught which will expel His Holy Spirit from our midst. Let us cheerfully obey His infinite laws, and govern our actions by their wisdom and purity. And while we are permitted, by our overruling Father, to hover over this field of mortal strife and discord, and witness this melancholy and much-to-be-deplored state of antagonism, O, let us bear in mind *'that it is not against men we wage war, but against men's bad principles !'* that we come not to bring the sword, or to array one against another, but to crown each antagonistic soul with the diadem of peace and harmony, and to hasten this bloody tragedy to an amicable termination ; that our souls are actuated by purely-disinterested and unselfish motives, aspiring only to install the Spirit of God in this desolated portion of His Terrestrial Universe !

" And let us, beloved laborers in the cause of right, inspire into our natures the harmonial principles of the Ascended Hero of Calvary, — the martyred Prince of Peace ! Let us draw nourishment and inspiration from the Bosom of his Fraternal and Universal Love, and imitate the mighty heroism of his unequalled character ! Let us be guided by the teachings of his noble life, and make the grand, moral excellences, which crowned him as a Peace-Maker, our own. Let us act under the exalted impulses which influenced his labors, and study, like him, the elevation and improvement of our brother-man, and to undermine the strong battlement of war, that Peace may reign everywhere. Let us, like him, know no limits to our sympathies and affections, but extend to all the purifying influences of our

combined exertions, working all things to the good of frail humanity, and to the everlasting glory of God, the Supreme Father. Let us realize, that above and around us are hovering the Representatives of the Higher Spheres of Truth, Wisdom and Goodness, guarding with watchful eyes our every thought and action, and inspiring us onward to a perfect fulfilment of our Christian duties; and among that glorious number the star-crowned spirit of the Immaculate Jesus, and, towering above all, the never-slumbering Eye of the Infinite One! And let us conform our actions to the Presences of these Benignant Powers, and let not their holy natures be pained by the slightest retrogression on our part from the paths of duty and rectitude! Let us perform faithfully our united missions, that they may gaze down from their starry homes upon us and feel assured of our determinations sacredly to fulfil the responsible offices committed to our trust by the Giver of all Good. May we be divested of every inharmonious feeling; our highest purposes being to ennoble and raise up those below us, and to concentrate our harmonizing power to those hearts rankling with dark and malignant passions.

"Again, cherished ones of the immortal country, let me enjoin upon you the necessity of earnestly pursuing the divine avocations the Father has given unto you. Wave o'er this bloody battle-plain the sceptre of Peace, and cease not in your exertions until harmony is restored, and the Love-Angel allowed to repose in the sacred domains of man's immortal spirit! Then, let us press forward in our good work! Success will be ours if we but labor assiduously for it. Unfurl our spotless Banner of Peace and Love, and let it triumphantly wave o'er a disharmonized, contentious world! Let its broad folds float above the heads of a war-stricken people, and furl them not until peace and harmony shall reign in each heart, and shower its beneficent blessings all over the earth. Let us feel the importance of our great work, resolving to be true to our God and ourselves, and remembering that He is ever on the side of Right and Justice, and will assist those who assist themselves. And may we, at all times, consider the well-being of our brother-man, combatting against the powers of evil in the spirit of love and charity, and striving to bind the whole Family of God in

the enduring chain of brotherhood. And thereby, by advancing the interests of humanity below, we shall exalt our own natures in the scale of development, and become better prepared to join the blessed society of those above us. Then, once more, let me adjure you to faithfully carry out the divine mission which has summoned you together at this time, and cease not in your Peace-Enterprise until every heart shall throb with the holy emotions of Love to God and Love to Man!"

As soon as these cheering thoughts were breathed by this exalted seraph, I turned my vision to the Supernal Realms, and there beheld the Immortal Assembly again uniting itself, and descending in beautiful harmony and order, to take their appropriate stations over the contending armies. The different spheres of being, with the exception of the highest, and, of course, the very lowest, were faithfully and impartially represented. The purified inhabitants of the more ennobling circles of spiritual existences could not approximate to that scene of bloodshed and desolation. They stood afar off, and, like the lowly Nazarene, wept over this Jerusalem of Error and Strife. Their united power, however, was lavished upon their Subordinate Representatives, to strengthen them in the accomplishment of their heaven-born designs!

O, sublime was the lesson conveyed to my spirit in this enchanting scene! Above me, floated the Representatives of Peace and Good-Will, striving, with all the influence they could summon to action, to impede the desolating progress of battle, and enshrine within the hearts of the Antagonistic Parties the lovely principles of the Prince of Peace and Righteousness! O, it was a sight that would cause every humane soul to shed fountain-tears of joy and gladness, and make it throb truer to the divine principles of Jesus of Nazareth, — the most faithful Representative of His Father's Will the world has ever seen!

Again my spirit-eyes turned to the Terrestrial Planet, and beheld the demon of destruction sweeping the war-field with his awful power. Heroically do the battle-foes continue their carnage, each flushed with the hopes of a sure and speedy victory. Bravely Napoleon's Army pursues the "eager fight," now retreating and now advancing. The battle waxed long and bloody. The ground was sanguine with the "life-current"

of many a child of God. Heaps of both dead and dying were piled together in several confused masses, and the groans of the wounded which filled the air were harrowing in the extreme, seeming to utter, to the God of Peace, their united protestations against this avenging process of settling national disputes! But hark! shouts of exultation rend the blood-red field of battle, and *Vive l'Empereur* is heard from the ranks of the French Army. Confusion and dismay are visible in the subjugated party, while the victorious one is inspired with feelings of the deepest gratitude and joy. Three more shouts were given for their beloved chieftain, and the laurelled wreath of conqueror was placed on the brow of the Imperial Napoleon!

Again directing my vision heavenward, I beheld the glorious ranks of the Celestial Army still united, while dulcet strains of gladness pealed along Zion's Peaceful Plain, o'er the cessation of these fearful hostilities! And among that beatified throng still appeared the chosen leader of the Ethereal Army, clothed in flowing robes of unimaginable splendor, with the halo of peace and glory enwreathing her spotless brow. In her hand she carried a golden standard, on which were engraved several beautiful mottoes, emblematical of the divine mission of angels. One, a poetical inscription, was as follows:

"Our mission is mankind to bless,
And teach them of our home above;
To fill their souls with holiness,
And make them live a life of love.

"'T is ours to carry joy and peace
Where hate and discord now do dwell,
And bid the fiend of war to cease
In turning earth into a hell.

"Impartial Justice is our Sword,—
Which fearlessly the angels wield,—
Our Helmet is God's Living Word,
And Love Eternal is our Shield.

"O! none can triumph over these,
For *they* are weapons God has given,
By which His children may attain
The Road to Glory and to Heaven."

And O! judge of the feelings which thrilled my soul, when, on her glowing mind, I read the immortal name of one, who on earth, was known by the title of

"JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS."

Beautiful did she appear to my enchained vision, as she floated there in her celestial robes, waving o'er the defeated, as well as the victorious army, the Banner of Peace and Love. With a sweetly benignant smile, she again turns to the Immortal Assembly, and addresses it in a few closing words:

"It is most gratifying to me to inform you of a cessation of hostilities, for a time, in the rudimental sphere. The bloody battle, which, for many hours, has inundated a portion of the lower universe with the blood of God's children, has now ceased, and the arms of Napoleon have achieved a victory. The Belligerent Armies have withdrawn from the contest, and peace reigns o'er the battle-field. And while we rejoice in the overthrow of tyranny and wickedness; while we behold the triumphant supremacy of right over wrong, of virtue over vice, and freedom over slavery, let us keep in remembrance that we are all the offspring of one Common Parent, and that He has made of one flesh and blood all the nations of the earth. Let us not forget (as I have before adjured you) that, while we sympathize with the victorious party, while it is our desire to annihilate anarchy and oppression, we contend not against our fellow-man, but against the dark and unhallowed passions locked in the secret recesses of his soul! Let it be ours to establish peace and harmony where war and discord now are rife, and to imbosom the principles of the Religion of Christ where they are dethroned by popular errors and superstitions. May the victories we have helped to achieve in the past, as well as the present, inspire us onward to work more zealously, if possible, for the good of our fellow-creatures, and for the erection of God's Kingdom in every heart. Let Love be the Presiding Goddess in your souls, and Charity, her twin-sister, the bright Star which shall mantle your efforts, and lead you on to higher and nobler works. And aid, also, those against us in the lower spheres to unfold in purity and love, that they may enlist under our holy banners of peace and righteousness, and

go forth with us in every good and perfect work, seeking the ultimate redemption of the Whole Family of Man!

"Advance, celestial army, on thy way,
To glorious realms of ever-shining day;
Gird round thyself the golden shield of right,
And forward march in every holy fight;
'Death to all error, discord, hate, and wrong,'
Let be thy blazing watchword and thy song,
Until they o'er the mundane world shall bound,
And nations catch the glad and joyous sound.

"March forward in the ranks of Truth and Love,
And seek to draw all souls to God above;
Go, bid them every sin and wrong resist
And 'neath our banner's ample folds enlist;
That they a high and holy seat may find,
Around the Father's Throne of Light Divine,
To live a deathless life of peace and joy, —
A life of Happiness without alloy.

"O, let us labor for the common weal
With an earnest will and a faithful zeal,
Nor in our blesséd work and mission pause,
Till all enlist within our righteous cause,
And war no longer with its power shall brand
The loveliest scenes in Nature's fruitful land,
To cast its mantle black of hate and gloom
Round hearts that with God's love should ever bloom.

"Again I would ask, that the gentle Peace-Dove
May reign in each soul, and fill it with love,
And send its pure power broadcast o'er the world,
Till war and its evils to ruin are hurled,
And Harmony finds a home in each breast,
Lulling discord and hate forever to rest,
And making of earth a sweet heaven below,
With peace and good-will eternally to glow.

"Go forth, then, dear ones, and battle for Right,
For Justice and Truth, for Freedom and Light;
High raise your standard, that all may behold
The symbols which shine on each waving fold,
And know, that heaven's bright celestials do come
To bring joy and peace to the desolate home,
And firmly unite in Love's golden chord,
The Family of Man, the children of God."

With this poem closed the address of that female champion of Right and Justice. Perfect harmony reigned in the serene heavens during its brief delivery, while each soul felt strengthened anew to perform the heavenly duties imposed upon them. Long my vision gazed upon that immortal being, till she floated away, and was lost to view in the gorgeous sunlight of the upper skies.

It may here be asked, why, among the countless numbers who throng the Heavenly Galaxy, was this beautiful spirit chosen as Leader and Adviser of that mighty Army of the Immortal Realms? I will answer it as briefly and satisfactorily as I can, hoping that it will prove rational and conclusive to every investigating mind.

Some three or four centuries ago, when France was under the slavish dominion of monarchial, grasping England, and its rightful heir — if I may be allowed to employ the expression — was dethroned by the then-existing powers, a young girl, possessed of a peculiar nervous temperament, but of marked energy and decision of character, presented herself to the disfranchised king, and told him she was inspired by the Spirit of God to solicit means to carry on a war, whereby he might be placed on the Imperial Throne of France. Many things, of a very striking and marvellous nature, were told him, of such a nature as to leave no doubt in his mind that some power, not mundane, influenced the Maid of Orleans. At first he deemed her wild and heretical, and could not be persuaded to adopt what appeared to him to be the height of imprudence and folly. But, nothing daunted, she pushed her intentions forward with great earnestness and vigor, under, as she felt, the inspired guidance of the Holy One!

A Committee of Investigation was appointed, consisting of counsellors of parliament, ministers, and others, to search into the purported inspiration of Joan of Arc, and to devise effective measures, if it should be proven she was truly inspired, to carry forward her immediate demands. A careful and patient examination was had, curious and remarkable facts were adduced, which led to the conclusion that she was a truly-inspired agent "in the hands of God," to release benighted France from its present tyrannical thraldom, and, peradventure, ultimately to se-

cure the triumph of Justice and Right. Accordingly, a large army was raised, and at its head was placed this inspired female champion. Under the superintending guidance and protection of Invisible Powers, — inspired with a love of the right and the just, — that valiant woman was appointed Leader of a powerful army, to assist in placing the rightful king upon the throne of France.

It is a fact but little understood by the children of earth, even in this enlightened era of angelic communion, that the spirit of man is, to some extent, a recipient of the heavenly thoughts of Disembodied Minds; that some, more than others, are pregnable to those influences, owing to the prevalence of certain magnetic, nervo-vital fluids therein, which empower the unseen world better to operate upon and through them; that the body is but a mechanical agent of the spirit, ever obedient to its calls and requisitions. It (the spirit) is the mighty force which propels or repels the powers of the body, and renders them subservient to its desires. It alone is responsible for the acts of the body. It is the garden which nourishes the germs of the good and the evil, — the celestial magnet which attracts either the purest or the most undeveloped of spirits from the other life. The body has naught to do with the spirit, except to fulfil its appropriate functions. All pure and generous thoughts, as well as evil ones, generate in the mind or spirit, and the external machine (the body) is compelled, of necessity, to follow out its dictation.

Therefore, the spirit is the agent which receives the impressions or inflowings from the diviner spheres, and is acted upon by immortals in proportion to its receptive condition. *All* spirits are not created alike. Each one is different in its susceptibilities, — some possessing more, and others less, of those vital fluids essential to a full and harmonious control of the Disembodied Powers. This is the reason (or at least one) why so many organisms are inaccessible at once to the government of earth-departed spirits, and require a long and patient trial to fully unfold their mediumistic powers, and render them pregnable to the high influences of heaven.

The spirit of Joan of Arc was beautifully adapted to such harmonious guidance and control. Her peculiarly nervous tem-

perament, together with the purity of her character, rendered her organization susceptible to the glorious ministrations of angelic beings, who sent her forth to be the deliverer of France, and place the rightful monarch on its princely throne. And, while she obeyed the divine callings of her mission, brilliant success would attend her, and victory's laurels entwine her virgin brow.

Those who have given a careful investigation of the philosophy of spiritual communion, are aware that the more intelligent class of spirits advocate the free agency of man; or rather, that he is, to some extent, a free agent, controlled by the Infinite Power of God; that he has two paths laid out before him, — the right and the wrong one, — the privilege being given him to make choice between the two. They have also learned, in their examinations, that the germs of free agency are not annihilated on the emancipation of the spirit from the external form; that it still possesses the power to do good, or to carry out the malevolent affections of its nature; that naught is destroyed or materially changed on its exit from the body, and entrance into another life.

Believing, therefore, these things to be true, is it not reasonable to infer that the germs of mediumistic power, implanted within the spirit on earth, are not uprooted in its advent to spheres of higher unfoldings; that it still is permitted by the All-wise Father to retain its media properties, to empower it to hold communication with spheres of mind beyond, and to transmit intelligence to those dwelling in the lower circles of spiritual existence.

There is as much need and demand for media in the spirit-life as in the mundane one. The undeveloped conditions of those sojourning in the inner circles of being require the aid and coöperation of those indwelling in the loftier heavens, that their holy teachings and truths may be breathed unto them, and raise them from their state of darkness to brighter and nobler fields of duty and enterprise. And I would ask, how this can be done, except it be through subordinate agents, whose spiritual organizations are so conditioned as to be easily and readily accessible to those Higher Powers?

Of such a temperament was the beautiful spirit of Joan of

Arc, the humble peasant girl, who was invested with such extraordinary power and influence, as successfully to lead on a mighty army to battle, and to accomplish the desire of the intelligent powers which controlled her. History furnishes not a more beautiful instance of the interposition of departed spirits. And though the "wonderful gift" with which she was blessed was but little understood by even the so-called "wise," in her era of terrestrial existence, yet it was a commencing link in that grand chain of interior communication, which was to wrap the whole world in its celestial embrace, long after her soul had ripened into the glories of the Upper Heavens.

As I have before stated, the spirit is the impressible agent which receives and gives forth the inspiration flowing from the All-Permeating mind of the Divine, through His Subordinate Channels; that it leaves the mortal life with all its imperfections, and enters upon the duties of the higher one with the same capabilities to advance out of its dark state up the Eternal Ladder of Progression and Love; that still the powers innate in its nature, when vested in the corporeal form, are not destroyed or modified when it (the spirit) has ceased to tenant it, but still are employed, by the Almighty Father, as a "living channel" through which the pure streams of His wisdom and love may descend upon the hearts of His children below; that mediumistic power is as necessary in the future as in the earthly life, to enable the higher intelligences to waft their gentle ripples of lofty inspiration to those who have not as yet attained to their superior condition and unfoldment.

Then, entertaining this view of the highly-important subject under consideration, is it not reasonable to believe that the germs of mediumship, which existed in the beautifully-susceptible spirit of Joan of Arc when in the body, are as necessary in the immortal life to privilege the more advanced intelligences to communicate their heaven-inspiring thoughts to those who desire exaltation to the refined enjoyments of the Supernal Realms? Is it not, I would ask, reasonable to infer, that, in the important and momentous issues affecting the welfare and prosperity of mankind, like that of the battle I have narrated on these pages, a Celestial Army should convene together, whose object was to still the heaving billows of strife and inharmony

raging in men's hearts, and to plant therein the olive-branch of peace and love; and that o'er this congregation should be placed a Leader and Champion, whose spiritual organization was such as to permit the higher order of spirits to control it at their will and dictation, and assist her to carry out her peace-loving measures and requirements?

Joan of Arc was the one selected for the purpose in the instance I have alluded to in this message. The susceptibility of her spirit to the influences of minds above her, together with the lofty grade of development she enjoyed, beautifully adapted her for the important office of Guide to that Supernal Army, for directing it in its glorious course, and conveying to it the instructions breathed from the brighter spheres.

And, with entire unanimity, the gloriously-unfolded spirit of the "Maid of Orleans" was chosen as Leader of that Holy Army, whose Christian purpose was to restore peace and harmony to hearts swelling with passion and revenge, and to fortify them against the entrance of malevolent affections. Gladly they hovered o'er that blood-stained field of battle, waving above it their golden banners of Peace and Fraternal Love, and zealously laboring to quiet each discordant element in man's nature. It was a scene which filled my soul with tumultuous emotions, conveying to me many golden lessons, and newly-consecrating me to Humanity's service. I saw and understood the all-potent influence which heaven's mighty armies are able to exert over a battle-field, and was led to believe that Washington, as well as Napoleon, was guided by the same invisible powers into the pathway of success.

O, 't was a glorious sight, to see
  That heavenly army there displayed
Along our Zion's Holy Plain,
  In robes of Peace and Love arrayed,
Endeav'ring, with angelic power,
  To still the tempest in man's soul,
That discord, hate and strife no more
  Across its inner life might roll.

Their holy banners streamed above
  That sin-corrupted battle-field.

They bore the sword of Truth and Love,
And " Justice " was their only shield.
" Peace " beamed in every countenance,
" Good-will " inspired each heavenly one,
While *all* strove, faithfully, to bind
Each soul in one grand unison.

And, as my vision rested on
The noble army gathered there,
Intently watching o'er that field
With fond solicitude and care,
My soul, in homage, bowed to Him
Who sits enthroned in worlds above,
For granting us the liberty
To hover near those whom we love,

And breathe to them our golden truths,
Our cheering thoughts and teachings bright,
And lead them to those circling spheres
Beyond the range of discord's night,
Where only peace the spirit sways,
And Love its onward path doth bless,
Upbearing it to wisdom's ways,
Whose ways are ways of pleasantness.

Like showers, which fall from summer skies
Upon the desert paths of life,
So that celestial army's power
Fell on that bloody field of strife,
To sweetly quell the fearful hate
Which fiercely raged within man's breast,
And cause it there to penetrate,
And lull each tempest-thought to rest.

O, ye who dwell on " mother-earth,"
And are the objects of our care,
Proclaim the everlasting truths
Which we, from time to time, declare.
Go forward and disseminate
The peaceful doctrines which we preach,
Until each Nation, Church and State,
Shall feel the force of what we teach.

Be up and doing, then, dear ones,
In this great labor of our Lord, —
Rememb'ring that each noble act
Will bring with it its own reward.

O, work till every cloud of sin
  Shall flee before Love's dawning light;
And Peace in every heart shall reign,
  With War no more to curse or blight.

And when *that* earthly task is o'er,
  Which God has given you now to do,
On yonder bright, immortal shore
  A nobler work will dawn on you;
Where, with the gifted minds which shine
  Around the star-lit Throne of Light,
Your souls with theirs will intertwine,
  To labor for the Just and Right;

And march with them through every sphere
  Which winds along Progression's Shores,
Far from the scenes of doubt and fear,
  Where Wisdom's Sun its radiance pours,
And Truth illumes the spirit's way
  To even higher destinies;
Where Love, the crowning star of all,
  Shines with a power that never dies.

O! do ye not, belovéd ones,
  Desire to reach each blessed sphere,
Whose beauties I 've so faintly drawn
  Upon these mortal pages here?
Do ye not wish a lofty seat,
  Around our Father's Throne Divine,
Where never-fading scenes of bliss
  Will ever on the spirit shine?

Do ye not wish to roam with us,
  Along the brilliant, star-throned sky,
Whose twinkling gems so sweetly smile,
  As if to beckon all on high,
And know the never-changing laws
  Which guide the children of those stars,
And wander through the unknown walks
  Of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars?

O, if ye *would* desire to reach
  Those joys, translucent and sublime,
Now is the season to commence,
  While dwelling on the Shores of Time;
For, to attain a heaven above,
  Where never-ceasing pleasures glow,

You first must seek, through works of love,
To plant the germ of heaven below!

O, glorious is the thought to those
Who can this gift appreciate,
That, when the soul throws off the clay,
And passes to a higher state,
Its gentle influence can still
Irradiate the hearts of those
Who 're trav'ling down Time's rugged hill,
Sojourning 'mid earth's pains and woes!

But grander is the thought to all,
That, when death severs mortal ties,
It bears the living soul aloft
To nobler mansions in the skies,
Where all dissevered ties will be
Conjoined in one eternal bond,
And separation ne'er can come
To desolate that "Bright Beyond!"

O, then, once more let me adjure
You all the work *now* to begin,
That is to fit you for our heaven, —
An everlasting crown to win.
Promulgate God's Eternal Truth, —
That truth for which dear Jesus died, —
And, O, like Him, let peace and love
Within your spirits deep abide!

Let it be distinctly understood by the readers of these pages, that, although the angels hovered o'er the scenes of strife I have here narrated, and were witnesses of this unchristian mode of settling individual or national antagonisms, yet they acted not in the capacity of defenders, but as the ministers of Peace and Love, commissioned by the Almighty to stay the black waves of dissension and inharmony, and to enshrine His Holy Spirit in the warring hearts of their brother-man!

Spirits, sojourning in the higher circles of development, could not approximate to the discordant scenes of this battle-field, but through their intermediate channels they exerted a powerful influence upon it, assisting them to overcome the War-Demon, and quiet the wayward passions of the soul. It *was* and *is* their purpose, *not* to strengthen the bonds of hate and

revenge, but to implant in the human heart the benign principles embodied in the life and character of "Him Crucified." And, although their influences are not always sufficiently potent to effect a triumph immediately, yet they rejoice in the conviction that the seeds they now sow in the hearts of their fellow-creatures, will sprout, at some future time, to reward themselves and others with their golden fruits. They are fully sensible of the extent of their holy work, and of the many impediments to be surmounted, in order successfully to accomplish it. But the good they have already done in the world has taught them not to despair, nor even to falter in those heavenly duties, to the faithful performance of which their Divine Master has commissioned them!

And *never* will those Angelic Ministers pause in their sublime work of redemption, while there is a single soul that needs to be saved from sin and darkness, and raised to the light of immortal truth and salvation; never will they falter in their Christian course while the fiend of war desecrates with his accursed presence the beautiful universe of God, or poisons, with his foul, avenging breath, the sunniest scenes of nature. Steadily will they pursue the "even tenor of their way," raising the drooping form of down-trodden, rejected truth, to the pedestal its enemy, error, now occupies, and breathing into the souls of mankind those gentle attributes and harmonies enshrined in the hallowed bosom of Deity and Heaven. Zealously and untiringly will they toil until every child shall bow before the True and Living God, and acknowledge His Holy Word and Truth. Then the divine mission of angels will be accomplished, and harmony and love will reign in the world. The harmonies of heaven will beautifully blend with those of earth, and all mankind dwell together on the plane of Amity and Good-will!

SECTION SECOND.

Scenes after the battle — Spirits wounded — Ascending souls of the slain — Napoleon after victory — His address to Adams — D'Enghein's address — His prayer.

As soon as the vision of the battle was over, my spirit-eyes became witness to a very novel and interesting spectacle. Above the heads of the defeated party still hovered the lower

order of spirits, sympathizing with it in its discomfiture. Eager to defeat the opposite power, and overthrow the aims of Right and Justice, they directed the full force of their united influences to the enemies of Napoleon, and became so deeply entangled with them that it was with extreme difficulty they could extricate themselves. Ignorant of the sublime laws of angelic control, they thought only of defeating the good and worthy intentions of the higher intelligences, and continuing the carnage and desolation of the battle-field. And, what was most singular, those who were in close sympathy or connection with the wounded and dying, suffered, for the time being, all the untold agonies and pains they endured; and it was a painful sight to see them writhing in sympathy with those suffering ones, ignorant of the means to be employed to disentangle themselves.

A beautiful and instructive lesson was conveyed to me in this scene, as in many others I had witnessed during my then short existence in the spirit-life. Those who are acquainted with the philosophy of spirit-communion, know that there are diversities of gifts, among which is the one of healing. Organizations, highly impressible to spiritual influences, are said to take upon themselves the infirmities and weaknesses of others. Spirits, in possessing them, are enabled, by the law of sympathetic attraction, to impress them (the organisms) with a knowledge of the locality of disease, and to throw upon them, for a while, the pains and distresses of their fellow-creatures. It is, by bringing their impressible agents in as strong and harmonious rapport with the debilitated body as possible, they are able to determine the existence of disease and pain, and, peradventure, to apply remedies to bring back health to its rightful dominion; and it is, by establishing this chain of sympathy between the medium and patient, and causing the former to take the disease of the latter, that we possess the power to know the region of pain and distress. This knowledge, of course, was not clearly unfolded to me until the advent of spirit-intercourse into the world, and I became a witness of the action of spirit upon spirit.

I saw, in the instance of the battle, the powerful effect produced upon the disembodied spirits while enchained in sym-

pathy with the wounded of that battle-field. I saw that their sufferings and distresses even affeeted the overshadowing presenees of other spirits, and the heavy pains and agonies these experieneed were also felt by those about them, aeting, for the time being, in sympathy with them. And though eontrolled in part by undeveloped influences, yet the lesson eonveyed to me was none the less sublime or instructive, not only as evidencing the powerful influenee they possess over a battle-field, but also the effect their sympathy and assoeiation with it have upon their own individual selves.

Another sublime spectacle was also presented to my vision. I saw the immortal soul as it separated from the material body and unfolded into spirit-life, while numerous bands of the "unseen world" hovered near, to bear it to the eircle of development for which it was fitted; and I heard, also, the low and luleet songs of gladness eehoed from many angelic lips, as, in the aseending spirit, they reeognized the features of some dear and well-remembered friend of yore. I saw the various passions of "wayward human nature" manifested in the passage of the soul from the "sordid, ehanging things" of time into the *un*changing realities of eternity, — some displaying the most malignant affections, and others calm and subdued! It was a highly-interesting scene, such as no mortal or even immortal can delineate, and do justice!

As soon as these interesting seenes had passed before my vision, my spirit awoke to the enehanting beauties of the eelestial regions. The smoke of the eannon eleared away, its thundering roars no longer were heard, wafting frightful diseord to my listening ears. The horrid shouts of a subjugated army had wholly ceased, together with the wild enthusiasms of the triumphant power. And where, a moment before, the sight penetrated the untold horrors and miseries of battle-strife and bloodshed, it now feasted on sublime pictures of peaee and beauty; and where the ear was assailed by the harsh jargon of diseord and eontention, the sweetest and most melodious music of the spheres greeted it. All the glories of the Spirit World returned to my enraptured gaze, and my soul revelled in the light and splendor of the Heavens of Peaee and Righteousness.

And, O, another magnifieent seene awaited my spirit's con-

scious return to the beauties of the Seraph Land! Hovering above me was seen a mighty army of celestials, accoutred in the familiar garments of war, while over that was another, arrayed in habiliments of ethereal beauty. Approaching nearer, how great was my surprise and joy, when I recognized, in the first-named assemblage, the familiar countenances of many of those, who, only a few moments before, I had seen engaging in the great struggle presented to my gaze. With amazement and delight I gazed upon that brilliant congregation of spirits, gathered together in one harmonious body, robed in all their warlike accoutrements (that I might the better recognize them), while over it floated the Angelic Representatives of Peace and Love, inspiring them with their own radiant thoughts and impressions. In the centre of the former group was seen a noble, commanding figure, which I instantly recognized as the immortal Napoleon; while those gathered around him were the beloved ones who had fought with him, side by side, in many a hard and bloody battle, to win for their endeared country the blessings to which she was entitled, and to transmit them to her unborn children. Eagerly they crowded around their "still beloved chieftain," showering festoons of beautiful flowers at his feet, all glistening with their deep affection and love. On his brow shone a resplendent Aureola, studded with many brilliant gems, so arranged as to form the following significant motto:

"My highest aspiration is
To gain the Summit of Mount Bliss."

Upon his shoulders perched a white dove, with a sprig of the olive-branch in its beak, — presenting a beautiful picture of Purity and Peace. Over his head streamed many rich and gaudy banners, containing many appropriate inscriptions. In the "background" glided a magnificent lake, on which was a barque laden with countless numbers of glorified beings, reminding me of the upward course of the spirit on the ever-waving ripples of progression. In his (Napoleon's) hand was a scroll of dazzling brightness, which he unrolled, and I read, written in letters of fiery splendor, the following few lines:

"I battle, brother, for the right,
To crush black error's power and might, —

The seeds of righteousness to sow
Within the hearts of man below;
That hate, revenge, and fearful strife,
No more may taint the springs of life.

"Peace is the banner which I bear,
Love is the helmet which I wear;
Truth is the mighty sword I wield,
And Justice is my heavenly shield:
With these four weapons I will win
A speedy conquest over sin.

"Brother, on this Immortal Scroll
Discern the duties of my soul:
In every word and sentence scan
The love I bear my fellow-man; —
Behold the missions, too, which wait
Your coming to the Heavenly State, —
The higher works which will control
The powers of your unfolding soul; —
And O, may love and truth be shrined
Within the chambers of thy mind,
And cause their holy light to fall
Upon the erring hearts of all."

When I had read the lines written on this Living Scroll, the circle of immortals, enclosing the spirit of Napoleon, divided itself, and the beloved "emperor of their hearts" descended from his flower-crowned throne, and, taking me by the hand, breathed forth the following address:

"Exalted Spirit: My Heavenly Father has permitted me, in common with others of His immortal children, to congratulate you on your glorious exit from the fading things of earth to the divine glories of the Upper Sanctuary. In the Halls of your country, where you have so often plead the dearest rights of fallen, crushed humanity, — where the generous sympathies of your soul have been manifested in behalf of your oppressed brother-man, — did your spirit scale the walls of time, to expand, in sublime beauty, beneath the elevating influences of a higher and holier existence!

"From the inharmonious wranglings of an earthly Congress hast thou departed, to take thy appropriate seat in the Higher One above, among the brightest, purest, and most gifted intel-

lects which adorn our Constellated Heavens. With those ennobling Representatives of Truth and Humanity wilt thou commingle, and inspire wisdom, virtue and goodness, from a holy and sanctified communion with them; and by it shalt thou be lifted up higher in the kingdom of thy Father, and nearer to His Throne of Perfection.

"Nobly, dear brother, hast thou fought the great Battle of Right, and victorious success has crowned thy Christian endeavors. Girdled with the armor of truth and justice, equipped throughout in the harness of freedom and humanity, with the garlands of universal peace and love adorning thy brow, thou hast heroically wrestled with the demon of injustice and tyranny, and shown to mankind that 'Faith and good works' will accomplish all things in due time, and work out for the soul an eternity of happiness and glory! If the persecutions of vindictive foes assailed thee, and dangers threatened to check thy efforts for good, triumphantly would thy noble ship outride the gale, steering for the haven of humanity and right, to anchor amid the hearts and hopes of millions of oppressed and persecuted beings! If the iron hand of tyranny sought to enchain the generous sympathies of thy nature, and to crush out of the 'sum of human existence' the noblest instincts of thy soul, with a mighty power given thee from on high wouldst thou rive the galling chains, bravely standing forth first and foremost in the van of universal liberty and brotherhood!

"The battle which your 'entranced spirit' has witnessed, was one which transpired several years before my spirit unfolded to immortal life, and ere it had become tainted with that self-ambition which led me to commit so many errors of grave and serious magnitude. Animated, as I then felt, with a deep, earnest, and worthy love for my down-trodden and enslaved country, — impressed with the justice of my cause, and the sacredness of the mission God had confided to my care, I launched forth on the black and heaving sea of battle, relying on the Almighty Arm of Jehovah for strength and protection, little dreaming, however, that, but a short distance from the plane of material existence, there was another and more powerful army hovering o'er the field of strife, intently scanning the contending parties, and inspiring the Champions of Right to a glorious and

brilliant triumph! Little did I realize that the Messengers of peace and Good-Will were gazing upon me from their immortal home, reflecting upon my soul the light and strength of their inspiration, and aiding me in the hazardous enterprise in which I had embarked!

"O, if I had only more potently realized the nearness of these invisible powers, and that they were my Guardians of the Day and Watchmen of the Night; that they were untiringly watching my progress o'er time's stormy ocean, witnessing my every act; I repeat, had I but realized this fact, how many bitter hours of sorrow and anguish would have been saved me! how many seasons of poignant reflection and wretchedness! The spirit of illaudable ambition would never have swayed my soul, or influenced me in my efforts to promote the good of my fondly-beloved country!

"Often, while engaging in the fierce and bloody scenes of battle-life,—when the soul was perplexed and tried with doubt and misapprehension, and everything looked dark and dubious, with the horrid spectre of defeat and ruin pointing its ghastly fingers at me,—there would quietly steal over my despairing nature a holy influence, and a 'still small voice' whisper within words of hope and encouragement, and bid me 'trust in God.' Then, my whole being would feel new strength and animation, and at the head of my marshalled army would I march forward in the perilous routine of battle, and brilliant success would be the result! Often these angelic voices spoke counsel to my heart, and sorry am I that I did not heed them at all times. When I listened to these inward speakings, and followed out their heavenly instructions, victory would crown my efforts; but when my motives became tainted with the poison of self-ambition; when individual considerations haunted my patriotic desires, the Pure and Lofty from the Upper Mansions could not approach me, to encourage my soul, and inspire it with fortitude and strength. They stood afar off, weeping o'er the fate of one who might have been both truly good and great!

"O, could my soul have realized
That spirits, from their mansions fair,
Were watching o'er my mortal life
With sweet solicitude and care,

How many hours of bitter thought,
Of keen remorse, regret and woe,
Would have been spared my erring soul,
While journeying on earth below!

" Love for my country at the first
Inspired my heart for her to fight, —
That storms, which had begun to burst
Upon her glorious sky so bright,
Might clear away before the morn
Of Freedom's pure unclouded day,
And anxious ones proclaim the dawn
Of Liberty's most welcome ray.

" But, as success triumphant wound
Its rich festoons around my soul,
Ambition's hated finger sought
To bind me in its snaky fold,
And make me subject to its power,
To its accurséd will and might,
And lure me from the blessed bower
Of Virtue, Holiness and Right!

" O, had I listened to the voice
Which spoke so oft my soul within,
And cautioned me to seek for fame
Which only noble deeds could win;
What happy mem'ries would be brought
In vivid colors to my mind,
To bless me with the precious thought
That I had lived for *all* mankind!

" But God, the Father of us all,
Has every sin of mine forgiven,
And severed false ambition's thrall,
And borne me to a glorious heaven,
Where, with His Angels I shall work
Discord and sin to overthrow,
And drive away the clouds which lurk
Around man's path of life below.

" My heavenly standard high is raised
Among the Noble, True and Just,
Nor will its streaming folds be furled,
Till error's form shall kiss the dust,

And o'er the heads of all mankind
Truth's glorious flag shall proudly wave,
And all inharmonies and strifes
Are buried in one common grave.

"Brother, when dwelling on the earth-plane of being, the world called me a mighty warrior! Through seas of blood and carnage have I travelled, in hopes to plough for my beloved, but down-trodden country, a pathway to permanent prosperity and happiness. Ambitious for the future welfare of the land I loved, — led by the promptings of a too-aspiring nature, — I was drawn into many errors and difficulties, and finally, to commit the *one great* mistake of my lifetime, for which I now feel there was not the shadow of an excuse.

"Yet, to employ your own appropriate language, how little does the world know of my true character, — of my good intents and purposes! How little does it realize the extent or importance of that mission to the sacred fulfilment of which my Heavenly Father had commissioned me! Eager to grasp at every fault and error of my mundane existence, and inscribe them on the pages of history, it seems to forget that down in the chambers of the soul there were a few shining virtues and graces.

"But, thanks to the good and impartial Father, he will not permit these darkling clouds to roll much longer across that portion of my terrestrial life, which, I truly feel, was 'honorably and justly aspiring.' Even now they are rolling away, and the mildly-beaming Star of Justice begins to shine through the mists of prejudice and bigotry, soon to radiate all hearts with its heavenly coruscations. The angelic voice, prophetically breathing to my soul in days of old, 'Posterity will yet do me justice,' was no idle one, but the foreshadowing of an event which is destined to a glorious fulfilment! And God be praised that I am permitted, in the presence of these, His immortal children, to exculpate myself of the gross charges an uncharitable community has preferred against me, and to promise fealty to the cause of truth and righteousness. Rejoiced am I for these blessed, oft-repeated privileges to attest my grateful feelings to the guardians of my earth-life, for their kind

care and protection, and the influences they exerted o'er me during my stormy voyage on the sea of time!

"And do I, beloved friend, o'erstep the bounds of propriety in thus descanting upon a theme that must still be dear to my soul? Do I appear selfish or ostentatious in my aspiration to redeem my humble name from the obloquy and contempt an unrighteous world has cast upon it? I think you will respond to my interrogatories in the negative. Deeply sensible am I of my many faults and imperfections, and gladly would I sweep them all away; and as sensible, also, am I, that I possessed some virtues, which will yet brilliantly shine forth in the coming future. With sorrow do I recall to memory the errors of my mundane career, and I would endeavor, as far as possible, to wipe them all away, by the Christian works and labors of my Present Interminable Existence! Who is perfect? He that is, let him cast the first stone!

"The soul, born and cradled amidst the heavy crash of political powers, and the totter and fall of thrones and empires, has not entirely lost that 'pride of name and honor' which seemed an almost invincible element in the latter portion of my earthly life; and that worthy love (as I feel it to be) has become by no means extinct, but blossoms still in all its vigor and beauty, and prompts me to exert my influence to overrule the unjust and uncharitable judgment which the world at large has preferred against me!

"The ancient proverb, 'that God orders all things wisely and well,' was particularly verified, I think, in my own instance. While enduring the trials of banishment on the sea-girt isle of St. Helena, I was enabled to revert back to the scenes of my past life, and reflect on the good I had done, and how much more I might have performed, if I had only employed the capabilities God had given me to my interior development, and thrown forever aside all aspirations for self-aggrandizement and honor. The pleasing memories of many good deeds well done, — of virtuous actions, and a patriotic love for country instilled into the hearts of my faithful adherents, helped to cheer the solitary hours of exile, and brighten my pathway to heaven! And, O! how much more would my happiness have been enhanced, could I have only looked back upon a life fast drawing

to a termination, and realized it had been untainted by the virus of false aspirations; that it had been exclusively devoted to the perpetuation of sound and healthy principles in my dear and beloved country, and, in fact, throughout the world.

"My exile to the island of St. Helena has been regarded by many of my most ardent friends in the light of a great calamity, and as an unjustifiable usurpation of national right and justice. It has been the prolific mother of many petty feuds and animosities, and will furnish, I fear, sufficient pretext for further internal dissensions and strifes. But I trust that my Heavenly Father and His Holy Angels will avert such a visitation, and plant the blessings of freedom and peace therein.

"But, in whatever light others may view my temporary banishment, *I* can only look at it now as a great and glorious blessing; for, through my condemnation to that lonely, ocean-bound island, I was brought more in immediate contact with the spiritual, and in closer communion with Deity and my own thoughts. Far away from the exciting theatre of my battle-exploits and engagements, — away from the trying scenes of bloody strife and contention, — I was better able to draw myself aloof from the outer world, — to hold silent intercourse with my God, and implore the Divine Pardon on my many sins of omission and commission. I was able to revert to the mistakes of my earth-life, and to discern, painted on memory's ever-moving panorama, the shaded as well as the sunny side. And God, even in that late period of terrestrial existence, pointed out to me a way whereby I might in part correct the faults and errors of a past career.

"Though separated by the wild waste of waters from all I loved and held most dear, yet my reflections were oftentimes of a most pleasurable nature. Even on that ocean-girt isle I saw much to please my soul, and turn my thoughts to Him who holds the waters in His Hand, and guides all our destinies. When wandering amid the few delights of my island-home, my eyes would turn to the cloudless canopy above, bespangled with myriads of stars of immeasurable glory and splendor, and reflections, sweet and pleasant, would flow athwart my mind. With joy and happiness would I look forward to that blissful season, when my soul would leave the uncertain and changeable

things of life below for that bright and beautiful country beyond, where shining stars of Intellect and Wisdom awaited my celestial translation. Then, walking by the sea-shore, my mortal vision would span the wide and fathomless ocean, watching, with intense interest and delight, each sparkling, foaming wave, as it kissed the shores of my ocean-girdled home with its lips of snowy whiteness; and thoughts of that fondly-beloved country, which laid beyond, would rush to memory, and I would long once more to espouse its crushed and bleeding liberties. Then would my soul turn to that unfathomed ocean of Immortality which rolled beyond the shores of time, where I should again meet my loved companions-in-arms, and glide with them o'er its peaceful, glistening bosom, to fairer and more glorious countries. A holy and sanctified feeling would then steal o'er my nature, all earthly aspirations would quietly sink to repose, and my soul would seek the Throne of Grace, to hold interior communion with its Maker. The errors of my past life were vividly mirrored before me, — all its joys and sorrows, its defeats and conquests, — and I resolved that the few remaining days of my earth-being should be devoted to the glorification of my soul, and to fit it to tread those Immortal Shores beyond the ebbing sea of time. I reviewed and re-reviewed my whole battle-career, and the brilliant conquests I had won, and I fully determined that, on the island of St. Helena, I would fight the greatest battle, and win the proudest and noblest victory of my life, — a victory over my own wayward passions! Surrounded by the tried friendship of a few noble souls, I commenced the glorious work of expurgation, and thereby better prepared my spirit for the mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! I sought to crush out each unworthy ambition from my nature, and to aspire only after those honors and emoluments which would entail eternal happiness and glory on my immortal soul. Gladly did I set about my laudable task, resting assured 'that he who works, will win.' The Divine Voice whispered strength and encouragement to my heart, and bade me not to falter in my Christian undertaking. And, in a short period of time, I was able to perceive a reformation going on in my soul; all contending elements were being harmonized, and I was, indeed, being fitted for a more exalted condition in the world

to come. My sea-lashed home appeared no longer a lonely or dreary one to me, but like unto a little heaven, blossoming with the perennial flowers of 'love to God, and love to man.' I felt myself better prepared to enter upon my diviner rest, when the summons should come, than heretofore; for I had fought my greatest and grandest battle, and won the victory.

"You will not suppose, dear brother, from the tone and character of my address, that I was a believer in the doctrine of eternal progression; for, in my unenlightened age, it was a subject very little, if at all, understood by the world. I entertained the blessed hope of an immortality beyond the tomb, where the soul would enjoy an existence commensurate with its development, basking beneath the sunlight of a loving Father's smiles; where all would be introduced into the glorious freedom of His immortal children, and reap the recompense of 'good deeds done in the body.' And, under the influence of these sweet and hallowing impressions, I endeavored to improve the closing days of my banishment in the unfoldment of all my God-bestowed faculties, that I might be eminently capacitated to adorn a high seat in God's Unbounded Kingdom; and, if I ever murmured at the 'stern decrees' of Providence, or thought my punishment too great to bear, the Divine Voice would gently whisper within, 'The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth;' and instantly the perturbed waters would lull to rest, while up from the soul's deepest fountains would bubble the placid streams of resignation, murmuring, 'Thy will, O God! not mine, be done!' Thus, on the island of St. Helena, commenced the true life and glory of my immortal soul!

"God, in his wisdom, saw 't was well
To chasten e'en the child He loved,
That he might be prepared to dwell
On Eternity's Shores above,
Where none from His Unbounded World
Will ever banishment endure,
Or from their rightful seat be hurled,
Among the gifted, wise and pure:

"O, where, in Holiness and Love,
Each soul in union would unite,
Ascending to the spheres above,
Where all is lost in endless light,

And where, in bliss, the spirit freed
Would rise to higher realms of thought,
And smiling Hope it upward lead
To worlds, with fragrant blessings fraught."

When Napoleon had reached this point in his address he uttered the following brief poetical invocation:

"O God! I thank Thee for the care
Which Thou hast ever shown to me,
That Thou, through trial, didst prepare
My soul for Immortality;
I thank Thee, Thou in love sawest fit
To banish me from worldly things,
That I might be prepared to dwell
Near Thee, my Lord, and King of Kings.

"O may my spirit deep inspire
The holy influence of Thine own,
That I, in heaven, may soon acquire
A higher seat around Thy Throne,
Where living streams of Light and Truth
Will on the joyful vision burst,
And all, who quaff their waters pure
Will nevermore for wisdom thirst.

"O teach my soul to hate the wrong,
To love the noble, true, and right,
To aid the glorious truth along,
And every heart to Thee invite;
Give me the strength of Thy strong arm,
To labor in Thy mighty field,
That I may every sin disarm,
* * * * *

As soon as this orison was offered up, Napoleon continued his address as follows:

"Dear Brother: As the sands in the hour-glass of time were fast ebbing away, my Heavenly Father permitted me to take a glance at that beautiful country, on whose flower-wreathed borders my overjoyed, exultant spirit was soon to step. My mortal vision was darkened to the objects of the outer world, and the interior opened to behold the splendors and delights of the world of immortals. Millions of angelic forms flitted before my sight; sparkling fountains, of translucent beauty,

glistened in the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness; the air was melodious with the duleet music of seraphie birds; while the whole celestial atmosphere was balmy with the odors of celestial love and affeetion. I felt nearer heaven than earth, and I longed to seale the time-beaten walls of mortal being, and soar above, to join, in eternal life, the ransomed ehildren of God.

"When my soul was awakened to a full conseiousness of the sublime realities of the Spirit Land, pietures of indeseribable and dazzling glory passed before my inner vision, and rainbow-tinted clouds (eaeh one enshrining an angel's form) flitted by me. Trees, flowers, rivulets, birds, palaees and temples not framed by earthly hands, far surpassing in grandeur and sublimity the perishable ones of the world of matter, were arranged, in beautiful order, before my spirit-eyes, beckoning me to come and bathe beneath their never-ending glories.

"Fadeless beauties were there arrayed
Before my quiekened inner sight,
And heav'nly glories there displayed,
But spoke God's boundless power and might;
Trees, rivulets, and fadeless flowers,
And everything with which earth's rife,
Were seen in those celestial bowers,
Crowned with a never-ending life.

"And Stars of Light and Wisdom shone
In the ethereal heavens above,
Inviting me to come and bathe
Within their glorious rays of love;
Rieh palaees and temples high,—
Not made by any earthly hands,—
Flitted before my spirit-eye,
Beekoning me to brighter lands.

"O, how my soul longed to be free,
And soar to meet its mate in heaven,
Where all the ties disjoined below,
Would never in that world be riven!
Struggling, at last it broke from earth,
And took its flight to spheres above,
Where, in a brighter, happier home,
It sought and found its kindred dove.

"But ere my spirit departed from its clayey tabernacle, a more glorious scene than any I have yet narrated to you, dawned upon my vision. Hovering o'er my head, at a little distance from earth, floated the divinely-beautiful form of my dear ascended Josephine, with arms unfolded, waiting to greet the beloved, and, thanks to the great and good Father, not the *exiled* emperor of HER heart, in her joyous and eternal embrace. Decked in flowing robes, of unimaginable brilliancy, her hair playing in clustering beauty about her seraphic figure, she hovered near her erring, repentant, and still fondly-loving and beloved Napoleon, ready, when the tie of mortal being should be sundered, to bear my spirit upward to her realm of bliss and glory. Not a single shade of enmity or revenge, for trials and sufferings endured, darkened her sunny brow. The sweetest smiles, radiant with the light of forgiveness and love, beamed from her beautiful countenance, as, with one finger pointing upward, she beckoned me to her happy abode, where, united in a bond of true and sincere affection, we should dwell forevermore. Eloquently she bade me prepare to enter upon the mighty duties of the Higher Life, there to battle with Heaven's Potent Army against the powers of sin and darkness, and aid them to accomplish a brilliant victory. Brighter and more angelic grew her smiling countenance, as she portrayed the divine glories which were soon to crown my exultant soul, and the countless myriads of celestial beings, waiting, at the portals of heaven, to bear my upward-aspiring spirit to the mansions of the blest. Nearer and nearer she approached, — more resplendent grew her celestial form, — until, overwhelmed in the dazzling light and brilliancy of the Seraph Realms, with the endeared name of her I loved the best, — with the exception of my mother, — dwelling on my fast-sealing lips, my spirit severed the thread which bound it to earth, — o'erleaped the narrow limits of time, and ascended to the regions of joy and blessedness.

"Sublime, dear brother, was my exit from the troubles and afflictions of the corporeal world, and ascension to the Home of Angels. Banished, by the wise decrees of Providence, to a far-off, ocean-girdled island, attended by the undying friendship of a few trustworthy spirits of earth, I felt myself (as I

have before said) better prepared to tread the eourts of immortal being, and to render an aecount of my stewardship to God. Separated, by the fathomless waters, from all I loved and held most dear, doomed to exile, as I then felt, by a cruel, tyrannieal edict, I acquired a distaste for the vain, deeeptive pleasures of earth, and sought to lay up for myself imperishable treasures in heaven, where moth nor rust ean corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; where the soul would commingle in all the social delights of an everlasting friendship, and enjoy the soeiety of the great and good gone on before. I joyfully looked forward to the period when death would release me from my mental and physical sufferings, and the Angel of Love and Mercy fold me in her shining wings, and bear me up to the glories of the kindom of heaven, and plaee me by the side of my long-mourned-for, ascended Josephine. And rejoieed was I, when the Star of my earthly life waned in the zenith of its glory, and took its flight from terrestrial skies, to enshrine itself among the numberless millions in that far-reaching galaxy, spanning the Celestial Firmament, rejoieed that I was going to a better country, where I should meet my wronged but adored partner, and hear from her lips sweet words of love and forgiveness; rejoiced that I was soon to join that 'illustrious band of patriots,' who had fought with me on many a field of strife, surrendering up their precious souls in honorable defenee of their injured country, that the blessings of liberty and prosperity might be secured to it and its children.

"But, beloved brother, with all these glowing pietures painted before me, an oceasional darkling eloud would dash across them, to obscure their lurid brightness. Remorse, for sins of commission, would roll across my soul, and deeds, of dark character, rise up before me, seeming to say, 'Repent ye, for the day of judgment is nigh at hand.' Then ghastly figures of men murdered, to prop up the strong citadel of my politieal power, would appear before me, bidding me prepare to meet them. And, humbled and subdued in spirit I would bow my head, in reverential awe, before the Throne of Almighty God, asking forgiveness for rebelling against the Laws of His Kingdom, and to reeeive my erring but repentant spirit to His Infinite Bosom of Mercy and Love. Thoughts, of a harrowing

nature rushed with fearful rapidity to my mind; unprovoked acts, committed to build up and strengthen the pinnacle of self-ambition, all came back to memory, and I at once acknowledged there was no worse hell for man than that which he himself created.

But the sincere oblations, which went forth from the deep fountains of my soul, arose on the silvery atmosphere of heaven to the Divine Father, and the Ministers of Light and Love bore back an answering response:

"Come nearer now, dear child, to us, —
Thy God will never thee disown;
Thy sins are all forgiven thee,
And bliss awaits thee round His Throne.
Come, dwell with those effulgent minds
Which shine so brilliant in our skies,
And see what is prepared for thee
In our expansive Paradise.

"Come, sit with that belovéd one
Who once endured earth's storms and strife
That he might be prepared to reap
A high reward in Spirit Life,
And wear a Crown of Glory bright, —
A crown which noble deeds had won; —
Continuing, in heaven beyond,
The work on earth so well begun.

"*He* bids thee come to Wisdom's Mount,
Where lives *his* pure, unfolded soul,
And drink with him from that True Fount
Where streams of living waters roll;
He points thee on to paths of peace,
Of knowledge, purity, and love,
And calls thee, in his still small voice,
To meet him in the courts above.

"Prepare, dear child, to take thy flight
Where naught can e'er thy progress mar,
Where false ambitions cannot blight
The Light of thy Ascending Star;
O, where through realms of boundless space
Thy soul will travel on its way,
The shining Throne of Love to grace,
And live with us in endless day!"

"Among the many beautiful scenes which greeted my entrance to eternal life, there occurred one which delighted me beyond description, at the same time revealing to me a glorious manifestation of the loving-kindness, mercy and wisdom of my Heavenly Father. It elated my whole nature, and inspired me with newer and higher emotions of gratitude to my Creator.

"When the spirit had completely severed itself from the outer tabernacle, and become conscious of the life upon which it had entered, and after my dearly-loved Josephine and other bright spirits had saluted me, my attention was attracted to four or five brilliant stars, floating through the celestial atmosphere, drawing nearer and nearer to me. A cloud of transparent brilliancy surrounded them, illuminating the vast aisles and corridors of the spirit-house, while a magnificent Bow o'erarched it. Awed by the grandeur of the spectacle, my vision was riveted on that group of celestial bodies, wondering what immortals they enshrined.

"It was not till they floated above my head that the thin cloud, which partially hid those refulgent forms from my spirit-view, was drawn aside, revealing to me the familiar features of some of those who, on earth, had suffered persecution for *my* sake, that the cravings of an inglorious ambition might be gratified!

"Do I cast too severe reproach upon myself when I stigmatize such acts as wicked and unjustifiable? Do I o'erstep the bounds of truth in denouncing such as arbitrary and unjust, and entirely repugnant to the principles of the Christian Religion? I know many of my warmest and most ardent friends will justify their commission on the ground of necessity; that there were plots and conspiracies held against me, attempts made to dethrone me from that imperial seat to which I felt I was entitled, and that to arrest them, their principal instigators must be put out of the way. But is there any law of God which privileges us to take the life of the creatures He has created, and breathed into their souls the breath of immortality? Is there aught embodied in the Religion of Jesus which justifies the sacrificing of human life, yea, even in cases, as many may think, of 'stern necessity or self-

defence?' Is there aught in the divine attributes of our Father in Heaven which would lead us to believe He would countenance, on any ground, the slaying of the mortal by His children? I am aware many will aver, that, in some instances, 'circumstances alter cases;' that self-defence is the first law of human nature, and that, to protect individual rights, as well as national, against the arbitrary powers and encroachments of others, it would seem necessary and just to resort to harsh measures to do so, and, indeed, in many instances almost unavoidable; but it is none the less inharmonious with the attributes of the Divine Ruler of Individuals and Nations, and at variance with the sublime teachings of him who went about doing good; who sought to infuse the elements of peace and love into the hearts of his followers, and to disseminate the glorious, God-born doctrine of non-resistance throughout the world; to overcome evil with good; and who said, 'if thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn the other to him also.'

"It has been remarked 'that God often employs measures repugnant to His Divine Nature, to insure noble ends and attainments;' but when we consider that man is his own free agent, subject only to the Infinite Controlling Power; that he, and he alone, is responsible for all his thoughts and actions; when we reflect that God at the beginning created everything noble, good, and pure, and that all the sins, trials and errors, which have afflicted (and still do) the world, were but the natural results of transgressed laws, we are not to attribute to Him what belongs alone to man. He is not the Author of sin or evil. He desires not that evil be done so that good may come. If sin, misery and wretchedness, have crept into the world, to man, and not to God, are they attributable. And, whatever wrong *I* may have done on earth, no one but myself is responsible for it. I am my own saviour,— have my own salvation to work out.

"I will now return to my celestial visitors, and inform you who they were, and how they welcomed me to the crowning enjoyments of the Immortal Realms of Being.

"When they were by my side, the halo of dazzling glory which encircled them in part disappeared, and I beheld floating before me, in majestic beauty and loveliness, the well-remembered forms of Duke D'Enghein, Pichegru, and a few others of

like character. O, what insupportable agony for a few moments rent my soul, as I gazed upon them, and reflected that I had been an instrument in slaying the mortal, and sending the immortal (perhaps unprepared) into the presence of the children of heaven! What fearful forebodings took possession of me as I beheld them, standing, as it were, in mighty judgment before me, and, as I thought at that early period of my spiritual existence, ready to arraign me for the heinous crimes committed against them! What agonizing feelings pervaded my nature as I recalled the vivid memories of the past, and reflected in how many instances I had suffered myself to become an instrument of oppression and injustice! O, had I continued to aspire, as at first, for the perpetual welfare of my country, the many scenes of contention and strife, which have since stained her soil with the blood of her children, would have been in part silenced, and freedom and prosperity the results! Had I not pandered to political power or personal emoluments, how pure would have been the fame transmitted to posterity; how illustrious and honorable a name history would have enrolled among her great, good and gifted men! The blood of the innocent and defenceless would not have rested on my hands, nor the curses of widows and orphans been heaped upon my head. The fragrant festoons of universal love and affection would have descended on my memory, and the world poured its richest encomiums on my worth, and mourned at my departure like one refusing to be comforted.

"And yet, amid all these aspirations for self-aggrandizement, there still burned an ardent and devoted love for the welfare and prosperity of my country — as pure and holy a love as that which inspired the Patriot Washington in his long and severe struggles to release his dear native land from the clutches of tyranny and oppression. And this emotion of the soul was expanded by unconscious association with celestial intelligences; but as the serpent, Self-Ambition, crawled in, and wound its fold around my worthier aspirations, those Blessed Powers could not approach to lend me their bright and much-desired assistance. They stood afar off, weeping over the defeat of their high hopes and desires, yet praying that I might be-

come an instrument in their hands of great and lasting good to mankind!

"As I gazed upon the bright beings before me, I sought to read their feelings toward me, and to know whether they cherished a spirit of animosity or revenge against me. At first, a shade of sadness or gloom lowered on each countenance, and sorrow and grief sat on their brows; but these soon disappeared. A halo of celestial glory and splendor environed each immortal form; love, affection and forgiveness, beamed from their angelic natures, and seemed to lure me on to a closer communion with them. Wreathed in the smiles of love and forgiveness, they beckoned me, in a confiding manner, to approach them, and receive their warm and cordial embraces.

"The two nearest me were those I previously mentioned as bearing the earthly names of D'Enghein and Pichegru. Advancing to me, they affectionately embraced me, and imprinted on my brow a kiss of love and friendship. At first, I could not withstand these beautiful evidences of their forgiveness, and copious showers of tears bedewed my face; and not only my own, but the dear ones who encircled me wept for joy over this happy and amicable reconciliation.

"When the tangible manifestations of their joy at this peaceful reünion were over, D'Enghein addressed me in a very familiar and friendly manner, assuring me of his forgiveness of the part I played in the ushering of his immortal soul into the invisible glories of the Spirit Land, and prayed that, through the exalted influences of the Higher Intelligences, our hopes and aspirations would harmoniously blend together, and all feelings of animosity and hatred be forever discarded; I will not narrate all the sublime exhortations he breathed in my behalf, as it would require a lengthened period of time, so to speak, to do so. Sufficient is it for me to say that every word and sentence of his Christian welcome savored of the love of God, and of the blessed teachings of the man, Jesus. And ere I leave this particular part of my address, I will extend an introduction of his exalted spirit to you, that he may attest to the truth of what I have been uttering, and prove to you, by another visible manifestation, that enmity and revenge depart as the soul ripens in knowledge, wisdom and virtue."

Napoleon then retired, for a few moments, from my sight, but soon returned, leading the glorified spirit of D'Enghein by the hand. When he arrived at the Circle of Being in which we moved, Napoleon approached me, — accompanied by my still-faithful instructor, Lafayette, — and fraternally introduced me to the unfolded Spirit of D'Enghein. In his (D'Enghein's) hand was a dazzling scroll, similar to that Napoleon unrolled before me. On it were written, in fiery letters, several bright inscriptions, appropriate for the happy occasion. When the usual preliminaries attendant upon such an introduction were over, my "welcomer" again addressed me:

"Brother: Before you hovers the glorious and forgiving spirit of D'Enghein; he, whose physical body was slain at my instigation; one, whose wrongs and persecutions were many, and who, as at that time of my development I felt, had every reason to loathe and execrate me. I will not, as I have before spoken, repeat his beautiful address, so redundant in tender admonitions and true Christian counsels; but, on the scroll he bears in his hand, discern the spirit of love and charity which animated and still animates his loving soul, and from it learn a lesson of forgiveness, which will last through all eternity."

Then D'Enghein came forward, unfolded the brilliant chart in his hand, revealing to me the following glorious motto, encircled in a girdle of stars:

> "Faith, Hope, and Love;
> But the greatest of these is Love, or Forgiveness."

The resplendent intelligence above named, with countenance beaming with Christ-like love, then breathed forth to me the following few thoughts:

"Beloved Brother: I thank my Heavenly Father that I am permitted an introduction to your exalted spirit, on the Shores of Immortal Existence, and through the instrumentality of one who, when on earth, was considered my enemy, but who, in heaven, is my most cherished and faithful friend. The circumstances which led to the separation of the soul from the body, history has chronicled on its pages, and they need no repetition in the World of Harmony and Love. All earthly feuds are now forgotten, and once-cherished antagonisms are buried forever.

"But you may ask, dear brother, if I readily forgave the author of the injuries done to the mortal body; if, the moment I launched my barque of spiritual life on the Ocean of Eternity, I overlooked all past differences and insults, and cheerfully accorded a 'full and free' pardon to mine enemy? I will reply, *By no means!* It was only through a grand series of progresses that I was enabled to subdue my prejudices and antagonistic feelings, and prepare myself to heap coals of fire on the head of my persecutor, and welcome him home to the abode of angels.

"At the period of my unfoldment into Spirit Life, after my vision was sufficiently expanded for me to discern, *through others*, the casket which so lately encased my immortal soul, and I perfectly understood the cause which led to my New Birth, feelings of rancorous hatred and revenge took possession of me, and I resolved that, were it in my power, I would leave no means untried to punish the author of my persecutions; but, O, when the angels, from their lofty regions of being, approached to bid me welcome to their society; when I listened to their gentle voices of love, and felt the pure breath of their inspiration around me; when I heard their repeated injunctions to cherish the spirit of charity and forgiveness in my soul, and to unfold its highest affections and sympathies, that I might be prepared to enjoy with them the expansive glories of the Upper Worlds,—I must say that a new sensation pervaded my entire being. The unchristian feelings I once harbored were banished away, and the resolution, so rashly made, was changed to one more harmonious with the beautiful, Godlike Spirit of Humility, Forbearance, and Love; in fact, I felt all my prejudices and antagonisms rapidly disappearing, and that a strong foundation was being laid upon which to build the enduring fabric of a glorious and divine regeneration. Napoleon no longer appeared in the light of an enemy, but as one deserving my deepest pity and commiseration, and demanding the exercise of my sympathetic and affectional emotions.

"Although my feelings, by association with the pure and benign influences of heaven, were considerably modified towards my former foe, yet it required some little time to wholly eradicate from my nature all personal hostilities, and to respire

inwardly those higher, nobler qualities of a more perfect character, necessary to exalt the soul, and ensure for it lasting felicity and happiness. But, through the wisdom and mercy of God's Immutable Laws, I was empowered, during the time which intervened between my spiritual birth and that of Napoleon's, to overcome these bitter, hostile feelings, — to develop the loving, forgiving spirit of Christ and the Father in my soul, and thereby be better fitted to dwell in more blissful regions of glory and perfection. I saw the Star of Love emblazoned in the Heavenly Canopy shooting forth its divine rays everywhere, and mildly pointing all to a brighter and holier sphere of celestial existence.

"I, therefore, diligently set about my Christian labors, subduing what I once thought to be invincible, and preparing myself for a higher and more elevated plane of being, attainable only through ministries of Christian love and benevolence. Daily, yea, I might with truth say hourly, I, in company with the bright angels before you, hovered near Napoleon, earnestly and untiringly seeking to bring into subjection the unhallowed desires of his soul, and cause it to throb with those higher humanities and aspirations embodied in the True Christian Religion, and which alone can lead it, out of the darkness of long-cherished errors and unworthy ambitions, into the Immortal Regions of Truth, Love and Wisdom!

"But, as you will readily suppose and believe, it required a great amount of patience and untiring perseverance to overcome all the disparagements and obstacles which lay in our way, and plant in the spirit those seeds which would prepare it for higher works and conditions, and, although at first baffled in our exertions by the overwhelming tide of his inglorious ambitions, yet I was able to discern that the few celestial germs, so opportunely sown in the soil of his heart, would in the future quicken into noble deeds and virtuous impulses, and reward both the recipient and donors 'in the world to come.' And when, through the providential interposition of our Divine Parent, Napoleon was banished from the scenes of public strife and contention to the quiet, secluded haunts of the ocean-encircled isle of St. Helena, favorable opportunities were presented me to continue the heavenly work I had so auspi-

ciously begun; and, all the former impediments being removed, his mind became more passive, and, consequently, better accessible to the Higher Powers of Heaven; and, through their blessed influences, was the soul of Napoleon conducted in repentance to the Father, and became qualified to ascend to a higher universe of peace and happiness.

"As the light began to wane in the lamp of his earthly life, his Spirit-Guardians perceived that he was more than ever impressible to their celestial influxes, and they sought to expand his interior sight, and give him a vision of that beautiful country, whose perpetual and ever-radiant glories were soon to welcome his heaven-bound spirit. Sweetly did their holy influences and impressions descend upon him, encircling him in a halo of glorious and dazzling brilliancy. Successful did they prove in their endeavors, and Napoleon's expanded sight perceived the open arms waiting to receive him in a fraternal embrace, when he should pass from the boundaries of time into the realms of eternity. Paler and paler grew the light of his earthly star; slowly his overjoyed spirit broke from its clayey tabernacle, rising to a brighter and happier condition, where innumerable hosts were waiting to crown it with their welcome greetings. The very air was voiceful with the melodies of celestial music, and balmy with the fragrance of flowers blossoming in the Upper Gardens, while the archangel's trump sounded the notes of divine joy and gladness, as this one redeemed soul was wafted upward, on the zephyrs of heaven, to fairer skies, there to be forever embosomed among the countless myriads which throng the Supernal Galaxy."

Here D'Enghein paused in his communication, and, advancing towards Napoleon, took him kindly by the hand, and clasped it in mine, at the same time breathing on us both the following tender Christian exhortation:

"Brothers: May the beautiful spirit of love and forgiveness animate you in all your dealings with those who have persecuted *you* in the past, and attract them, if possible, to the same plane of harmonious being. May you be united in the bonds of eternal amity, and sally forth together in the same glorious and Christian cause. May you heap coals of fire on the heads of your enemies; bless those who have despitefully

used you, and subdue the threatening waves of antagonism and hatred by the exercise of the gentle spirit of peace and goodwill. May the light of your combined wisdom descend upon the earth-bound soul, illuminating it with divine rays of goodness and love. May you freely bathe in the waters of divine inspiration, and give unto those who are thirsting for the same.

"Go forth, then, dear brothers, in your enterprise of duty and right. Your Heavenly Father has crowned you with the excellences of His Holy Spirit; endowed your minds with vast and comprehensive intellects, capable of unfolding into great good for yourselves, and enhancing the happiness and moral elevation of others. Use the many talents with which God has endowed you both for the benefit of those possessing but one. And, that your Godlike labors may be attended with success, I will invocate the blessing of God to go with you through your eternally progressive existences."

Upon the conclusion of this last sentence, a large concourse of spirits floated in a brilliant circle above us, while another surrounded us, to listen to the elevating prayer breathed forth by this noble, forgiving spirit. With hearts beating with gratitude to the Most High, we humbled ourselves before Him, and D'Enghein gave utterance to the following feeling and effective invocation:

"O Thou Great Dispenser of all Good! Thou art the Being, the only God, to whom we should look, and direct our prayers, and ask a continuance of all those favors and blessings Thou hast previously bestowed upon us. We know that we are not like Thee, infallible; yet, O Father! we would seek to draw ourselves nearer Thee, by employing to good advantage the faculties Thou hast given unto us. We would turn to Thee as the sure and steadfast Anchor on which we can safely rely for support and consolation in every emergency and trial; as the Pardoning Power to which we can, indeed, look, and seek for remission of sins. We thank Thee for the bright Star Thou hast seen fit to transfer from the terrestrial to the celestial skies. We would ask that its pure and genial light may radiate the dark corridors of man's nature, and bring him out of his gross condition into a more glorious and sublimated atmosphere. Give him strength and power from on

high, and a meek and quiet spirit, full of Thy love and tender mercies, that he may perform, with true fidelity and earnestness, the higher ministries to which he has been called. Grant unto him that understanding and knowledge which will lead him aright, and assist in perfecting those noble powers innate in his nature. May he prove a Shining Luminary in Thy Kingdom, a brilliant Star of Wisdom and Purity, from which others may draw light, knowledge and power, and a princely gem in Thy Crown of Glory. May he launch his strongly-built ship of Truth on the sea of Error, bravely sailing against the wind and tide of opposition, and with that of enlightened opinion, fearing no evil or shipwreck, but moving along in his triumphant course, gathering new passengers to pilot him to the Harbor of a higher and purer condition. May he enlist under the standard of that noble band of Reformers, who are seeking the freedom and happiness of the Whole Human Race, advocating the divine principles of our great Gospel, Thy Fatherhood, and the Eternal Brotherhood of Man! May the exemplary virtues of his earth-life be most gloriously represented in his unfolding immortal existence. May all strive to imitate the goodness of his character, to adhere firmly to his precepts of universal freedom, and profit by the Christian counsels and instructions a virtuous and noble life has stamped upon the records of history. And bless, Divine Parent, our other beloved brother, who has welcomed this purified spirit, under circumstances most beautiful and sublime, to the radiant and enduring glories of the heavens of everlasting progress. May the spirit of Charity and Forgiveness follow him in all his labors, and exalt him to higher ministries of love. May he unite, in common with us all, to establish a perfect unity of spirit among the nations of the earth, and to blend all causes in the one mighty cause of humanity. May he engage in that good fight of Truth and Right, which will gain for him, not the wealth or spoils of empires or kingdoms, but the imperishable treasures of heaven. And crown him with the knowledge and wisdom his nature may demand, to carry forward the great and responsible work of human salvation.

"O Thou Eternal Power! whose love
Is everywhere displayed,

Who sit'st enthroned in worlds above,
In Majesty arrayed, —

" Direct us in the path of right,
Our hearts with glory fire,
And fill us with a heavenly light,
Our souls with truth inspire.

SECTION THIRD.

Melancthon — William Ellery Channing — Confucius and Fenelon, his guardians — Abraham, Isaac and Jacob — Moses and Elias — Christ crowned and far above the others — Christ seen and felt by Adams.

When D'Enghein had concluded his beautiful address and prayer, he departed from my spirit-vision; but not, however, until I made a fitting reply to his salutation, assuring him of the deep hold his cheering words had gained on my affections. All during the delivery of his communication I was surrounded by the pure intelligences before mentioned, while a brilliant cloud encircled us all, beyond which my vision could not then penetrate. But as soon as my reply to the foregoing address was completed, D'Enghein waved his spirit-hand, and that cloud slowly disappeared, disclosing to my enraptured view a sparkling river of life and beauty, winding, in magnificent curves, through the boundless fields of heaven. On its silvery bosom reposed a resplendent barque, ornamented with numerous mottoes, symbolic of the purity and glory of the life of those who trod its celestial deck. Over the heads of all floated a splendid banner, adorned with various devices, while at the helm of the barque stood a highly-unfolded spirit, well known in the world's history, with his finger pointing upward, as an assurance to those below him that "faith and good works" will accomplish all things, and lead the soul through innumerable hardships and trials to the Haven of Eternal Rest. Long did I gaze upon the transparent splendor of that Seraph Form, my mind wondering what earthly title it bore. My Instructor, perceiving my anxiety, breathed the name of the great and good

"Melancthon."

Another reclined on an anchor, — the symbol of Hope, — while many "sat at his feet," drinking in the heavenly streams

of knowledge outflowing from his exalted mind, and catching the divine sparks emitted from his glowing teachings and truths. He is known to the world as a bold and fearless Advocate of Truth; as a man who heroically braved the tide of public opinion to serve his Master's cause, and who has transmitted, through his brilliant writings, legacies, of immortal worth, to the civilized and Christian community. Nobly he stemmed the waves of persecution and condemnation, independent of the opinions of those who could not comprehend or appreciate his progressive ideas, "thus furnishing," in his sublime constancy and heroic devotion to the cause of humanity, "a testimony to the worth and immortality of human nature, which more than outweighs the wickedness, of which the Apostles of Truth so often seem to be the victims." I beheld him still as a faithful and devoted Representative of Humanity and Love; as a Champion of the glorious doctrine of Eternal Progression, and the principles of Universal Brotherhood. I saw an exalted band of immortals encircling him, revelling in the gorgeous sunlight of his hallowed inspiration, and learning wisdom and holiness from his angelic lips. I saw him as the Defender of the weak, the Redeemer of the fallen, and the Sympathizer of the crushed.

I saw, in his exalted soul,
Each heavenly excellence combined;
Love, Truth, and Harmony controlled
His glorious, unfolded mind:
The weak, and crushed, and the oppressed,
Commanded still his sympathies,
And all who felt his power were blest,
And pointed up to higher skies.

In that noble countenance, beaming with celestial love; in that commanding intellect, overflowing with intelligence and wisdom; in that great heart, beating in harmony with the Divine Nature; in that exalted, radiant soul, in whose affections were imaged the sublime qualities of the Infinite Character, I saw and recognized the immortal

"William Ellery Channing."

On his head rested a splendid diadem, spangled (as were others)

with gems of brilliant lustre and power, reflecting light and beauty on surrounding intelligences. Over him hovered two angels, in a circlet of stars, of great splendor and magnificence,

"CONFUCIUS AND FENELON,"

who, I am told, were the guardian geniuses of his mortal being, and who inspired him with those golden thoughts, entwined, in fragrant garlands, on the pages of refined literature. A little above them floated a celestial standard, with the following mottoes inscribed upon it:

"Progression."

"Love is the Ruling Law of Heaven."

"Truth is mighty, and must prevail. Error is mortal, and must die."

"Faith, Hope and Charity, are the guides to endless happiness."

"This is our beloved brother, in whom we are well pleased."

"GOD IS LOVE."

"He who would seek for endless life and happiness above
Must seek to sow within the soul the seeds of Truth and Love:
These noble attributes, combined in one united whole,
Will every other excellence in harmony control."

There were also seen, as in the Valley of Beauty, little children, buoyant with youth, innocence, and gayety, whom earthly parents were called to surrender up, in the morning of life, to the guardian care and guidance of angels. A long association with highly-developed intelligences has caused them to progress out of the Valley of Beauty into the Circles of Truth and Wisdom. They bore in their hands flowers of various colors and beauty, in which were typified the purity and loveliness of their seraphic existences. There, too, were seen many of the martyrs and sages of the past, as well as those of more modern times. There I beheld the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and the Patriots of the Revolution. There were the fearless Reformers of the ancient days, — the brave and independent Champions of Right and Justice, who suffered severe and innumerable persecutions in their espousal of God's Living Word. In fact, there were congregated together the spirits of all ages and

nations, who have lent their noble efforts to the cause of good, still engaging in their devout labors of love, and inspiring the hearts of the erring with the Beauties of Holiness; still teaching the ignorant, redeeming the fallen, and breathing sentiments of divine love and hope to the persecuted and enslaved; pointing the afflicted and heart-broken to an everlasting and peaceful home,

> "Where the earth-freed soul will live
> 'Mid joys which heaven alone can give;"

and where angelic citizens forever chant the eternal and quiet repose of the spirit.

While gazing upon this brilliant Band of Congregated Immortals, I again experienced that peculiar sensation before described and felt in the instance of the vision of the battle, and I knew that I was passing into a condition necessary, if possible, to bring me into nearer relationship with higher intelligences. Then I felt myself ascending, attracted upward by the united will-force of those above me, rising higher and higher, until I was overwhelmed in a sea of dazzling light and splendor! And O, if my vision expanded, and my soul leaped for joy, at the sublime pictures I had already beheld, how much more was my happiness enhanced on beholding the sainted form of one, whose unexcelled life and example is indelibly inscribed on the ages of the past and the present, and will be through all eternity! Towering far above the spirits of those assembled on the Celestial Barque, was seen the divine form of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth, surrounded by numerous satellites, of unsurpassed beauty and intelligence, who, like the planets revolving round the sun, were encircling that heavenly Luminary of Light and Wisdom, absorbing the intensity of his celestial power and influence. On a golden cross — that significant typification of his heroic martyrdom — was he reclining, bringing to memory the trials, sufferings, and persecutions of the past, and how bravely he bore his heavy cross to win an immortal crown of glory. Over his head were seen several snow-winged birds, more beautiful than any which inhabit the sublunary planet, while in their half-opened beaks were suspended many appropriate mottoes. At his feet sat prattling youth, drinking in the radiant smiles of his love and

affection. And as my vision feasted on that brilliant group of joyous infancy, collected around this archangel, the sublime saying,

> " Suffer little children to come unto me,
> and forbid them not,
> For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"

uttered by him nearly nineteen centuries ago, rushed to mind, and I saw, in this glorified personage, the same noble and exalted character, — the same childlike simplicity and purity, — the same friend and brother of the weak and helpless, — the same unerring Star of Truth and Love, as when he trod the shores of terrestrial being. There were gathered together the Patriarchs of old,

"Abraham, Isaac and Jacob;"

and Solomon, " in all his glory," stood before the " great Apostle," arrayed in habiliments of virtue and purity, redeemed from the imperfections and errors of his mortal life. There hovered the Master Minds of Past generations, whose examples have been transmitted to us as patterns of true moral excellence and goodness, and whose virtues are as Monumental Statues to the world, evidencing a sublime heroism and an unfaltering devotion to the cause of truth, amid the heaviest trials and persecutions. There were

"Moses and Elias,"

and many other bright spirits of the olden times, still devoted to their Divine Master's Work. On the brow of Christ shone a splendid coronet, — bespeaking the glory of his mind, — in which were enshrined diamonds of incomparable brilliancy, arranged in sweet simplicity. In the centre, encircled by a girdle of gems, appeared the single word,

"Love;"

but O, how much in that one simple word was embodied! When persecuted and reviled, this beautiful attribute shone forth with greater lustre; making his whole life transcendently grand and

sublime, and crowning him with immortal laurels and deathless honors.

It will not be expected that Christ was in immediate companionship or communion with the saints on that Celestial Barque, or enjoyed with them their own sphere of heavenly existence; for, all noble and unfolded as they were in the excellences of the Paternal Character of God, yet they were not prepared to tread with him (Christ) the same court of immortal being, or to enjoy that high order of happiness and glory, which unsurpassed trials and persecutions of earth, together with a long series of progresses and developments in heaven, prepared for him. They were not, however, deprived of the hallowing influences of his Holy Presence, or of communication with his gloriously-unfolded Mind; for, high above them, soared that Divine Intelligence, that Sainted Hero of Calvary, breathing, as of old, strength and encouragement to the disciples of truth, and awakening in their souls higher and nobler aspirations. Upon them still descended the light of his wisdom and love, invoking all to come and worship at the Shrine of Eternal Truth, and to seek a closer walk with God. Jew and Gentile, Saint and Sinner, were alike pregnable to the commanding influence and power of this No Respecter of Persons. And, as my vision rested upon him, in his exalted heaven beyond, invested in the Panoply of every Celestial Attribute, calling all to take up his Cross and follow him, the unwavering fortitude and confidence in God he manifested,—the patience and calm resignation with which he bore his terrible trials and sufferings,—the Godlike Spirit of Forgiveness he displayed throughout his earthly career, and especially in the "last, dread agonies" on Calvary's Height, passed, in vivid colors, before me, and I acknowledged, in that resplendent form, the persecuted Christ of old,—the Friend and Brother of all, the Representative of Peace and Good-Will, and the glorious Embodiment of True Christianity!

Thanks be rendered to God, Christ's glorified spirit is not dead to the lower world! It walks abroad night and day, reviewing the scenes of his past labors, and hallowing them with his deathless inspiration. He lives in the hearts of the good and pure; in their undying sympathies and affections; lives in the divine teachings he has transmitted to posterity;

in the immortality deduced from unparalleled persecutions, trials and sufferings, and the immortality which is the Christian's reward in heaven. He lives immortal as the "Rock of Ages," upon which he has erected his Temple of Truth, and will continue to live "till sun, moon and stars, shall pass away, and Time shall be no more;" surviving even, in fame and honor, the "wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Eternal will his Spirit live,
Through each Unfolding Age;
A princely fame his works have writ,
On History's golden page.

To-day he is doing his Father's mission in the earth, where he early drank the dregs of sorrow and affliction, and where an ignominious death rewarded his pious labors. Unseen of mortals, and scarcely visible to immortals, he silently perambulates the shores of terrestrial being, stopping by the wayside to breathe peace and hope to the bowed down, and fortitude and strength to the faltering heart. Beautifully his "ministering spirit" invites the erring soul to God, and whispers a divine sympathy to the enslaved and crushed, speaking unto the tyrant and oppressor, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him. Break the chains of the oppressed, and let them go free."

To mourning ones he speaks comfort and joy, and bids them look up to heaven, where they will meet the departed of earth, and dwell with them in everlasting blessedness. And in all the avenues of crime and wickedness, where the purifying influences of a Jesus' love are most required, does his holy power extend, inspiring each calloused heart with a love of the right, and obedience to the divine laws of God. With that Band of Reformers, who are aiming to establish the heaven-born principles of Universal Brotherhood among the children of men, is he also associated, breathing heavenly hope and strength, and a complete triumph in the end for their now persecuted Christian cause. If the black waves of hate and opposition dash

against their glorious endeavors, seeking to engulf them in defeat and ruin, his magic power and influence are exerted to roll them back and bid them "be still." O, let us not drive him from the domicil of our hearts by any wrong or inharmonious act of ours; but let us imbibe the cherished sentiments of his Ascended Spirit, and walk in the footprints of his matchless life; remembering that they are the only safe and sure guides to endless happiness, peace and glory; and that, "except we possess the spirit of Christ, we are none of his."

Intently I gazed upon that seraphic form, that Satellite of Wisdom and Love, and became absorbed in wonder and admiration, dazzled by the glory of his brilliant mind. I thought eternal ages would roll on ere I should catch a glimpse of his celestial figure, so sublimated by long association with the refined and highly-unfolded Influences of the Land of Immortals. But the All-Permeating Spirit of the Universes permitted me to behold this Archangel of the Skies, that I might be inspired with new aspirations, and a desire to attain to the high condition enjoyed by him. And though at present there seems to be an "impassable gulf" yawning between me and this Wisdom-Spirit, yet I know, by a proper application of the powers and faculties God has given me, I shall, in the lapse of eternal duration, unfold into his high and holy condition, and enjoy with him the supernal glories of the Beatified Heavens beyond!

After enjoying a sublime vision of this Sainted Spirit, the Powers above me withdrew their influences, and I descended to my former plane of being, where the Celestial Barque before mentioned appeared to my vision, with its numberless hosts of bright immortals. Then, receiving their combined congratulations, and their kind wishes for my future eternal happiness and speedy progress, they slowly floated away, until

Was hidden from my spirit-view
  That glorious Barque of Heav'nly Youth,
With all its bright, celestial crew, —
  The Representatives of Truth!

Inspiring music burst along
  The circling spheres of bliss and love,

As that immortal seraph throng
Departed to the realms above.

To me they waved their gentle hands,
Beckoning me to hasten on
To their all-radiant, happy lands,
Where Jesus Christ before has gone.

SECTION FOURTH.

Napoleon upon D'Enghein — Reflections upon Napoleon — Adams to Napoleon — Joan of Arc to Adams — His reply — Lafayette's close.

When D'Enghein and his Celestial Attendants had departed, that same brilliant cloud of light which surrounded me during the delivery of his address, again encircled me, shutting out from my view the gorgeous splendors of the Upper Skies. Then Napoleon once more approached me, and, in the following few words, concluded his long but intensely interesting communication:

"In that beautiful salutation, dear brother, you will mark the Christian Spirit of Love and Forgiveness, which influenced D'Enghein upon my entrance to the Heavenly Country. In it you will see exemplified the beauties of that Christian exhortation, which enjoins upon us to 'forgive our enemies,' and 'to bless those who despitefully use us.' In his Spirit of Charity, Forbearance and Humility, you see faithfully represented the shining graces of that good man, whose whole life was one of Love and Forgiveness, and who achieved a sublime triumph in his conquest over his enemies, never so gloriously manifested as in the last grand struggle of the soul!

"Many have averred that there were palliating circumstances which render that crime less odious in its features, in consideration of the fact that D'Enghein was studiously and secretly plotting the destruction of what, at that time, I felt were worthy aspirations; that it was due to the preservation of my own earth-existence, to the interests of the cause I espoused, and, above all, to the maintenance of the integrity and purity of the Imperial Throne, that his assassination should take place in the manner it did. At that time circumstances seemed to favor such a supposition, and to throw on the great sinfulness of the act the semblance of justification. But there was a Power

above, who judged that act according to its sinfulness, and with impartiality and mercy.

"In mockery of all divine law, in contravention to the fundamental principles of True Christianity and the holy teachings of its Great Embodiment, in direct opposition to the sacred instincts of Human Nature, and the stern, imperative voice of Right and Conscience, was the Spirit of D'Enghein hurried from time into eternity, to answer an inglorious end. But O, that act, so wrongful in its nature, has been repented of by me, and forgiven by my Heavenly Father, and by the bright intelligence who was so suddenly ushered into Immortal Life through my aid and instrumentality, thus furnishing me a sublime lesson of love and forgiveness, and inviting me to 'go and do likewise,'— even to heap coals of fire on the heads of mine enemies, and to bless those who may despitefully use me.

"I have thus, immortal spirit, addressed you, at great length, travelling over a large extent of ground, to show to you the glories of my welcome, and the Spirit of Forgiveness which actuated those I had so deeply wronged and injured. I shall hope that the few truths I have communicated will prove of some advantage to you in your progressive career, and incite you to renewed exertions for the good of mankind. In the instance of D'Enghein, you perceive the triumph of love over hate, of the higher attributes of the soul over the baser passions of a perverted nature. In his example you see the victory he won over himself, and the heavenly results occurring from a communion with angels. Upon his unfoldment into the Spiritual Country, retaliation was the all-absorbing passion of his being, — the one idea and thought of his immortal mind; but, under the salutary influences of, and by association with, Celestial Intelligences, these antagonisms and discordant feelings disappeared, and the noble attribute, love, prevailed.

"Thus, unconsciously to myself, hovered above my head this Satellite of Love and Forgiveness, — the guardian of my closing days, — impressing me with beautiful thoughts and ideas, and inspiring me with high and holy aspirations. Soothingly descended on my soul the genial influences of his own, sublimating my affections, and discarding therefrom every malevolent feeling and unworthy ambition. And thus, under the unseen

care and guardianship of this holy angel, together with the blessed guidance of other powers of heaven, was I led along the rough course of mortal being, through the innumerable perils and anxieties of my exiled life, and, finally, to the Bowers of Uninterrupted Peace and Glory, there to greet

> "Th' innumerable and white-robed band
> Passed on from earth to Spirit Land,"

and bathe with them amid the eternal light and sunshine of angelic countenances.

"And O, well-beloved friend and brother, may the beautiful visions and evidences of spirit power and love you have received since your entrance to immortal life, work out for you everlasting felicity and enjoyment, and be the means of elevating you still higher in the regions of progressive life. Conceal not the light God has given you beneath a bushel; but let it shine forth, that all beholding it may be led to glorify their Father in Heaven, and be brought to a knowledge of the truth, as transmitted through the stainless life and character of Jesus Christ. May the vision of the battle, too, teach you the protecting care of angels, and the faithfulness with which they guard the progress of right and truth, and the power and ability they possess to accomplish their heaven-born designs. May it also inspire you with a determination to hasten on the period when war shall be known no more,— when its weapons shall be beaten into implements of peace and industry, and the flowers of amity and concord blossom everywhere.

"I will now urge this long, and, to me, interesting conversation, to a speedy termination. I will not, however, permit you to pass from my sight until I have echoed the language of other immortals, and invoked on your head the richest favors and blessings of heaven. May that happiness and felicity, which falleth to the glorious lot of immortals, be your eternal portion! May you seek them by doing good, in comforting those who are bereaved, in reclaiming the unfortunate and erring, in improving public sentiment below, and, finally, in redeeming society from the slavish grasp of error and bigotry, and spreading, to the extent of your power and capacity, the Institution of Universal Christianity over the whole earth. Brother, these

are thy missions. Perform them faithfully, and with cheerful alacrity, and a rich inheritance, in the Upper Kingdoms, will be thy recompense.

"Advance, dear brother, on thy way, and let thy labors prove
A strong devotion to the cause of Christian Truth and Love.
Let Faith and Hope inspire thee still to pursue the right and true,
And to perform, with willing mind, 'what thy hands now find to do.'

"Disseminate the principles for which dear Jesus died,
And his example ever make thy pattern and thy guide;
And seek to spread the sentiments of Virtue, Truth and Right,
For which he yielded up his life on 'Sainted Calvary's Height!'"

Thus closed this long and deeply-interesting interview with the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose acts, in many instances, I can safely say, without any deviation from truth, have been wrongfully judged by the world. Yet I am rejoiced to see that public opinion is being revolutionized, inclining more and more in his favor; and what, by an unenlighted community, were once denounced and stigmatized as crimes, are beginning to wear the semblance of virtues. I am not an apologist of Napoleon's faults or misdeeds. I am aware that his earth-life was not infallible,—not exempt from imperfections or errors,—and I would not, consequently, seek to hide them under the cloak of apologies. I would have them stand forth, in bold relief, to the world's children, that they may see and realize that true fame and honor can only be won by virtuous aspirations for the good of all. In the instance of Napoleon, there is reason to believe that his actions, at times, were influenced by self-considerations, strongly tinctured, however, with an intensified love for his country, which was bleeding at every pore from the shafts of foreign tyrannies and oppressions. But how eager has the world been to present the dark side of the picture, without turning to that brighter side reflecting the transcendent loveliness of immortal virtues! How uncharitable has it shown itself in its partial delineations of his character! How unwise and unchristian the policy it has pursued! With what avidity has it grasped at every misdemeanor, no matter how minute or how monstrous, that it might transfer them to the pages of history, and to generations yet unborn! But the

Hand of Benevolence and Justice will erase these lines, and enroll in their places his bright virtues and excellences. The prejudices, which, for so long a season, have twined their poisonous folds around the fame of Napoleon, will forever disappear, and his virtues, as well as faults, will be vividly and impartially chronicled by the historian.

Yes, noble soul! to use thine own words: "Posterity will know thee as thou art." The excellences of thy nature are written, in enduring lines, on the monuments thy many good deeds have reared;—lines which time can never efface, or cause to dim in their brightness.

The hand of history will enroll
The virtues of thy noble soul

upon its gilded pages, and honest and loving hearts will cherish, in sweet remembrance, the memory of thy patriotic deeds.

I should here state that, when D'Enghein had concluded his soul-ennobling communication, Pichegru, and others, who accompanied him on the same glorious River of Life, and who had suffered somewhat from the ambitious career of Napoleon, then addressed me in lofty strains of eloquence, breathing the same divine spirit of love, charity and forgiveness, as that which characterized their Celestial Associate. Their thoughts were conched in beautiful language, adorned with many sparkling gems of purity and wisdom, and resonant with the music of divine love and harmony. Like D'Enghein, they were at first fired with the spirit of hate and retaliation, and were fully determined to avenge the indignities and outrages committed against them when in the earth-existence. They communicated to me the history of their sufferings and injuries, not in the spirit of ill-will or revenge, but in that of Christian Charity and Love, and the measures they adopted to eradicate what they also thought, in the primitive stages of their spiritual developments, to be the invincible elements of their natures. The purifying and harmonizing influences of heaven, and frequent intercourse with the Intelligences of Higher Circles, however, refined and subjugated the grosser passions of their beings, and they resolved, with entire unanimity, so to improve and elevate themselves, as to be prepared, when Napoleon's last struggle with earth should come,

to extend to him a fervent welcome to the Shores of Eternal Progression. It was then that the mystery, which, for so long a time, had shrouded the physical death of Pichegru was clearly unravelled to my satisfaction, and I learned the instrumentality by which he was ushered into the spheres of immortal being.

As these radiant intelligences in turn addressed me, recounting their several interesting narratives relative to their earthly existence, they assembled together in a circle around Napoleon, while flowers, of surpassing beauty and fragrance, continued to descend in showers at their feet. The air was still tuneful with silvery music from the diviner realms, while round about us meandered a flood of lofty inspiration. Our hearts were melodious with love and harmony; the glory of the Lord shone above and around us, while the tears of joy and delight glistened, like dew-drops, on each angelic countenance.

It would require, as in other instances, a long period for me to recount all the beauties of these heavenly interviews, or to repeat the many golden thoughts which fell, like pearls, from the seraphic minds of these bright angels. May it prove sufficient for me to say that their messages (as in others to which I had listened) were fraught throughout with charity, love and forgiveness, and abundant in intellectual gems of great worth and excellence. I will now occupy a very few moments of my readers' time, in reciting the brief reply I made to Napoleon's long and heaven-inspiring congratulations.

"All-Radiant Spirit: I have listened with delight to thy earnest salutation, and feasted on the glowing thoughts and truths reflected from the star of thy gifted intellect. Intently have I caught the fires of eloquence emitted from thy mind, and respired interiorly the light of knowledge and wisdom shadowed forth by thy inspiring words. Sacredly have I garnered them home to my heart, and enshrined them among those priceless jewels which angelic fingers have twined around my brow.

"The world, dear brother, I now realize, has not done thee justice. Wantonly has it assailed thy fame, and 'construed thy actions and motives to represent the worst phases of cruelty and oppression!' It has heaped odium and condemnation on thy public acts, and even invaded the sanctity of thy private

character. The historian, in recording the incidents of thy life, has evinced an unworthy partiality, careful only to present the dark phases of thy checkered existence, and refusing to draw aside the veil which would reveal to human perception the bright and sunny side of life's picture.

"But, O, pleasant must it be to thee to gaze from thy happy home on the outer world, and perceive public sentiment inclining more in thy favor! The prejudices, which have so long swayed the world, and poisoned the sympathies of the people, are now disappearing before the triumphant march of progressive ideas and principles, and soon will mankind discern thy virtues as well as faults, — thy noble aspirations as well as unworthy ambitions. And with thee, O Exalted Spirit! I perceive the day is rapidly approaching, when the star of thy True Fame, which has shone over many a worthy action, will emerge out of the darkness of prejudice and bigotry, to shine more gorgeously brilliant when the clouds shall clear away. Already is it ascending the radiant sky of historic immortality, to twinkle there, with crescive power and splendor, among the many luminaries of light and wisdom bespangling its brilliant galaxy, destined to ascend higher and still higher, until the whole universe shall see and acknowledge the intensity of its power!

"Thy country loves thee as no other can. Her children have gathered thy slumbering mortality home to themselves, and laid it eternally to repose on the bosom of its endeared France. No unhallowed foot will dare profane its sacred bed, or tongue

'Talk lightly of the Hero that 's gone.'

Amid the hearts of those thou lovest so well, will thy earthly ashes be forever enshrined, even as the remembrances of thy patriotic deeds are stamped upon the monuments of thy country's historic greatness. Her children will wreathe garlands of affection around thy earth's consecrated urn, and mothers will teach their little ones to lisp the name of Napoleon in love and reverence; and, also, to treasure in memory the sublime virtues of his faithful and tried Josephine! No! bright immortal, thou art not forgotten, nor ever wilt be! Embosomed in the soil of thy beloved France, in the midst of the 'few and faithful'

who valiantly fought by thy side in her cherished cause, will thy mortal dust enjoy, unmolested, an eternal, peaceful repose, while thy ransomed, exultant spirit will watch that country's rising destiny, breathing humanity and right to its rulers, and hope and strength to the oppressed and crushed.

"My pleasant interview with D'Enghein, Pichegru, and other intelligences, *has* taught me a lesson of Christ-like Love and Forgiveness, and to cherish toward my fellow-men everywhere peace, harmony, and good-will; to breathe forth to my persecutors, and the persecutors of truth, the same divine spirit of meek-eyed charity, and to overcome evil with good; to pour benedictions and blessings on those who curse me, and, if smitten on the one cheek, to yield up the other, also; in fine, it has taught me everything noble and just, and to aspire to those more radiant skies, where most sublimated forms of spirit-life are seen, and the soul is wrapped in a perfect Elysian of Immortal Happiness, Felicity and Glory.

"The battle-scene which has been mirrored before me has conveyed to me a knowledge of the mode which angels employ to guide the destinies of nations and of individuals. And though Messengers of Peace and Good-Will, and Representatives of the Gospel of that fearless Advocate of Truth, Jesus of Nazareth, yet the Almighty Father privileges them to hover o'er the war-desolated field, to impede its fearful train of miseries, and bring back the smiling, white-robed Angel of Peace to its rightful dominion. He also permits them to strengthen the enslaved and bound down, and to assist them in gaining those rights and immunities which are theirs by His infinite decrees.

"In that sublime vision I behold the evidences of Celestial Agencies and the wisdom and love displayed by the Supreme Being in the accomplishment of His Infinite Designs. In it I see a manifestation of Omnipotent Power and Goodness, — the marks of an All-Wise and Benevolent Hand, who must, from the very divinity of His Nature, desire the eternal happiness of his intellectual children. In it I realize the blessed guardianship of Angelic Beings, and the all-potent influence they possess o'er the destinies of mankind. I behold, also, the faithful care and protection they manifested for thee in the espousal of thy bleeding country's cause. And in all, I admit the control

and guidance of the Supernal Intelligences, and their capacity to sway the destinies of their fellow-beings.

"And O, immortal spirit, happy must be the thought, to those who can realize it, that 'the spirits of just men made more perfect' can hover over the heads of mankind, and lead them into paths of peace and godliness; that they can strengthen the hearts of the desponding and afflicted, and send them on their way rejoicing in the sweet assurances of angelic proximity, and in the precious hopes of a happy and eternal reünion with their loved ascended friends:

> "Ah! pleasing thought, that those they love,
> Passed on to brighter scenes above,
> Can hover near, their souls to bless
> With heavenly visions numberless;
> And smooth each dark and thorny way
> With flowers that never can decay,
> And point them to that peaceful sky
> Where Love and Friendship never die.

"I thank thee, brother, for all the beautiful truths thou hast conveyed to me,—the many lessons of love, charity and wisdom, thou hast taught me in thy elevating communication. I repeat, I thank thee for these proofs of thy interest and regard, and I sincerely hope and pray that I may carry with me through eternity the same lovely spirit of meekness, forbearance and Christian Humility, as I have seen manifested in the soul-elevating interviews I have enjoyed with thee and thy forgiving associates. And my fervent desire is that you may continue to progress in the divine excellences of the Infinite Father, and drink bountifully of those healing waters which flow from the Well-Spring of Salvation.

"Go forth, then, my noble brother, into the world, and let thy light shine in the dark avenues of crime and wickedness, that its beneficent beams may warm into active being the attributes of love and virtue; let all mankind feel thy influence, and hear the trumpet-tones of thy eloquent voice proclaiming liberty to the captive, hope to the despairing, and peace and goodwill to the revengeful and discordant. Equip thyself in the harness of Truth and Salvation; gird around thyself the armor of Peace and Love, and march forward in the good fight, in the

bloodless battle of Right and Justice, and, by unflinching devotion and perseverance, thou wilt win a prouder conquest—a far more magnificent victory!

"Equip thyself, my brother, in the panoply of right,
And, with the mighty hosts of heaven, march forward in Truth's Fight,
Endeav'ring, with undaunted zeal, to break oppression's chain,
And lead the crushed and bruiséd heart to our Immortal Plain!

"And let thine influence descend upon the earth-bound soul,
To still the stormy waves of sin which loudly round it roll,
And strive to heal the wounded heart, and dry the mourner's tears,
With joyful words of love and hope from Heaven's Celestial Spheres.

"And teach the wayward, wand'ring ones, that perfect peace and bliss
Come only through a virtuous life—a life of godliness;
And that, to win a golden crown in the Spirit's Home above,
They first must seek to make their hearts the home of heavenly love

"Upon thy head do I invoke Heaven's purest blessings now,
And that, eternal light and joy may bathe thy spirit-brow;
That, through the realms of love, thy soul may rapidly progress,
And find a sweet retreat in Bowers of Perfect Happiness."

There was one more scene enacted in this immortal drama, ere the celestial curtain descended. At the instant I had completed my reply to Napoleon, the brilliant cloud of light, which still environed us, again separated, revealing to my vision another gorgeous Temple, filled with an immense concourse of beings, of as rich and noble intellects as ever adorned the different ages of the world. There were also intelligences from the different worlds which sparkle in the Terrestrial Skies, mingling in the society of the good and pure, who once lived among the ephemeral things of earth. On closer inspection, I also recognized the familiar countenances of some of those who presented themselves to me in the vision of the battle, and who so valiantly fought under the command of Napoleon. In the centre of this Intelligent Group was seated, upon a throne, the resplendent form of a female, clad in garments of dazzling brightness. On her brow, as on many others I had seen, reposed a Crown of Glory, set with jewels of princely value. In it was inscribed a beautiful motto, thus:

"'T is our delight to do the greatest good."
"Immortality."
"Love is Heaven's highest Beatitude."

In one hand she carried a coronet, also inlaid with brilliant pearls, wrought into the following sweet inscription:

"Heaven rewards 'her Faithful' with Glory's Crown."

Descending from her star-gemmed throne, she approached me, and placed in my hand that Immortal Crown of Glory. In her ethereal form I recognized the leader of the Celestial Army — the heroic Joan of Arc!

For a little while there was a sacred stillness in our midst, as this glorious Representative of Peace and Love echoed forth the following communication:

"Unfolding Star of Light and Wisdom: I am permitted to strew a few fragrant flowers of thought and beauty in thy pathway of progressive spirit-life, and to crown thee with this Aureola, — the unmistakable evidence of angelic affection, — presented to thee in behalf of the inhabitants of heaven, who have watched thine unfaltering devotion and constancy to the eternal principles of Truth and Justice, and unwavering confidence in God, in every hour of darkest trial and discouragement.

"As a testimonial of their regard and esteem, — as a token of their high appreciation of thy labors in the field of humanity, and thy fearless championship of human rights, — I am commissioned to present to thee this humble evidence of their approbation and love, hoping that its gems of great beauty and power will reflect immortal radiance on thy soul, and brighten thine onward march to grander abodes in the Eternal Realms.

"In the magnificent Temple before thee, grander by far than the perishable ones of the terrestrial globe, behold the symbols of Justice and Mercy. It enshrines many highly-developed souls, whose holy labors of love have won for them a golden and everlasting reward, and in whose elevating society thine earth-enfranchised spirit will commingle in beautiful congenial ity and blending.

"In those bright Immortals, behold the Ministers of Grace, — the Representatives of the Divine Attributes, — the unflinching

Defenders of Right and Justice! The diadems, which adorn each exalted brow, reflect forth the glory of their unfolding minds, and the Christian Beatitudes which adorn their Progressive Natures. May thy disenthralled spirit inspire the radiance of their light and power, and prepare to assist them in their devoted ministries of mercy and love.

"Faithfully hast thou served thy country, and stamped on its history a character of enduring worth and beauty, which will immortalize thee for time and eternity. Heroically didst thou brave threatening dangers and persecutions for Humanity's sake, and the heavy storms of hatred and revenge which beat against thy heavenly missions; but, fearing thy God, instead of man, thou soughtest to fulfil His Divine Requirements, — to build up His Temple of Truth and Justice on earth, and thereby win that eternal recompense consequent upon glorious works of Charity and Goodness.

"May the Star of thy Unsullied Fame gild, with its brightness, the future hopes of man, and illuminate all hearts with the radiance of its benignant beams. May they behold, in its effulgent light, a foreshadowing of honorable eminence and glory, and the only path which can lead to true fame and distinction. May the white robe of thy virtues descend on those high in earthly office, and their hearts be taught to hold in sacred remembrance the Laws of God; to cherish within them the teachings and precepts given forth to mankind by the lowly Jesus of Nazareth!

"Bright Star of Hope and Promise: be still a Beacon-Light to thy country, that it may be led away from the dangerous rocks of political animosities and strifes; a pilot who will steer its noble ship of state o'er the tempestuous waves of slavery and oppression into the Harbor of Peace, Universal Liberty and Love, where the storms of inharmony cannot reach.

"Still labor for thy country dear,
And teach its rulers so to live
As to acquire, in higher spheres,
Honors which Heaven alone can give:
Where bliss and glory will attend
The soul's eternal progress on,
And every heart together blend
In an enduring unison.

"And let not thy gushing sympathies be confined to a limited few; but let them explore the vast regions of mind and matter, and be instrumental in performing much good.

"May the beautiful scenes thou hast witnessed during thy short pilgrimage in spirit-life inspire thee with the love and goodness of that Heavenly Father, who empowers His Immortal Children to hover o'er the inhabitants of earth, and impress them with the nearness of their holy presences. May thy ministering care and guidance, too, be extended to the citizens of the terrestrial planet, to raise up those groping in darkness and error to light and to truth. May thine endless spirit-life represent peace and harmony, and mayst thou teach those below thee to love God and Man, and to live and act up to the Christian principles embodied in the Religion of Christ.

"Now, Unfolding Spirit, I will tender to thee a short farewell. I depart on my happy way to that Circle of Celestial Life in which I move, and which cherishes so many glorious saints in its divine embrace. I will carry with me to my spirit-bower the memory of this pleasant interview, and commission other Celestials to welcome thee to the Realms of Unending Felicity and Happiness. And, when thy developing vision has beheld more of the sublime beauties of the Spirit's Eternal Home, I will again seek thy presence, and, in company with these exalted Ministers of Love, will bear thy Heaven-born soul to its appropriate abiding-place. May God's Holy Spirit go with thee, and crown thy eternal life with His approving smiles.

"Heaven's blessings, brother, rest with thee,—
Attend thee as thy soul shall move
Through regions of immensity,
Where shine Eternal Stars of Love!

"O, may thy life in truth progress,
Inspiring deep the streams which flow
From that blest Fount of Happiness,
Where all, unending joys will know!

"Go forth into the boundless field
Spread out before thy Spirit View,
And let thy light be not concealed
From those who seek the Good and True.

"Assist those on the shores of Time,
Who grope in error's darksome night,
To find those realms of peace sublime
Where shines undimmed Truth's Beacon-Light.

"And go, wherever thou canst be
Of service to thy brother-man,
And let thine influence, pure and free,
Flow forth to do what good it can.

"I now, bright spirit, will ascend
To my abode of happiness;
I'll come again, and thee attend
To thy Immortal Bower of Bliss."

This poem completed the address of Joan of Arc. I did not, however, permit her to retire from my sight until I echoed the following simple response:

"I thank thee, exalted intelligence, in behalf of the celestial citizens of the Heavenly Country, for the token of love and affection thou hast presented me; also, I sincerely and heartily thank thee for the Christian counsels and exhortations thou hast so bountifully lavished upon me, and for the many blessings thou hast invoked upon my head; and I promise thee that no act of mine shall cause the diadem thou hast placed in my hand to dim in its glory or lustre. All I can do for the establishment of Truth's Gospel in the earth, and the perpetuation of the principles of Jesus Christ everywhere, shall be done, nor

'Will I in my labors cease,
Until the earth shall smile with peace,
And every heart throbs with the love
Born in angelic breasts above.'

"I will now bid thee a short adieu. I, too, shall bear with me, through all eternity, the remembrances of this delightful interview, and shall hope that the beautiful instructions thou hast conveyed to me will prove of everlasting profit to my soul. Thou goest on thy path of duty, and I mine. May these, thy immortal companions, attend thee on thy happy journey, bearing with them the joyful memories of this soul-enlivening occasion, and the eternal well-wishes of their humble friend and brother.

"O, may thy heav'nly influence shine
Around the hearts of all mankind,
And cause each dormant gem within
To cleanse itself of every sin.

"And may thy sympathies e'er turn
Toward those who for instruction yearn,
Who need that kindly aid from thee
Which will from error set them free.

"May God and Holy Angels shed
Their highest blessings on thy head,
And Love and Wisdom bear thee on
Nearer to the Eternal One.

"Go now, bright angel, on thy way
To mansions of unclouded day,
And in those spheres learn what you can,
Then teach it to your fellow-man."

When I had thus responded to the address of Joan of Arc, she and a number of her eelestial associates passed slowly away from my sight, until, amid the supernal glories of the serener skies beyond, they were entirely lost to view. Then my faithful Instructor again addressed me:

"Before you, beloved brother, behold the Temple of Justice and Mercy, in which are enshrined the spirits of the just and good, who have exerted themselves in behalf of humanity, and who were willing to endure trials and suffer persecutions and martyrdoms that truth and right might triumph. Many have immortalized themselves (as far as the world's history can do it), while others have labored for the good of mankind less conspieuously, but none the less zealously; and though the world writes on her marble monuments no glowing epitaphs for them, or rears no 'granite pile' to memorialize their Christian deeds of philanthropy and virtue, yet on the eternal reeords of heaven is stamped the impress of their exalted characters, and God rewards them openly for their faithful fulfilment of His Divine Requisitions. May you learn, from their examples, how to win a higher fame and brighter honors, than those which earth can bestow, and that Love, Justice, and Mercy, are the only passports to their enduring friendship and society, and to permanent peaee and happiness."

With this brief address of Lafayette closed the long and interesting chain of communication, commenced under circumstances most glorious and sublime, at the first with the vision of the battle, and the guardianship of angelic hosts; then, following in rapid succession, other scenes of exalted beauty and interest, all of which had the tendency to elevate me, and make me feel and realize the necessity of faithfully performing the work in which I had enlisted; and terminating with the vision of the Temple of Justice and Mercy. I saw before me innumerable minds, of unbounded goodness and intellect, — of expanded purity of soul and purpose, — of noble virtue and enlarged sympathies, — who had attained a high and ennobling sphere of immortal being through their laborious ministrations of duty and love; and in their brilliant examples I read the Lessons of my Eternal Life, — lessons of noble and inspiring emulation. In the mirror of their purified existences I saw their immortal virtues reflected, and those crowning attributes and graces which had led them on from one sphere of progress to another, until, in Higher Circles of Wisdom and Purity, they enjoyed the companionship of the purest and most elevated Intelligences.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
November, 1856.

MESSAGE VIII.

HOME OF THE JUST MADE PERFECT.

SECTION FIRST.

Description and mottoes — Address of Mary the mother of Jesus — Joseph the father of Jesus.

When I had received the several congratulatory addresses from different spirits in the Temple of Justice and Mercy, another brilliant cloud encircled me and my celestial guides, and, by the exertion of our united will-power, we continued our aerial journey toward other worlds of glory and magnificence. After fathoming another ocean of space, we ceased in our upward career, and Lafayette again addressed me:

"Another happy scene, my brother, is about to be disclosed to your spiritual organ of sight, — a scene, which will, I know, inspire you with new emotions and delights. In it you will discern a few of those resplendent luminaries which glisten in our Celestial Confederacy. May their effulgent light and power illuminate your aspiring nature, and qualify you for brighter mansions in the Father's House!"

Again the golden cloud encircling us disappeared, revealing to my spiritual eyes a very beautiful and intensely interesting spectacle. Above me was seen a magnificent Circle of Stars, within which were thirteen other girdles, environing the spirits of just men made perfect. Upon a closer view, how great was my joy and surprise, when I became aware that they contained the sublimated spirits of the Signers of the

"Declaration of American Independence."

Above them, in the circle within a circle, floated a Carrier Dove, with the usual emblem of peace in its beak, while around

the centre circle was inscribed, in blazing letters, the scriptural passage,

"Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men."

On each side of the last-named symbol was a small circle, within each of which was a star. The one on the right represented the

"Star of Hope."

Around it glistened that beautiful and striking passage, which occurs in the Declaration of Independence, and which alone is sufficient to immortalize it:

"All men are created free and equal."

The one on the left represented the glorious and resplendent

"Star of Promise."

Around it sparkled also a motto, to the truth of which all good angels, embodied and disembodied, will cheerfully and unitedly assent:

"Freedom is the impartial, God-bequeathed right of all,
And *all mankind will yet be spiritually and physically free.*"

Below the emblem of the Dove was seen still another circle, adjoining the thirteen States, in which the Angel of Love and Mercy had inscribed the following appropriate and truthful lines:

"Their mortal race on earth is run;
Immortality have they won;
Below they 've left a noble name,
And gained in Heaven a princely fame.

"May their examples lustre give
To all who on earth's planet live,
That they, too, when their work is done,
May reap the glories they have won."

In the centre of the symbol of the Dove appeared the two beautiful lines:

"We bear healing on our wings,
And good tidings to the loved ones of earth."

On each side was a double octagon cluster of Stars, each one encircling a spirit-form. In the centre of the one on the right shone the name of the great and good

"WASHINGTON;"

while in the one on the left glistened the earthly title of my Celestial Guide and Companion,

"LAFAYETTE."

The resplendent stars which culminated around the mortal names of these heaven-ennobled Intelligences represented those brave and devoted men who fought by the side of Washington, Putnam, Lafayette, and others, in the memorable battles of the Revolution. Above them, and between the Dove-Emblem and the Thirteen Circles, shone the following lines:

"To battle for the Truth and Right
Is still our aim and chief delight,
And will be, as we onward move,
Through all the circling spheres of love."

Below all, and immediately under the large device, was another octagon figure, containing, too, a small circle, in which was enclosed a beautiful bird, in the act of winging its flight upward. In its opened beak was a little scroll, with the word

"PROGRESS"

written upon it. Around the outer circle, in dazzling letters of light, appeared the following sentences:

"Our Land is one of Progression.
All are advancing toward Infinitude."

While on the inner one, enshrining the Dove, were seen the following soul-enlivening lines:

"We wing our rapid flight to yon bright heaven above,
To bring good news to you from those you fondly love."

And O, if joy and happiness filled my soul while gazing upon

these sublime pictures, how much more were they increased as my vision rested upon, if possible, a still higher scene! Towering above the immortal band, floated, in the ethereal atmosphere, a splendid Rainbow of Stars, in which hovered an Angel of Light and Love, holding in her hand a golden scroll. Overarching the rainbow was a very brilliant sun, exceeding in grandeur, sublimity and strength of power, that dazzling orb which illuminates the terrestrial planet, and involving the surrounding worlds of sublimated spirit-life in a perfect blaze of glory. Its glowing rays penetrated each circle of spiritual existence, diffusing their light and warmth within each soul. It was designed to represent the Infinite, Supreme Intelligence, the Divine Author of all things. Over it, in the far ethereal heavens, was inscribed one single sentence:

"The Sun of Righteousness."

Between that glorious Representation and the Rainbow, upon a mighty Tablet, were engraved the beautiful poetical passages I have written below:

"I am the Sun, whose light alone
Can lead my children to my Throne."

"I am the Staff, the Stay of all,
My Power on every soul shall fall."

"I am the Shepherd and the Way,
Whose Finger points to endless day."

"My Arm alone can happiness
Dispense unto the fatherless."

"I am the Anchor and the Shrine
On which the mourner may recline,
And find, in their all-strengthening power,
Sweet peace and hope in sorrow's hour."

"I am the Lamp, whose quenchless light
Shall keep my children in the right,
And draw them nearer unto me,
To spend in Heaven eternity."

"I am the brilliant Star of Love,
Whose Rays point all to bliss above."

"I am the Hope to all mankind;
In me the soul can comfort find."

"To me all hearts in faith may turn,
And Truth and Love and Wisdom learn."

"Come near, my children, and seek rest
Among thy Father's Ransomed, Blest,
And bathe within that golden tide
Which round my Throne of Grace doth glide."

"Come, bask beneath the orient beams
Which from the Sun of Wisdom gleam,
And quaff the crystal streams of love
Which flow from Glory's Fount above."

"Come to thy God in penitence,
Ye wanderers from His loving Fold,
And hear His gentle lips pronounce
Forgiveness on the guilty soul."

"Come, erring children, one and all,
Before thy Father's Footstool fall,
And hear that voice which spoke of yore,
And bids thee still 'Go, sin no more.'"

"Come hither to my Holy Mount,
And drink from Truth's Eternal Fount,
And seek of me, and me alone,
Immortal Peace around my Throne."

When I had read these fourteen beautiful inscriptions, typical of the boundless love and goodness of the Eternal Father, my vision again turned to the Rainbow of Stars, and beheld the following mottoes, glistening in a circle of resplendent light, above it:

"Earth yet shall be free from the tyrannical grasp of ignorance, bigotry and intolerance. Light shall dawn upon it. Hope shall gladden man's heart, and Truth shall deliver him from the bondage of error and corruption. The day of deliverance is nigh at hand."

This scene, so transcendently beautiful in all its various

aspects, is beyond the power of even feeble illustration or description. But the one most pleasing to my spiritual eyes was that of the Angel with the Scroll, whom my vision saw in the Rainbow of Stars.

It will be remembered that the scene, which I have attempted to describe to the understanding of all, was portrayed to me far above the inspiring picture of the Patriots of the Revolution, and hovering o'er the sanctified spirits of those who had so generously contributed to my celestial happiness.

When I had finished reading the very interesting and cheering mottoes encircling the rainbow, my attention was attracted to the highly-elevated angel before mentioned:

> Who slowly, to my spirit-sight,
> Unrolled that "mystic Scroll of Light,"

on which was written that sublime Biblical saying, and mark of Divine Approbation, thus:

> "Well done, good and faithful servant,
> Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

On each side of the angel was a cluster of stars, revolving, in harmonious beauty and splendor, around her ethereal form, and containing other elevated spirits, whose glowing light and power radiated and blessed all upon whom they fell.

Below the Bearer of the Scroll of Light were seen two other celestial forms, each one of which was reclining against a pillar, over which was written:

"The Pillars of the Temple of Immortal Truth!"

"The storms of error, superstition, and bigotry, may fiercely dash against them; but firm and enduring as the Rock of Ages shall they stand, until all mankind recline on them for strength and support."

"Truth is eternal, and *must* endure forever!"

'O, brother, may thy soul recline
On Truth and Wisdom's holy shrine!"

Again my vision was drawn to the Blessed Saint, who held in her hand the Immortal Scroll. Around her, I beheld several

beautiful children, playing, in unchecked freedom and joyous innocence. Each one was crowned with a festoon of flowers, of fadeless bloom and fragrance, inspiring knowledge, light and truth, from the Harmonial Nature of their Wisdom-Teacher. Presently, that Scroll was again unrolled, revealing to me the subjoined brief address:

"Immortal Spirit of Truth and Intelligence: Nobly hast thou performed thy Father's work on earth. Bravely hast thou contended for Universal Right, battling in the warfare of freedom, and in every cause which had the good of mankind for its object. Receive, O brother, from thy Heavenly Father, the recompense due thy exalted deeds! Receive, from the lips of angels, a glorious welcome to their congenial society, and blessings on thy ransomed spirit. Enter still the vineyard of thy Master, and faithfully work in the boundless field of Truth and Salvation. Walk humbly with thy God, and invite thyself to a closer walk with Him through thy ennobling labors of love.

"Behold, Child of God, in the Celestial Girdle below, the Companions of thy Spirit Life. With their ever-developing ministries of truth and benevolence wilt thou unite, assisting them in the advancement of that Divine Gospel, in the espousal of which, one, dearly-beloved by me, surrendered up his soul to heaven, to reap the martyr's reward! Go with them whithersoever they go, conjoining thy sympathies with theirs, remembering that in unity of soul and purpose there is strength and support to the cause we advocate.

"Go, then, bright angel of light and knowledge, on thy errands of peace and mercy. Promulgate the Word of thy Master, which is the Gospel of Truth and Salvation, as revealed through His Son Jesus. Enlighten the universes below with thy golden teachings, and strengthen all hearts in the service of freedom and humanity. Remain still a pillar in the Temple of God,—a support to the True Christianity and Religion of Christ. Depart now on thy high mission, my brother, with the richest, soul-felt blessings of Heaven's Immortals enwreathing thy spirit-brow. May the few thoughts thou hast read from this scroll add a few drops to that tide of inspiration, which has already

filled thy soul with divine strength and courage, and aid thee in all thy worthy emulations and aspirations."

When I had completed the reading of this gratifying communication, intense was my desire to know its celestial Author. No sooner was the thought conceived than it met with a ready response. Again that beauteous scroll unfolded, disclosing to my astonished and bewildered gaze the following immortal title:

"MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS,
AND
TEACHER OF LITTLE CHILDREN."

Yes, there, *far*, FAR, FAR above me, in the azure dome of high heaven, hovered the all-immaculate spirit of the devoted Mother of Jesus of Nazareth, of whose sublime character and undying constancy to her beloved Son, in mortal life, I have read much in Scriptural history, and dwelt, in prolonged and deep admiration, on her exalted virtues, and the unwavering strength and fortitude she maintained in the most trying difficulties and exigences of material existence. Floating above her, at a very little distance, in a star-environed Girdle of Glory, was her ascended and sainted Son, who, like us all, first drew inspiring lessons of wisdom and piety from the Christian teachings and devoted love and affection of a true and faithful mother! With meek and glowing eye he gazed on the angelic form of that adored parent, still hallowing, in his immortal nature, those maternal precepts instilled in his expanding mind in the bright and sunny morning of his blooming childhood!

I saw her, as imagination has often pictured her to my mind, decking the serene heavens above, encircled by groups of the beautiful and glorified Saints of Paradise, and shedding o'er all the redolence of her beneficent counsels and exhortations. I saw her irradiating, with the halo of her Christian influence and example, the hearts of lovely youth and infancy, and engrafting, in each little cherub soul, the never-fading flowers of truth and wisdom. I beheld her as a teacher of all; as a glorious sun, around which Minor Satellites of beauty and innocence might revolve, and attract light, power and lustre, from its ever-

resplendent rays. And dearer than all, if possible, to her, I beheld the Ascended Christ hovering around her, drinking in the pure fervor of her divine eloquence, and learning even now, as in days of old, inspiring wisdom and purity from her, who first taught his infant lips to breathe the endearing appellation of

"MOTHER."

But, ah! another intelligence appeared before my vision, in whose expanded form and love-lit countenance I read a true nobility of soul, and the existence of those sublime beatitudes which make up and develop a true manhood! Gently and lovingly he placed one hand on the brow of the mother, and the other on that of the Son, and his lips moved in fervent prayer to the One Greater than All, for the reünion of their spirits in the World of Holy Archangels! Sublimated Saints hovered near, to bear up his fervent appeals to the Great Jehovah, and rejoice with him, that the trials, persecutions and martyrdoms, endured on earth, had so refined and exalted their natures, as to fit them for the ennobling society of all the good and just who departed on before. A countenance so beautiful, and lit up with such beaming intelligence and purity, I knew could belong to none other than a highly-developed angel. And judge of my joy when the name of

"JOSEPH,"
The Father of Jesus,

was communicated to me! O, how I longed to fathom the vast ocean of space which rolled between me and these high angels, and enjoy with them the supernal glories of their Celestial Heavens! But, ah! my vision only could then penetrate their remote Circles of Existence, and discern the ennobling state of happiness and felicity they were enjoying. Yet the assurance (as I have before written) of some day attaining their exalted condition filled me with new hope and encouragement, and caused me to redouble my efforts for the dissemination of those great truths and principles for which they and theirs so heroically suffered unparalleled persecutions and trials.

SECTION SECOND.

Correction of his earth-opinions by Adams — Christ's nature and true position — He was controlled by spirits — Man still needs their help — Respect for the Bible — Exhortation to all classes to rejoice — Thanksgiving to God.

In the visions which I beheld of these immortal personages I was able to correct many erroneous impressions which once existed in my mind, and which are still rampant among the several religious denominations of the present age. In Christ I beheld everything noble, glorious, and sublime; as a mighty Apostle of Truth, and Disciple of an Infinite Parent; as one clothed with the meek and lowly habiliments of a True Man, and with the seraphic glory of an angel; as one created like us all with a human nature, liable to err, and be tempted; who was beset on all sides with temptations and strong inducements to retrograde from the paths of rectitude and virtue, but who, possessed with an indomitable will and firmness, together with an innate love of purity and every noble excellence, was able to overcome and resist them all, and bid their "proud waves" be forever stayed. I beheld him, too, disrobed of those false attitudes in which the wrong ideas and education of mankind had placed him, as wearing the triune relations of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. In another work I may enlarge more fully upon these misunderstood points, and give my opinions of these mooted subjects.

And, God be praised, the period is rapidly approaching when mankind will rightly understand and appreciate the life, character and teachings of Christ; when the light of immortal truth, of which He was the highest and truest exponent, will shine with ever-enduring lustre in all hearts, and lead them on to a perfect understanding of His glorious doctrines; when they will recognize, in the Unfolding Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, the Beacon-Star of Hope and Promise, which will guide them away from the shoals and quicksands of Error, Ignorance and Bigotry, by the vernal banks of the River of Progressive Life, where flourish, in ever-fadeless bloom and fragrance, the flowers of knowledge, truth and wisdom.

In the whole life and character of Jesus Christ, or, as far as we have knowledge of them from the Bible, the discerning,

intelligent, and investigating mind will perceive the wonderful and striking evidences of the control of Angelic Beings, and the perfect harmony existing between the teachings advanced in his age, and those advocated now by the Supernal Ministers of Heaven; and mankind cannot gainsay one mode of communication without gainsaying the other, for the same rule is applicable in both instances. The same Divine Laws by which the Spirits of the Blest were empowered to communicate with the noble Jesus in his days of acute trial and agony, exist the same now as then, and privilege these invisible inhabitants to hold sweet communion with the children of mundanity. To believe otherwise, would, as I have written in the earlier part of this communication, involve the character of Deity in the mantle of dark distrust, and rob Him of the sublimest attribute of His nature, His Eternal Immutability!

And I would ask, Has the world grown so immaculate in virtue and morality, or so liberal and charitable in Christian sentiment and principle, as to no longer need or desire the hallowing influences of those Sainted Powers who breathed hope, strength and fortitude, to the tired spirit of the Pilgrim of Truth, Jesus of Nazareth? Has it so far advanced in the mighty elements of True Christianity as to require no further revealings from the Future Land to cheer and encourage the "weary, way-worn traveller" in his pilgrimage and search after the Well-Spring of Immortal Truth and Salvation? Have mankind become so enlightened in the elementary principles of Right Education as no longer to need the instructions of Superior Intelligences to keep them in the path of duty and right? Or have they become so conservative and bigoted in their numerous creeds and dogmas, as to fancy they require no more light from the Fountain-Head of Truth than that adduced from the few pages which go to make up that book called the Bible? Is their attention so confined to creed-making, or to the building up of strange doctrines, that they cannot see that there is, even beyond the narrow limits of that little Bible, a mightier Text-Book, upon whose unfolding pages are clearly written the more potent evidences of truth and angelic ministrations? Have they turned so deaf and obstinate to the earnest entreaties of Reason and Nature, that they will or can not hear the Voice of

Inspiration breathing, as in times of old, its divine harmonies to the children of earth, and inviting them onward to higher researches and to more ennobling conditions of social, moral and intellectual existences? Is society so refined, and the great heart of the community so pure, so highly unfolded in knowledge and wisdom, that the rich teachings of Celestial Ministers can impart to such nothing new, or add aught to that sublime admixture of Truth and Error, which will give it additional value to them?

O man! construe not this language to represent irreverence for the Bible, or its many glorious teachings! Treat it with calm, dispassionate and charitable feelings, as the outpourings of one, who, unwarped by popular prejudice or bias, is better enabled than heretofore to discriminate between the true and the false, and to present to the world clearer conceptions of that book, it has been taught, on the whole, to reverence as direct inspiration from the Mind of the Infinite! Irreverence the Bible! God forbid it! I love it too well to speak or write otherwise than respectfully of it; for I cannot forget the sweet and fragrant remembrances which cluster around it, when, on my dear mother's knee, I listened to her gentle voice of love and tenderness, as she early breathed her Scriptural lessons of piety and virtue into my soul's awakened ear, and bade me to follow in the footsteps of the good man, Jesus! Can I ever cease to remember that I owe, in part, my present station of spiritual happiness to the holy teachings deduced from this Historic Record, in which are inscribed so many glowing truths, — so much to elevate and develope the affectional emotions of the soul? Ah, no! Far be it from me to forget my indebtedness to this blessed book! It is the very love I bear it which makes me desirous that mankind should comprehend it rightly, and learn, even as I have learned, to distinguish the truth from the error, and to separate the drossy and material particles from the pure and refined substance.

I thank my Heavenly Father that the light now breaking from the Celestial Skies will tend in a great, yea, in an immense degree, to harmonize the conflicting ideas of man, and, finally, to achieve that glorious and honorable victory we so much covet. Truth's never-dying Star is rising out of the darkling

clouds in which error and ignorance have so long enveloped it, soon to illuminate the whole Terrestrial Universe with its inspiring and hope-laden beams!

EXHORTATION.

Rejoice, O ye Nations of the earth, in the glorious dawn of the light of Truth and Righteousness! Rejoice, ye who mourn the loss of dear friends and kindred, that the golden gates of heaven are thrown open to you, that you may enter in and enjoy a sweet and happy intercourse with its glorified inhabitants! Rejoice that the long-mourned-for can hover near your earthly dwellings, and make bright and glad the desolated hearth!

Rejoice, ye Sceptic and Wanderer in the darkness of infidelity and atheism, that the light from the gorgeous Star of Truth is shedding its gentle but piercing rays on your souls, arousing into activity each slumbering power and energy, and convincing you of your own immortality, and the existence of a Being Omniscient, Omnipresent, and All-Permeating! Rejoice "that the Philosopher's Stone of your long and earnest seeking" is found, and that the "pearl of great price" is confided to your keeping by the Infinite Father! Rejoice that "the Stream of Time has found an inlet to the Ocean of Eternity," whereupon the Messengers of Heaven may launch their silvery barques, and glide down to earth, laden with messages of Truth and Remembrance for those they fondly love!

Rejoice, ye who are pupils in the School of Error and Bigotry that the Heavenly Teachers have found their way to earth, to break asunder the slavish manacles which bind your souls, and to disseminate those doctrines and principles, taught by Christ and his Followers, which will elevate and develop the higher emotions of your natures, and more beautifully assimilate you to the Beatified Spirits of Heaven! Rejoice that the season is nigh at hand when you will be delivered from the tyrannical hold of error and sectarianism, and experience the radiating influences of that All-Powerful Light which is destined to eclipse, with its divine rays of glory and splendor, the clouds of prejudice, bigotry, and every offshoot of the Tree of Error,

and burn out of existence the rankling, poisonous weeds which so vigorously flourish in the pathway of man's earthly life! Rejoice that the Citadel of Error and Erroneous Education is fluctuating in its former might and power, waning in its borrowed glory and strength, and that Truth will triumph, and Right prevail in the end.

And, thou down-trodden victim of tyranny and injustice, Rejoice! for the period is near, when thou shalt call no man thy master, and none shall call thee slave; when the God and Author of Right and Justice will unloose thy captive chains, and bid thee go forth on thy way, rejoicing in thy rightful inheritance, Freedom! Rejoice! for the bright Day-Star of Liberty is dawning upon thee! Angels and Archangels are singing its glorious advent, and soon will its soul-inspiring beams gladden thy aching and bleeding heart!

And rejoice! O, all ye children of earth! at the auspicious signs of the times! For now indeed is the Scriptural Millennium dawning on your visions; a New Light is breaking, from the Ethereal Skies, upon your longing hearts! Rejoice that the veil which once hid the glories of the Supernal World from your view is now drawn aside, and that the spirits of your departed friends correspond with you in unmistakable and tangible modes of manifestation, and spread before you that Resplendent Scroll of Life, upon which are written your eternal destinies! Rejoice! Saint and Sinner, Bond and Free, Believer and Sceptic, for the many truths and revelations you are receiving from the mansions of our Father's House, in the embrace of which you will find unalloyed happiness, eternal peace, freedom and glory!

Rejoice that angels from on high
  Come laden to your earthly sphere
With messages of purity,
  And jewelled words of love and cheer.

They come to bid you all rejoice
  In th' light and truth which God has given;
To listen to the still small voice
  Which love and wisdom breathe from heaven.

They bid you look beyond the grave,
Where dear departed ones reside,
And where each blessing you may crave
Will be most graciously supplied.

They come, from their seraphic skies, —
Their ever-glorious Paradise, —
That on your souls you may indite
The Living Fact of this New Light;
That others, through you, may, forsooth,
Acquire a knowledge of the truth,
And through it live a life of love,
And be prepared for joys above.

When my spirit-eyes had sufficiently feasted on these enchanting visions, and my soul imbibed the rich streams of knowledge outflowing from a sweet communion with the beatified immortals above me, they disappeared from my sight, leaving me to ponder on the glorious sublimities to which I had been an eye-witness. Then the spirit of devotion and gratitude moved me again to thank my Heavenly Father for these evidences of His love:

"Thou Supreme Source of all Light and Life: Thou Star of Infinite Magnitude! around which worlds revolve, and at whose Imperative Command vast Universes at a moment's thought are whirled into existence: Thy child would again return thanks to Thee for the wondrous beauties and glories Thou hast spread out before his gaze, as inducements to lead him to still higher and more exalted fields of labor and enterprise! Father, the few talents with which Thy kind and merciful Hand has endowed me, I would employ for my own improvement, and the exaltation of those who possess but one. I thank Thee for the beautiful vision I have enjoyed of Thy well-beloved Son Jesus, and his sainted and adored father and mother, and I would so follow out the divine teachings and truths they breathed forth in their gloriously-harmonious lives, as soon to attain their eminent station of celestial development, and be a partaker with them of the everlasting glories *they* have won. Make me meek and contrite in spirit, walking in the pathways of peace and pleasantness, and investing myself in the garments of charity and well-

doing. And, O, I would again ask Thee to empower me, if it pleaseth Thee, to plead the dear but persecuted cause of Liberty in the Legislative Halls from which Thou hast recently taken me, and to teach the so-called Representatives of my country to respect and obey Thy Infinite and Immutable Ordinances, before which all earthly enactments are null and void; to speak to them, in the language of a 'favorite' son, 'that no government is respectable which is not just; and that, without true piety and morality, no forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give tone or dignity to religious or political society.' Avert the horrid calamities of war, both foreign and domestic, and plant within the nation's heart a love of peace and fraternal sympathy. Permit me, I would again pray Thee, to utter my unalterable, invincible sentiments of freedom to the children of earth, and inspire them with a divine strength and courage to discharge faithfully those Christian duties which are to carry hope and joy to the poor slave, and waft the soul-vivifying blessings of freedom to the oppressed and heavily-laden throughout the world. And finally, Father, may all Thy children, both of the mortal and immortal world, improve the advantages within their sphere of attainment, of social, intellectual and spiritual culture, and be ready and willing to impart the knowledge and wisdom they possess to those who have but little or none, and thereby become better fitted for higher callings in the worlds of superior development above."

In narrating to the world the sublime scenes and visions which dawned upon me in my journey through the various Circles of Life within my range of attainment, I trust that the charge of egotism will not be preferred against me. For no other motive but the purest and holiest actuates me in my feeble descriptions of these glowing beauties, — that of leading mankind to a more correct deportment of life, — to holier purposes and nobler incentives to duty and action. And I hope that, if my well-meant efforts do not result in that good for which I have presented these Celestial Delineations, they will at least be properly appreciated. And I will devoutly pray that the hearts of mankind may become prepared to feast on the effulgent glories now dawning on them from the Land of Seraphs, and fitted for those beatified circles, where wisdom, purity and

love, are the crowning beatitudes of their immortal inhabitants, and where the glory-adorned Angel of Hope will lead their aspiring and developing natures up to more ennobling walks of Eternal Being.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
December, 1856.

MESSAGE IX.

WASHINGTON.

SECTION FIRST.

Washington's attendants — His address to Adams — His introduction of Martin Luther — Luther the guardian of Adams while in earth-life — Luther's welcome of Adams — The response — Washington resumes his address — Reflections by Adams upon Washington, Kansas and our country.

I WILL now pass on, in the History of my Reception, by recording on these pages the brief, but happy Salutation of one other Immortal, whose brilliant earthly life is written, in glowing deeds of valor and honor, on the scroll of True Fame, and deeply engraved on the monuments of gratitude erected in a nation's heart and affections.

That exalted being, whose large heart throbbed with the love of the good Father and of all His children, — that shining form, of ethereal resplendency, decked in the snowy garments of purity and truth, floated majestically far above me, prepared to welcome the earth-released spirit of John Quincy Adams to the World of Everlasting Peace and Joy.

It will be remembered that, in the earlier portion of this work, I related my introduction to Lafayette, who was accompanied, in his celestial passage from the Upper Abodes of Heaven, by that glorified Intelligence, GEORGE WASHINGTON, but who remained behind, until the first-named immortal, together with others, had extended to me a salutation to the spheres of never-ending peace and progression!

Furthermore, it will be seen that I made mention, in a later portion of my communication, of the name of Washington in connection with that of Napoleon, to show that, in his illustrious public career, he was sustained by the strengthening influences of invisible beings, who assisted him in the accomplish-

ment of that great and hazardous work, which early enlisted the powers of his mind and body!

And now that illustrious personage, — that "God-send" to mankind, — that "Noble Sage of History," approached to greet me to his society and the never-dying friendship of his "trustworthy compatriots," and thus to close up this beautiful chain of Celestial Introduction!

My most faithful Instructor and Guide then receded from my sight, and in a few moments was seen returning with Washington, that elevated intelligence, whose life on earth bore unmistakable evidences of the truth of the doctrine of progression, and of the watchful attendance and guardianship of the ministering hosts of heaven. Nearer that Beatified Immortal approximated to me, with the kindred spirit of my Guide resting on his arm; soon they were by my side, when Lafayette waved me an introduction, on the Shores of the Border Land, to the glorified and heaven-blessed George Washington!

But he (Washington) came not from his sphere of being attended merely by my Celestial Instructor. Other bright and happy Celestials accompanied him, among whom were his beloved parents, and the partner of his joys and sorrows of earth. Above him, in that Girdle of translucent splendor, still hovered those devoted ones, who so heroically struggled by his side in the memorable War of the Revolution.

And there to my vision were they presented, still watching, with former interest and solicitude, the immortal destiny of one they delighted to call, on earth, their Commander-in-Chief. With a deep, earnest and honorable love, born in their hearts amid the trials and agonies of battle-strife, the mere separation of the soul from the body could not quench that divine spark, or cause its fervid glow and lustre to dim. I beheld them still laboring, by the side of Washington, on the bloodless battle-field of human right and unlimited freedom,

> Contending for the holy cause of all, —
> The cause in which our patriot fathers fought;
> That grim oppression's black and fearful pall
> No more might stain the land their blood had bought.

Their love and sympathy for freedom and humanity I perceived

was as strong and intense as when they fought on the bloody field of strife and carnage; and their desires still were for the triumph of liberty over despotism, of truth and right over error and wrong.

Bound together by the tie of brotherhood, they labor in unison for the triumphant accomplishment of the same glorious and divine object, — the redemption of their fellow-creatures from the bondage of physical and spiritual servitude. Unceasingly they watch over their oppressed brethren, and impart consolation and cheer to their wounded hearts. With a love which knows no alienation, they guard the gloomy destiny of their slavery-stricken country, laboring, with untiring zeal, to overthrow the greatest curse and barrier to its rising prosperity and progress, and implant in it a government which will dispense to all the blessings of liberty and peace, and under which they may find protection and happiness.

It will be seen, by reverting to the commencement of this communication, that, when Washington and Lafayette first made their appearance to me, they were clad, not in those snow-white robes in which I supposed angels were clothed, but in full military costumes, similar to those worn by the patriots of revolutionary times.

It will be well to state (and in so doing I am aware that others have preceded me) that immortals are empowered with authority and privileges to make themselves visible to their friends in any shape or manner they may please, provided the conditions of those they control are such that they can. Out of the thin, light texture which forms the ethereal atmosphere, they are able to form or create, at will, any shape, appearance or color, which may be necessary to more clearly identify themselves to their impressible friends and acquaintances.

Thus was it in the instances of Washington and Lafayette, who presented themselves to my awakened senses accoutred in the habiliments of war, that I might be better able to distinguish them in their new home from the many millions sailing, on the pinions of immortal life, through the ethereal atmosphere of the Heavenly Country.

In the Vision of the Battle, also, the spirit-form of Joan of

Arc was clad in warlike costume similar to that in appearance and color, I am told, worn by that heroic woman on that ever-memorable occasion, when, at the head of a powerful army, she valiantly marched, guided by the invisible powers of eternity, against a mighty nation, to place on the Throne of France an ungrateful monarch!

As soon, however, as they had fulfilled their holy wishes and designs, and had tangibly manifested their identity to my satisfaction, they laid aside, upon the volatile application of their united will-power, their "battle-accoutrements," and invested themselves in their "Ascension-Robes," — those snowy-white garments of light and purity, in which, as I have before dictated, my mind had always conjectured the angels were decked.

Subsequent to my spiritual introduction to George Washington, with whom my acquaintance began on earth, that beatified being drew near to me, accompanied by his faithful host of angels, and closed up this chain of celestial communication as follows:

"Exalted Inhabitant of the Spiritual Country: Sublime are the teachings and exhortations which the immortal children of heaven have warbled forth to your ascended spirit. Gloriously-beautiful are the golden thoughts they have sprinkled in your spiritual pathway, and inlaid in the unfolded affections of your earth-liberated soul!

"Bright and fragrant are the flowers of love and affection they have wreathed in precious garlands around your immortal brow, gladdening your new-born nature with their sweet and delightful redolence. Upon you have descended their beneficent counsels and benedictions, like the gentle droppings of summer dews on the thirsty earth.

"Already has your freed soul drank deeply of the waters from the Ever-Flowing Fountains of Truth and Wisdom, and bathed in their Streams of Salvation and Love. Mildly have the warm beams of the Sun of Righteousness poured their hallowing light and influence on your newly-awakened life, illuminating your unfolding nature with a never-dying power and brilliancy!

"Sublime, O Developing Spirit of Heaven, has been thy

introduction into the Land of Joyous Memories and Delights! In the Halls of thy country, where, with faithfulness and honor, thou hast most nobly served her highest and best interests, God called thee from Duty's Post to an elevated office in His Celestial Republic, still to labor for Humanity and Truth!

"Thy life on earth bears the positive evidence and proof that thou wert a Progressive Man! Born and nurtured amid the rolling thunders and heavy trials of the War of the Revolution, early nursed in the severe school of trouble and affliction, thy soul was better prepared to imbibe, from experience, the principles of Truth, Justice and Liberty, and aid to preserve, pure and unstained, the equal rights and immunities of all!

"It must be an unfailing source of happiness and comfort to thee to be able to retrospect thy past life, and reflect that thy many good deeds and faithful services, in the cause of humanity, have merited the approbation of angels, and won for thee so bright a recompense as the greeting thou hast received.

"Under the guidance and (to thee) unconscious control of the highest and most devoted of heavenly intelligences, is it a matter of wonderment to thee that thy whole earthly life should betoken such unmistakable proofs of spiritual advancement, or that thy soul was so abundantly able to brave the storms of political antagonisms?

"Faithful and true have those Sanctified Powers proved to thee, impressing on thy heart, in the dark hours of thy political life, the strengthening influences of their inspiring nearness, and the immaculate purity of their holy counsels. With never-tiring fidelity have they guarded thy checkered pathway, and pointed thee to honorable fame and renown!

"But, out of the numberless millions who throng the star-environed heavens, there was one particular Luminary, plucked at the moment of thy primitive birth, to be thy future guardian angel, and to walk side by side with thee through the thorny paths of thy terrestrial existence!

"That noble intelligence is one well known to historic fame, — one immortalized on earth, as well as in heaven, for the incalculable good he has performed for mankind, not only for those of the dark age in which he lived, but also to those of

the present day who have been blessed by the brilliant teachings he has transmitted.

"Thy spiritual eyes have not as yet beheld that sainted form in his Seraph Home. The moment thy spirit emancipated itself from the tenement of clay, he commissioned a bright circle of immortals to go and attend thee to the radiant kingdom of peace and joy, retiring himself, for a few moments, until thy more immediate friends had welcomed thee to the mansions of everlasting being.

"And now, dear brother, it is my most happy privilege, in the closing scene of this heavenly greeting, to introduce to thee this immortal personage who so faithfully proved thy Guardian of the Day, thy Watchman of the Night, and Unerring Guide of thy whole life!"

Here Washington directed my attention to a small luminous speck or cloud, just visible in the distance, while he continued his address, as follows:

"Behold that noble, that elevated being, in his native heaven, still discharging the highest functions of his seraphic nature, and seeking the same as when on earth to emancipate the human soul from the chains of superstition and error; see him, as, with beaming eyes and a countenance radiant with holy love and intelligence, he gazes from his high habitation on one he employed as an instrument to advance the work of humanity, and the sacred cause of liberty!

"Possessed of indomitable firmness and courage, and a persevering will to perform successfully any good work in which he might engage, endowed with great strength of mind, and a spirit of intellectual, social and moral progress, he started the car of reformation on its progressive track, amid trials and dangers not easily surmounted; but his adventurous and truth-searching spirit quailed not before difficulties and persecutions; neither bowed nor cringed to the large numerical majorities of a sectarian world. Fearing God more than the persecutions of man, loving Truth and Humanity more than earthly life, he pursued his glorious path of duty, planting, on the Eternal Rock of Ages, the foundation of a Church Universal, which should derive its future strength and support from the Pillars of Impartial Love and Human Brotherhood, and at whose holy

altar all mankind might worship, in spirit and in truth, the same God, — the same Universal Being, and Author and Father of all!

"And now, from his elevated station in the kingdom of heaven, he spans the world of ephemeral things with a magnified organ of vision, and views, with intense delight, the triumphant success of his well-laid plans. He sees that the seeds of Truth and Progression, sown by his hands, have taken deep root, and, with untold pleasure and joy, he beholds posterity reaping a golden harvest in their blessed fruits. All true-hearted, devoted Christians cherish his memory with pride, embalming in their hearts the virtues of his heroic nature, and the sublime spirit of firmness he displayed in his whole career of duty.

"But I will no longer keep thee in suspense as to the earthly name of thy guardian angel; yet, ere my lips shall breathe it forth, thy celestial vision shall behold the glory of his love-lighted countenance, and feast, with rapturous delight, on the glowing virtues reflected from his expanded soul! Cast thy spirit-vision upwards, and discern the Protector of thy Life, — the Beacon-Star of thy Earth-Disenthralled Spirit!"

At this point in his address Washington ceased for a few moments, pointing me upward to the beautiful cloud of light before referred to, which twinkled, in that far-off ocean of space, like a little star. Then slowly it was seen to move towards us, sailing smoothly and majestically along on the River of Glorified Life, upbearing on its snowy breast the Guardian Protector of my rudimental being. With burning interest I watched its approach, longing to clasp, in fraternal embrace, the being who guided, with such fidelity, the time-lashed barque of my mundane life. Upon its nearer proximity, I perceived it enshrined, beside my ministering angel, the forms of twelve other beatified saints.

When this effulgent Bow of Immortal Life had traversed a boundless sea of space, from off its glistening surface glided those Stars of Glory, until they floated, in translucent splendor, a little above our heads. Upon the shining brow of the one who accompanied the centre of the Circle I read the earthly title of my Guardian Angel, — the well-known name of

"Martin Luther;"

while the glorious twelve encircling him were alike honored for their devotion to duty and right, under most trying difficulties and emergencies.

Washington then advanced to the side of Luther, and, waving his hand, motioned me to approach him. Then he introduced me to my ministering angel and his celestial associates, in the address which follows:

"Privilege me, John Quincy Adams, to introduce to thy spiritual acquaintance and society, thy Celestial Director and Assistant of Earth, Martin Luther; of whose firm adhesion to the invincible principles of Truth and Right thou hast read much in the world's history, and whose life was consecrated to the cause of reformation, and to the spread of true and liberal Christianity among the children of the terrestrial sphere.

"Permit me, also, to introduce thee to his distinguished associates and co-workers in his labor of charity and love, whose pure and lofty deeds are written, in glowing colors, on the pages of the world's history, and whose sublime teachings are as household words to the family of man. All but two of tho illustrious twelve left the abiding-place below many years ere thy soul was born into the clayey tenement, to be fitted for the heavenly habitation into which it has now been so auspiciously ushered. The two departed the life on earth when thy mortal body was comparatively young in years, and ere thy political star had culminated in the sky of immortal fame and renown.

"With faithfulness has this, thy Guardian Genius, hovered near thee, in fraternal sympathy, with his brilliant circle of twelve, strengthening thee in many a dark hour of tribulation and woe, and enabling thee to plough successfully the troubled waters of political life. In a halo of immortal light and glory have they floated above thee during the heavy night of agitation and persecution, inspiring thy heart with courage in the performance of thy noble duties; their fervent love, affection and solicitude, never so gloriously manifested as when tho foaming billows of opposition and tyranny were at their highest tide.

"Even when thy earthly life was threatened by thy foes,—

the enemies of Progressive Truth and Liberty, — their gentle voices whispered peace and hope in thine ear, and bade thee go on in thy momentous task, keeping in remembrance the holy cause of him who suffered persecution and an ignoble death for truth's sake, and who never flinched, according to the transmitted records of the Bible, from that path of duty in which he had embarked his highest aspirations!

"The delightful, much-coveted privilege of introducing thee to the enduring friendship and society of these thy exalted guides is now reserved for me. In the sunshine and radiant smiles of their eternal presences will thy soul reside, and, through the pure and refining influences of their Christian companionship, elevate the high-born affections and sympathies of thy nature. Continue to be an instrument, with and for them, to hasten on the advent of that day when the light of the Gospel of Truth will find its way into the darkened crevices of the earth, and revive, into living fire, the sparks of liberal Christianity which lie inert within. Welcome, then, thrice welcome, to the ever-hallowing society of these Beacon-Lights of Intelligence and Purity!"

When this address was concluded, Washington introduced Martin Luther to me as my Guardian Angel of earth, and my future companion in heaven; then, in turn, he introduced his heavenly associates, who individually welcomed me to their circle of celestial being, after which Luther spoke as follows:

"Devoted Brother in the cause of Liberty and Equality: As your soul traversed the thorny hedges of materialistic being it was, indeed, my happy privilege to guard you, and assist in the perfect accomplishment of those high and heavenly missions to which you had wedded your life. At the hour of your First Birth I hovered near the infant bud, and saw that its future unfoldings would be glorious, and its life fragrant with deeds of greatness and goodness.

"I furthermore discerned, in that youthful germ, the rudiments of future piety and virtue, of great strength of mind and power, and that it only required the careful guardianship of angelic beings to draw out and develop its innate qualities, and prepare it to unfold in all the graces of a holy and exemplary character.

"Thus attracted to you in the morning of your opening life, I watched, with constant care and attention, the development of that Bud of Promise, watering it with the dews of angelic influence, and tenderly guarding it, with a more than parental interest and affection, from the withering frosts of sin and temptation, until it should flower in manly beauty and virtue, and send forth to the world the fragrance of a beautiful and highly-unfolded pattern of a True Man!

"Nor was I disappointed in my anticipations. In the calm and steady firmness of the youthful spirit I saw presaged the future greatness of the man! I beheld, with pride and satisfaction, the seeds early planted in your nature springing up into vigorous plants, to bear, in mature years, the rich and golden fruits of pure and lofty deeds!

"It is now my ineffable pleasure to join with your celestial friends in welcoming you to the abodes of light and gladness. The precious plant, which so auspiciously opened beneath the careful guardianship of angels, has been transferred from the garden of earth to heaven, and engrafted on the Tree of Eternal Life! Your Heavenly Father has meted out to you a high reward for your well-performed labors, by assigning to you an exalted seat in His Universal Kingdom!

"Welcome now, O Radiant Intelligence! to this Temple of the Most High God, and to the purifying friendships of its celestial worshippers! Welcome to our flower-tinted Bowers, — to the Land of Bright Realizations, — to the Holy City of the Pilgrim's Search! Welcome to the 'many Mansions' in our Father's House, and their unspeakable glories! Welcome to the everlasting society of your beloved Parents, Children, Brothers, Sisters, Friends, — to the Whole Innumerable Caravan! Your Guardian Genius bids you welcome, thrice welcome, to the Home of Angels!"

To the above very warm and cordial address of my Spirit-Guardian, I echoed the following brief response:

"I thank thee, thou Spirit of Love, for these manifestations of thy regard, and the convincing proofs thou hast furnished me of thy angelic guidance and control. Grateful above all do I feel to my Father in Heaven for vouchsafing unto my earthly life so resplendent a 'Light' from His 'Star-Constellated

Galaxy,' and for other glorious evidences of His Almighty Wisdom and Benevolence!

"And to thee, bright Guardian of my existence, and to these, thy revolving Satellites of Light and Glory, do I offer the fervent outpourings of my soul for the rich exhortations and counsels you silently, and (to me) unconsciously impressed upon my heart, and the strength and fortitude you imparted to me on all occasions of trouble and persecution.

"O, had I been consciously impressed, when on earth, of the close contiguity of so elevated a class of intelligences, who were guiding and instructing me aright amid the various contingencies of life,—had the Great Father but unlocked the gates of the heavenly city to my conscious entrance, and permitted my interior eyes to behold the guardian geniuses of my toiling hours, — still stronger, it now seems to me, would have been my desire to advocate the broad principles of Impartial Freedom and Love, and to redeem my country from the foulest plague-spot on its national escutcheon! But it was reserved for others to hail the incoming of the era, when angels would audibly speak to the children of earth, and consciously impress them with their endearing contiguity.

"In return for thy manifold spiritual favors, and for thy unwearied attendance through the hours of bitter trial and persecution, please again accept my most sincere thanks. I rejoice that I have the opportunity, in the presence of these, thine accompanying friends, to evince to you all the deep-seated and earnest gratitude of my soul, and to promise eternal obedience to the immutable principles which your hands aided in planting in my nature, and which have become as fixed laws in my spiritual being.

"To thy pure friendship and society, and that of these, the companions of thy eternally-progressive life, has the Infinite Parent summoned me to commingle in their refining and harmonizing influences, and to exalt my soul in the ennobling atmosphere of love which pervades their lofty circles of congeniality. The high and responsible callings, which occupied the energies of my corporeal being, shall engage the faculties of my new existence; and I shall pray for a continuance of

your former kind care and immortal guardianship, and a perfect unity of our souls in every divine mission!

"O, may our souls in union blend,
In this the World of Bliss and Light,
And work together to extend
The Cause of Liberty and Right.

"And may we seek, with all the power
Which we, as Sons of God, possess,
To hasten on the joyful hour
When Truth and Love the world shall bless."

To say that I felt a considerable degree of pride on being informed of the name of my Heavenly Guardian, would only be stating that which all must well know. And elevating, indeed, must be that life which is guided by such an intelligent and wisdom-developed class of immortals, as that which encircled the form of the Noble Reformer, — the eloquent Defender of despised and persecuted Truth, — Martin Luther!

When the form of this beatified being first presented itself to me, it was decked in garments (as I was told) resembling those, in appearance, worn in the days when he tenanted the earthly casket; and, when his introductory message to me was concluded, he cast aside that vestment, and arrayed his shining figure in a long and flowing robe of transparent brilliancy.

Subsequent to this beautiful transformation, the circle of intelligences which surrounded my beloved Guide, as well as the glorious hosts who had previously welcomed me to their Immortal Bowers, congregated together in a united body above my head. Then floated on the spirit-air the sweet, musical tones of their angelic voices, mingling with the harmonizing melodies of a million harps, as they were touched by the gentle fingers of these loving seraphs. Then, on the sweet-scented zephyrs of the Eternal Land, was borne to me the following Song of Welcome, which filled my soul with a new joy and hope, and a spirit of devout gratitude and thanksgiving to my God:

"Welcome to our Heavenly Land,
Our Land of Bliss above,

Where God's immortal, flower-robed band
Sing songs of endless love.

"O, welcome to the home of peace,
Where sorrows never reach,
And where the soul, from earth released,
Will Truth's bright Gospel teach!

"Thrice welcome to our Paradise,
Thou Child of Truth and Love,
Among the stars which crown our skies
Enthrone thyself above!"

When this Song of Welcome was concluded, George Washington continued his address in the following language:

"When dwelling amid the trials and embarrassments of material being it was my lot, as you are well aware, to engage in the strifes and commotions of the bloody battle-field, warring against the might and power of the oppressor and wrong-doer. At the head of a small army, but one enjoying the consciousness that it was in the right, I went forth to fight my country's battles, assisted and strengthened by as glorious and honorable a Body of Embodied Spirits as ever assembled together in Congressional Convention, either in the United States or in any government of the Terrestrial Globe!

"Bleeding from the encroachments and oppressions of a foreign power,—suffering from the heavy taxations and other acts of inhumanity imposed upon them,—that noble and patriotic Body,—known to fame as the First American Congress,—assembled together, and resolved to sever the bond of union which allied them to the mother country, and disavow all allegiance to the monarch who swayed the eastern empire with his rule, and disgraced the Royal Throne of England with his 'imperial presence!'

"And never did a more worthy cause engage the attention of a class of minds, than that which called forth the active energies of the patriots of the Revolution. Conscious, by all law, that they were in the right; enduring sufferings and penalties wrongfully inflicted; convinced of the fact 'that all men are created free and equal,' and 'endowed by their Creator with

certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;' realizing that Monarchs, Presidents, Governors, or Rulers, bearing whatever *soubriquets* they may, 'should derive their power by the consent of the governed,' they unitedly determined to resist the overbearing insolence of a pampered government, and resolve themselves into an independent nation!

"These noble minds, therefore, convened together, in a harmonious body, — knowing that in union there is strength, — drafted a Declaration of Independence (the sublimest feature of which is that which declares the Christian principle of Universal Freedom), and enrolled thereon, 'without fear and trembling,' their signatures.

"In framing that Declaration of Principle, it was the wish and intention of its Originators, as well as its Signers, to have its broad and ample wings cover, with equal protection, the whole family of man, without distinction of sect, color, or caste. With the eye of Justice, and by the Laws of Nature, they saw that but one God — a No Respecter of Persons — governed all with impartial love, and that He created them with certain rights and immunities, among which is the just right of self-ownership!

"And, believing in this self-evident truth, those Immortal Minds sought to frame a Government, by the provisions of that instrument, whose principles should perfectly harmonize with the Divine Laws of Nature, and the Moral Government of God, and under which, they indulged the hope, *all* would find peace and protection, and dwell together in a Family of Brotherhood, as the children of One Impartial Parent should dwell.

"But, ere this Instrument was drafted, signed, and delivered to the world, the patriot children of '76 were uttering, in potent tones, their thundering remonstrances against all tyranny and oppression on the plains of Concord and Lexington, and lastly (that grand event in the Tragedy of the Revolution) on the Heights of Bunker Hill, and thus sealing, as they hoped, with their purest life-blood, the future eternal and universal liberty of their beloved country!

"Soon after the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, as you well know, the then 'feeble colonists established them-

selves into a separate government, absolving all allegiance to the British Crown, drafted a Constitution to their liking, and one, as they thought at that time, consistent with the circumstances of their enfeebled condition, hoping that all under its provisions would enjoy perfect freedom and uninterrupted prosperity! But how sadly were they doomed to disappointment!

"Instead of seeing the Constitution, which they loved and revered on earth, a strong arm of protection for all, a Shield to the defenceless, and a Hope to the weak, they saw it employed as a channel to answer unholy ends and purposes, and the unchristian designs of a wicked oligarchy; to strengthen sins of monstrous growth, and to succor and give maintenance to the hateful system of human slavery. And now, from their high and elevated abodes in heaven, it is their earnest desire, yea, and their intention too, to ostracize from that instrument every clause which leans in the slightest toward oppression and injustice, and make it, what it should be, a Constitution of Principle and Equality.

"With us, dear brother, Constitutions, Compromises and Unions, are as mere atoms where the mighty question of human liberty is involved. When they cease to embrace principles concordant with the fundamental principles of God's Divine Government, they are not worth preserving, and therefore, in the common course of things, must die.

"A union which owes a partial strength and vitality to the perpetuation and endurance of human slavery *will* not and cannot receive the sanction of a true Christian; and he who says 'I will help sustain and preserve such an alliance' is unpardonably ignorant of the essential principles which should constitute a true and liberal union, and proves himself a hypocrite. Man cannot serve God and Mammon too. He carries not the spirit of a Christian in his heart when it is robbed of the highest attribute of a true manhood, Love to God and Love to Man! A union, to receive the approbation of the Most High God, must be eloquent with good deeds, and with the doctrines and sentiments of humanity.

"The brave spirits who framed the Declaration of Independence, and the signers who immortalized it with their signatures, as well as those who gave tone and effect to the so-called

Federal Constitution, have nearly, if not all, passed away from earth to their respective spheres in the Heavenly Home. Unseen, but not unfelt of men, they watch the progress of their beloved country, weeping scalding tear-drops of sorrow and pity o'er its many sins and imperfections, and praying to the Ruler of Nations for its speedy deliverance.

"With prophetic vision, and with hearts filled with sadness, they look down upon the land they loved so well, and for which they perilled their earthly lives and fortunes, and see what fearful strides the institution of slavery has made since their passage to eternal life, and that, at no distant day, it will lead to the dismemberment of this Confederacy of States, to civil war, commotion and bloodshed!

"And when this bitter hour of trial shall come, shall we make the union of this Family of States the first and highest consideration of our spirit-life, where the happiness and welfare of our brother-man is concerned? Shall we remain dumb and insensible to the agonizing wails wafted up each mortal day to our Spirit Homes, from the crushed and bleeding hearts of three millions of God's persecuted and down-trodden children?

"Shall we remain silent and indifferent to the loud utterances of the poor slave against this infringement upon his just rights? Shall we, Priest and Levite like, pass coldly by on the other side from our wounded and oppressed brother, saying to him, 'We cannot unshackle your limbs and give you your freedom; for, if we do, the pillars of the American Edifice will topple from their foundations, and cause it to crumble to fragments on the rocks of disunion! We will not release you from your painful captivity, because, by so doing, we shall oppose the true "intent and letter" of our "Godlike" Constitution; and if you escape from the service of your master, we will bind you hand and foot, place you under martial surveillance, and send you back, and thus fulfil the sacred obligations imposed upon us by that Constitution bequeathed to us through the blood of our fathers!'

"Rather, will we not rise in the majesty of our strength and power, and disclaim such unhallowed feelings from our nature? Shall we cease to remember that there are higher Constitutions

than those of mortal framing, whose invincible and immutable ordinances are written down deep in the silent depths of our human nature, and which are as immortal as the Infinite Hand which framed them? Shall we disobey the higher instincts of our natures; rebel against the laws and requirements of the divine government; cringe and knuckle to the unchristian enactments of man, and to the requisitions of a hastily-framed Compromise, which, from its very partiality and injustice,

> "Was born to live but an ephemeral existenee,
> And then pass away to be numbered with the things that were?

Shall we be treasonable to the Infinite Paternal Government, for the sake of preserving in unity this American Family of States, and the further existence of an unrighteous Covenant, and thereby prove ourselves traitors to our consciences, to our convictions of right and justice, and, above all, traitors to the Most High God, before whom

> "Kingdoms and Empires are as nonentities,
> And Presidents and Kings as mere sucking babes?

"O, no! Heaven forbid that I should ever permit the Constitution of any country or people to stand between me and my sense of right, justice and humanity, and especially between my Conscience and my God! Everywhere, on the brow of Nature, and in the deep recesses of the soul, the Hand of Deity has written His Eternal Code of Laws, unalterable and immutable as His own Divinity, and none can ever change, amend, or modify them!

"The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, when they had attained the summit of imperial wickedness and licentiousness, as the Bible informs us, fell from their high estate by the visitation of natural penalties, and the righteous judgments of an Overruling Providence. The fall of Rome and other large cities proves to us that no individual or nation can disobey the Irrepealable Enactments of the Infinite Father, and escape the fixed penalties attached to such transgression!

"And can boasting, sinful America indulge in the flattering, delusive hope, that the heavy judgments which fell upon those

ancient cities will be averted from her, whose guilt is equal, if not even greater than theirs? Does she think that, Cain-like, she can escape the vigilant, sleepless eye of that Divine Parent,

> "Whose voice is heard in the rolling thunders,
> And whose might is seen in the forked lightnings;"

and that He will turn a deaf ear to the cry of 'mortal agony,' daily borne on the 'four winds of Heaven' to His Throne of Justice, from the almost broken hearts of His slavery-crushed children?

"Far from it; America can no more expect mercy in her prosperous wickedness, from the Hand of Deity, than can the most degraded child of earth expect to enjoy equal happiness and bliss with the more refined and exalted intelligences of heaven. The Parent of All cares not for the unity or perpetuation of a Family of States, where the prosperity or welfare of a single child of His is concerned.

"God, the Eternal Father, has commissioned us, His ministers of Truth and Justice, to a great and important undertaking! He has invested us with power and authority to influence and guide the actions of mankind, and aid them in their struggles for right and truth. He has bade us arm ourselves with the weapons of Love and Justice, and hasten to the rescue of our struggling brother-man. His call is imperative and binding, and we *must* and WILL obey!

"We are able to discern the period rapidly approximating when man will take up arms against his fellow-man, and go forth to contend with the enemies of Republican Liberty, and to assert, at the point of the bayonet, those rights, of which so large a portion of their fellow-creatures are deprived. Again will the soil of America be saturated with the blood of freedom-loving children, and her noble monuments, those sublime attestations of patriotic will and determination, will tremble, from base to summit, with the heavy roar of artillery, and the thunder of cannon. The trials of that internal war will far exceed those of the War of the Revolution, while the cause contended for will equal, if not excel, in sublimity and power, that for which the children of '76 fought.

"But when the battle-smoke shall disappear, and the cannon's fearful tones are heard no more, then will mankind more fully realize the blessings outflowing from the mighty struggle in which they so valiantly contended! No longer will their eyes meet with those bound in the chains of physical slavery, or their ears listen to the heavy sobs of the oppressed child of God. But o'er a land dedicated to the principles of impartial liberty the King of Day will rise and set, and hearts now oppressed with care and sorrow will rejoice in the blessings of uninterrupted freedom.

"In this eventful revolution, what the patriots of the past failed to accomplish, their descendants will perform, with the timely assistance of invisible powers. By their sides the heavenly hosts will labor, imparting courage and fortitude in each hour of despondency, and urging them onward to a speedy and magnificent triumph. Deploring, as we do, the existence of slavery, and the means to be employed to purge it from America, yet our sympathies will culminate to the cause of Right and Justice, and give strength to those

> Who seek to set the captive free,
> And crush the monster, Slavery.

"The picture which I have presented is, indeed, a hideous one. You may think that I speak with too much assurance when I thus boldly prophesy the dissolution of the American Confederacy, and, through it, the destruction of that gigantic structure, Human Slavery! But this knowledge was not the result of a moment's or an hour's gleaning, but nearly half a century's existence in the Seraph Life. I have carefully watched my country's rising progress, and I am thoroughly convinced that it cannot always exist under the present Federal Constitution, and the pressure of that most terrible sin, Slavery!

"You, respected friend and brother, have been called to many important offices in the Councils of the Nation. With the spirit of unflinching firmness have you sought to guide it aright, and to maintain the honest, well-intended principles of the Founders of the Government. Persecutions you dared, threats you defied. Fearlessly you strove for the triumph of

Humanity's principles, for which a just reward will be meted out to you in this your everlasting home, and glory and unalloyed happiness will illumine your celestial pathway through the spheres of progression.

"Let us hope and pray for the deliverance of our beloved country; and also, while we hope and pray, let us remember to *act!* Let us enlist in this war of principle, and, with unswerving fortitude and devotion, — the spirit of love reigning in our hearts, — carry it forward, until we have attained a conquest over slavery, and every evil which follows in its train.

"It is now *my* province and unbounded pleasure to bid you welcome to the society of the exalted and the true, who join with me in entailing eternal blessings on your newly-unfolding life, and rejoicing that you have found Eternity's Shores. Follow out the beautiful precepts they have advanced to you, that you may walk in the shining pathway of a still nobler development, and be admitted to the courts of those high archangels whose ethereal forms your spirit-eyes have beheld."

Upon the conclusion of the interesting address of the "Father of his country," I could not refrain from making a reply, and, thanking him for the cordial welcome he had vouchsafed unto me, and for the pleasing assurances of an eternity-continued friendship. I assured him of a still ardent interest in the cause of Liberty and Justice; and that the ineffable bliss and happiness of my newly-born soul would not cause me to forget the sorrows and sufferings of those in the world I had left; that silently I would steal from my beautiful heaven, and visit the memorable Halls of Congress, and, if permitted, impress the People's Representatives with a love of right and justice. Then (as in other instances) I exhorted Washington still to continue his ennobling labors, closing with the following poem:

"Go forth, thou servant of the Lord,
Armed with His Great and Glorious Word
Assembling to this Holy Fight
All those who love the Truth and Right.

"Work with thy former strength and might
In Freedom's Consecrated Fight,
And rally to thy sacred cause
Those who love God and keep His Laws.

" When dangers on thy country lower,
And Slavery's black, gigantic power
Seeks, with remorseless hand, to bind
Man's endlessly-progressive Mind, —

" O then, immortal spirit, fly
From thy Celestial Home on high,
And let thy patriot counsels flow
Unto the sinning ones below ;

" And tell them that thy watchful eye
Still guards thy country's destiny,
And thy strong arm, with potent might,
Is raised, oppression's power to blight.

" O, may thine influence be shed
Wherever Slavery rears its head,
Until the monster's power is crushed,
And every bitter anguish hushed :
Then earth will smile with freedom's glow,
And be a ' little Heaven below ! ' "

O, long my spirit-eyes gazed upon his effulgent form, and unspeakable joy and gladness filled my soul at this happy reünion in the world of celestials ! My memory went back to those trying days when his noble influence was given in behalf of an oppressed people ; when, on his war-horse, with undaunted coolness and courage, he ploughed the battle-field with his small but patriotic army, and led them on to the splendors of glorious and well-earned victories. And, as I now review all his splendid achievements, won amid the most heart-rending sufferings and discouragements, with feelings of deep despair at times taking possession of his tried and faithful army, I can no longer doubt that the Strong Arm of God and Heaven were with him, and victoriously conducted his enslaved country out of its inthralment into the pathway of peace and prosperity.

His noble and inspiring deeds have won the applause of the whole world, and gained the deep admiration of both friends and foes. His immortal virtues and generous actions are inscribed, in ineffaceable lines, upon the imperishable monuments they have reared in every true and patriotic heart ; and they increase in brilliancy and power the more they are studied and understood. And pleasing must be the thought to those

who, at this hour, are struggling for the triumph of freedom and equity on the already blood-smeared plains of Kansas,* and the perpetuation of these great principles everywhere, that, while they are surrounded by the black waves of despotic opposition, with an infamous oligarchy, and a still more infamous, if possible, government against them, they can look upward, with the eye of Faith and Hope, to the God of Humanity and Justice, and know that He is with them in their heroic struggles, to breathe the inspiration of His Divine Spirit into their despairing hearts; to feel, also, they can turn upward, and, with the interior eye, discern the still patriotic and heaven-elevated spirit of George Washington towering o'er them in majestic beauty and might, bidding them a hearty God-speed in the Christian work of their country's salvation; and with him, also, that glorious host who labored by his side to achieve the rights for which they are so valiantly contending. A cause, which thus brings to its support such an array of invisible strength and assistance, is invincible, and cannot, therefore, be overcome. With God and His Ministering Servants arrayed in unconquerable hostility against wrong and oppression, fear not, ye valiant, struggling children of right, the weaker arm of the tyrant and oppressor.

Ye sufferers on fair Kansas' Plains, struggling in the cause of all,
Let not oppression's powerful arm your noble hearts appall;
For God and Angels are with you, to aid your work along,
And breathe inspiring hope to each, and bid your souls be strong.

Towering above your heads appears the Patriot Washington, —
He whom the world delights to call Ameriea's Noblest Son, —
Imparting courage unto those who struggle for the right,
And seeking, with immortal power, to crush the tyrant's might!

His loving voice again is heard, with holy lessons fraught,
Impressing all to heed those rights for which their fathers fought,
And, with what power they can command, to wipe away this stain,
That, in the land bequeathed to them, fair liberty may reign!

If darkening clouds around you gather, and seek to breed despair,
Then spirits, from their heavens, will prove their watchfulness and care,
And give you strength and fortitude in every faltering hour,
And make the tyrant, in his might, to tremble and to cower.

* This portion was dictated during the recent severe troubles in Kansas.

Then rally, ye who love the right, and would a triumph win ;
Come forth into the battle-field, and fight this giant sin ;
And He, who rules in majesty the armies of the skies,
Will crown you with a conquest sure, and give the victor's prize.

SECTION SECOND.

Washington's birthday — His belief in angel-guardianship — His chief fault — Modern reformers — Washington's present views of slavery — A message which he has sent to earth.

HARK ! The bells are sending up their merry peals to heaven; the cannon is booming forth its noisy eloquence, reverberating far and wide o'er hill and dale. The shouts of a partially-enfranchised people are wafted up to the God of Liberty on each floating zephyr, and flags, symbolic of freedom, are gracefully waving o'er the heads of those who call themselves free. The old, the middle-aged and the young, are alike participating in the joyous festivities of the day, and sending upward the grateful thanksgivings of their hearts for the blessings which they enjoy, and the brilliant memories with which the occasion inspires them !

What means this glorious outburst of enthusiasm, — this ringing of bells, — this firing of cannon, and shouting of human voices? From whence cometh this deep flow of feeling, welling up from millions of souls in the form of holy benedictions and prayers? Has some mighty warrior returned from the gory field of battle, covered with the spoils of war, or the fleeting laurels of a bloody victory? Has a Nation freed itself from the grasp of slavery and injustice, and are all hearts therefore rejoicing over the splendid triumph? O, no ! This is the anniversary of a day,

Which gave to earth a Washington,
And Heaven a true and faithful son, —
A Beacon-Light, whose mighty power
Made tyrants tremble, and foes cower !

Yes ! It is the birthday of the immortal and patriotic George Washington, — the so-called Father and Founder of his country, — the man who has properly been considered as "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen !" And it is

to do honor to the memory of this great man that this public demonstration is made, and thus to exhibit to the world how deeply America's sons revere the virtues of one so good and true.

What a glorious example of true piety and lofty patriotism is given to the world in his life and character! Every trait which History has chronicled upon its pages stamps him as a true and devout Christian! Deprived, at a youthful age, of the earthly care of his father, the first rudiments of an education devolved wholly, I might say, upon his faithful, pious mother, who early instilled into his heart the principles of Christianity, and, by precept and example, taught him to be ever true to his God. The mother was most faithfully represented in the sublime character of the son! Early was he taught to bend the knee in prayer, — to hold in sacred veneration the name of Deity, — never to give it utterance except in holy adoration and praise!

The prayers of this noblest Spirit of the Age consisted not in mere wordy expressions, but were reflected in his outer and inner life. Each noble thought and patriotic deed was an invocation wafted up to God.

His prayerful thoughts were ever raised
To Him who dwells above;
On bended knee he *truly* praised
The God of Truth and Love.

When heavy clouds obscured the light
Of Freedom's lovely sky,
His sincere prayers, at dead of night,
Were wafted up on high;
Invoking the Eternal One
To hasten on the day
When Liberty's resplendent sun
Might shed on all its ray.

And can any one doubt, viewing the innumerable perils and obstacles through which Washington was called to pass, but that he was directed through them all by the guiding influences of those Invisible Powers, who were faithfully guarding the interests of a man seeking to free his beloved country from the

fangs of the serpent, oppression? Can any one doubt but that spirits from the immortal world sustained him through all the disheartening trials and almost unendurable sufferings of Valley Forge, — cheered his heart, and those of his desponding soldiers when they were so heroically laboring to release their dear native land from the clutches of a tyrannical potentate and his myrmidons?

Washington himself believed that he was guarded by kindred spirits; that they hovered o'er him, and gladdened his life with beautiful prospects of success in each laudable undertaking, and fortified him against all impending dangers and impediments. He felt that the sainted spirit of his beloved father, who had preceded him to the glorious liberties of the Heavenly Country, was watching, with earnest solicitude, his onward progress, and inspiring him with a divine courage and hope.

Through all the scenes of battle-strife
  Bright angels from above
Protected well his earthly life,
  And cheered him with their love;
Their holy influence with him dwelt,
  Dispelling doubt and gloom,
And strewing in his mortal ways
  Sweet flowers of fadeless bloom.

When dark despair hung o'er the land
  In which he nobly fought,
Those min'st'ring ones, from Eden's band,
  Sweet consolation brought:
Their faithful love shone ever near,
  Gave strength in every hour;
And with their aid did he disarm
  Oppression's hated power.

Their "influence combined" was shown
  Where'er on earth he dwelt;
On battle-field, in Vernon's home,
  Their power alike was felt.
They brightened every rugged path,
  Threw round his life a charm,
Whose ever shining, potent glow
  Preserved him from all harm.

O, cherished will his memory be
By all who love the right;
The brave and noble, bond and free,
Will feel his kindred light;
Throughout the world his brilliant star
Will ever dimless shine,
Attracting nations from afar,
To bow at Freedom's shrine!

Although Washington possessed the many glorious attributes ascribed to him, yet, in common with us all, he had imperfections. The most glaring evil of his life, and one which has been the most deplored and condemned, was, his holding his dark-skinned brother in bondage. This fault has been severely denounced by the lovers of Justice and Right, and lamented by even Washington himself!

To the soul of such an ardent lover of Liberty and Equality as was Washington, oppression, even in its mildest form, — if we believe it to be possible for oppression to take such a form, — was extremely repugnant and hateful! He detested slavery in all its phases, and took active measures to expunge from the nation this blighting curse, this great barrier to its advancing prosperity and happiness. Often would he wander over his plantation, and witness, with a sorrowing heart, the condition of those men he called his slaves, and study how he might better their lot in life. He felt that to hold them in involuntary servitude was inconsistent with the calling of a man who was struggling for the freedom and independence of his country. He *knew* that *all* were entitled to the blessings of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Many were the tears he shed in their behalf, — many were the means he revolved in his mind, by which he might give them their liberty. He saw the strong prejudices bearing against such a measure, — the many obstacles he would have to surmount, — and, not possessing sufficient strength of mind to overcome them, he unfortunately, but reluctantly, yielded to their influences.

He looked forward with joy, however, to that time when the Goddess of Liberty, from her pedestal, would admiringly gaze upon a land free from chains and fetters, — a land basking in the sunlight of God's approving smiles; when the Star-

Spangled Flag would wave its graceful folds over a Nation unpolluted by "Stripes,"—a Nation recognizing Eternal Brotherhood and Love, and a Father, who is a No Respecter of Persons. And no brighter page gilds the "Life of Washington," than that which records those glorious deeds which mark him as a man who *desired* the liberties of *all*, — who felt, with those in bonds as one bound with them!

The "brave fathers of '76" felt and acknowledged the terrible sin of domestic slavery, and endeavored to expunge it from American soil, and to hasten the day when its fœtid breath would no longer poison the fragrant air of freedom. Even the patriotic Drafter of the Declaration of Independence, though a slaveholder, knew that one hour of domestic servitude was fraught with more misery and wretchedness than many of those years of oppression and injustice which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose; while the system was so detestable to the generous, humane soul of that noble Patriot, Samuel Adams, that he was determined none should cross the threshold of his door who could not truly call themselves Freemen!

I fully appreciate the Godlike efforts of that noble Band of Reformers, who are seeking to build up the cause of Humanity, and to make Freedom universal. Let me say to them, their noble labors meet the cordial approval of those Sympathizing Minds which glitter in our Heavenly Constellation, beside receiving the crowning favors of an Overruling and Omniscient Presence! I love to gaze, from my Land of Liberty and Truth, upon these fearless Representatives, and watch the untiring perseverance they manifest in their endeavors to establish on earth Justice and Equality. I see them battling against "fearful odds," exposing themselves to the persecutions of misguided men for the sake of Truth, and willing to suffer obloquy and scorn, that their brother-man, throughout the world, may enjoy equally with them the God-bequeathed inheritance of freedom.

My vision instinctively turns to a few of these true men, — these faithful Children of God, — these loyal Representatives of His Infinite Nature! And what do I see? I behold a dar-

ing, intrepid Garrison, — he, whose noble spirit tyrants have sought, and still seek, to crush and tame, — pursuing his holy mission with fearlessness and understanding, and seeking to eternize his Christian principles everywhere. Passing through innumerable perils to sustain a cause when only a few went forth to aid him, he has lived to see public sentiment aroused to action on this momentous question of Slavery, and to feel that he has not labored in vain. Above him I see hovering a band of kindred spirits, breathing o'er him divine strength and hope, and warbling, in their low, sweet voices, the music of their celestial approbation. In that immortal group I discern many exalted minds of past and present time, — attracted by the purity of his outer and inner life, — showering upon His head the light of their holy counsels, and the glory of their seraphic love; while in the centre appears the Presiding Angel of the Band, fitted on earth for an exalted sphere in heaven, and who, if I am correctly informed, labored by the side of this faithful brother, and in the same cause, when in the mundane life. Still he works with him for the good of all; and to every generous thought and well-performed duty he breathes a quick response, a sweet "Well done!" In his noble countenance I recognize the good, the just, the humane spirit of

"Charles Follen."

Then other Champions of Right appear before me! I see the Heaven-inspired Phillips, whose glowing words of truth have burnt a way into the rough heart of the world, and rocked it from centre to centre. Then I see the fearless, indefatigable Parker, faithfully representing his Master's Divine Will, while over him float many celestial laborers from the illimitable Church beyond, ever inspiring his soul, and, at the same time, DRAWING *inspiration from the burning eloquence of his mind and heart!* Then follow, in rapid succession, other noble spirits of earth before my vision, and I behold a Thompson, a Pillsbury, a Higginson, a Quincy, a Foster, and many more I might specify, — all acting harmoniously together for the overthrow of tyranny and wickedness, and for the triumph of freedom and right. Gentle woman, also, is seen laboring by their side,

inspiring them with her counsels, and the influences of her pure presence; — while above them *all* is seen a glorious Company of Invisibles, watching, with deep solicitude, their onward advancement, and breathing unto them a warm and "soul-felt" GOD-SPEED!

Speed on! Speed on! Thou faithful Band,
Redeem thy fallen, sinful land;
Break the oppressive chains which bind
Many a noble heart and mind!

Pause not, — e'en though vindictive foes
Thy righteous efforts may oppose:
For God and Angels are with thee,
To crown each work with victory.

Then my vision takes another direction, and I behold, in the Halls of Congress, a few noble souls struggling against a wicked oligarchy, and for the perpetuation of those principles and blessings transmitted to them by their fathers. I see a Giddings, a Seward, a Sumner, and others, acting in concert for the down-trodden and bleeding slave, and for the maintenanco of liberty *everywhere!* I see the murky atmosphere of slavery by which they are surrounded, the continual trials and persecutions which daily visit them while in the discharge of their several duties, and the endeavors made to crush their efforts for Humanity! And when I see the firmness and decision of character they manifest, — cowering not before men or men's bad principles, — I am led to glorify "my Father who is in Heaven," and to hope that, "while a few righteous men are found, He will not destroy the city!"

All honor, let me say to you, Noblemen of Nature, for your manly, upright independence! Guardian Presences will watch over, inspire, strengthen and guide you aright! Fear, ye faithful ones, no evil! Trust in God! He is your Father, — able to punish vice, and reward virtue! His Infinite Eye gazes benignantly on you, and His voice, in the secret depths of your souls, is whispering, "Come up higher!" Pursue, "without fear and trembling," your work of love, and a Crown of Eternal Glory will be your reward!

Pardon me for this digression. I will now return to my original subject, and then pass on to other things.

In consideration of the many virtues which crowned the life of Washington, would it not be well to "bear and forbear" with him in this particular point? Shall we not consider the unprogressed age in which he lived, — the prejudices current in his day, and which proved as almost insurmountable barriers to the inception of that sound and healthy Humanity which *now* finds a welcome home in the hearts of all who love Right and Equality? Shall we not "forgive and forget" this *one* error of his life, and treasure in remembrance the good he did, and the desire he manifested, that all might become recipients of the glorious boon of liberty?

I feel that the charitable portion of mankind will overlook that one fault of the man, who, even at the eleventh hour, restored those he held in involuntary bondage to the full enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of freedom, rather than to have them pass into the hands of tyrannical and cruel taskmasters, and have his gentle spirit pained on beholding them endure the more horrid phases of oppression and injustice! Many probably will think it was no mark of virtue in Washington to give them freedom when he could no longer subject them to his control; but I admire the noble promptings which swayed him even at that late season, as his beautiful spirit was unfolding into the universal liberty of the children of heaven! For, I would ask, is it ever *too late* to breathe a noble thought, or to do a generous action?

Let the friends of Humanity, however, feel assured that, had Washington's earthly life been spared to the present moment, there would not have been found a truer Champion of Human Rights than himself! A firmer or more eloquent plea would not have ascended to the Throne of Infinite Goodness, in behalf of the crushed and broken-hearted American Slave, than the one he would have willingly offered up! By the side of the good and true men of the age he would have labored, and his voice would have mingled with theirs, calling upon all to help uproot this vile weed from American soil, and to give liberty to those designed by God to be free and equal with

them! He would not have regarded the popular institutions and opinions of the day, but manfully and earnestly would have battled on the side of freedom, with the sword of Justice in one hand, and the paramount Law of God in the other!

Had he been permitted to live in the mundane life until the present time, the snaky, slimy folds of the inhuman and barbarous Fugitive Slave Bill, would not, I think, have dared to wind themselves around the dear form of Liberty, to insult the independence of the country, and to poison by their contact the perfumed air of those broad lands forever consecrated by your Fathers to Freedom. His detestation of slavery, in every form, knows no limitations. He has expressed this hatred through many organisms, both those who call themselves media and those who do not. He regrets that he did not take more active measures to free the country from this foul stain, and to *make universal liberty* the grand object of his heroic labors and aspirations. And here let me insert a message dictated by this noble spirit to a child of earth, not long since, to prove how anxiously he has watched the destinies of his beloved country. He says:

"Although much good accrued from the patriotic exertions of your fathers, yet how much was left undone, which, by strong efforts and determinations, might have been accomplished! A vile weed was left to flourish on the soil saturated by their hearts' best blood, — was left to expand into a hideous tree, of gigantic proportions, until its now far-waving branches threaten to o'erspread the land they so fondly loved, and involve it in the desolation of civil strife and bloodshed. The dwarf, which they hoped would be exterminated in the prime of life, has grown to a demon of monstrous size, and all the stratagems and efforts of his enemies have not as yet been able to crush his hated power. With mighty and irresistible tread he marches along his fiery path, scattering the seeds of woe and discord wherever his contaminating presence is seen and felt, and bidding all to succumb to his demoniacal influence. Defying all the methods of his foes to dethrone him from his kingly seat, caressed and nursed by the devotees he has brought in subjection to his control, with intolerant assurance he threatens to perpetuate and strengthen

his brutal power, by fortifying himself and confederates, in solid phalanx, against the onward march of the Angel of Freedom, and ingratiating himself into the affections of the Supporters of the National Government, — its, I am sorry to say, pampered Judiciary and corrupted Congress!

"He has thus far," he continues, "accomplished his unholy purposes, and is likely to carry his debasing influences into lands which have not as yet been desolated by association with his blighting presence. The well-intended designs of the framers of the government have been subverted by his tyrannical decrees, until now he has fastened the 'galling yoke' around the necks of those who are nominally called free, and who are desirous that *all* should equally enjoy the blessings of 'liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'

"I am perfectly conscious of the progress which the wicked system of slavery has made in the nation since I was called from the sphere of my earthly labors to the duties of the Higher Life! I am aware of the cruel scenes enacted in the Tragedy of the Mexican War, whereby new territory was opened to the incursions of the Slave Power, and to the propagation and support of that God-defying institution. I am also aware of the infringement upon the *true* intents of the Framers of the Federal Constitution, in the enactment of the unchristian, wicked Fugitive Slave Bill, of the passage of the so-called Missouri Compromise, and its destruction in the Kansas-Nebraska Statute!"

Then Washington seems to think that slavery will make other encroachments before its progress is arrested by public opinion, as the following paragraphs will testify:

"But the Demon of Injustice will not cease here in his wicked work. *He* will not enjoy a quiet repose until he has blasted the atmosphere of your territorial possessions with his poisonous breath, and brought all people under his controlling influence. He has carried war into the Camp of Freedom, and transferred even the nominally Free States into a vast hunting-ground, wherein the slave-catcher may enter and seize his liberty-loving brother, and *re*-consign him to the tortures and horrors of the American Inquisition! All these things have been done by the Slave-Demon, and much more will he

do ere his ascending power is impeded by the Voice of Popular Sentiment, and the Angel of Freedom is prepared to throttle her formidable adversary.

"Glutted and nursed as he has been, and still is, in the arms of the Federal Government, indulged in his caprices by the representatives of injustice and oppression, he has grown arbitrary and self-conceited in his requisitions, and he will not be satisfied until his demands, no matter how impossible to attain they may be, are fully gratified. He has grown to be *very* stubborn and hard to deal with; and if, by virtue of the high offices he has attained, he should prove ungrateful to his foster-parents and supporters, and strangle them in an unguarded hour, they, and they alone, must suffer the consequences of his heartless ingratitude!"

Then, proceeding, he closes the message with the following interrogatories and accompanying advice:

"But the enormities which I have enumerated above, are they unproductive of good results? Is the disease so harsh or obstinate that it will not yield to the treatment of kind and humane Physicians? Have the diseased portions so deeply infected the healthy parts as to place them beyond the possibility of a cure by the application of Reason and Common Sense? If so, is it not best to decapitate the corrupted members from the healthy, separate the uncongenial elements from the congenial, and thereby have a sound body?

"Let us not be faint at heart nor discouraged in regard to the future of our beloved country. If civil war and strife *are* to follow the abasement of natural laws and the principles of God's Moral Government, let us be prepared for the conflict! Let us work according to our means and capacities, arming ourselves with the weapons of Love and Justice, remembering that *Love* is the fulfilling of all law!"

Do not consider me as apologizing for Washington's holding in bondage human beings, or as wishing to hide from public gaze this deplorable, and, probably, inexcusable "mistake of his mundane life!" Loving all mankind with an unlimited love,—at the same time quick to denounce sin and injustice,—I only ask that charity may cover that one fault, that one stain on

his character! While we are ready to condemn his errors, let us be as ready to applaud his virtues!

Could his voice be heard by those who, year after year, are eulogizing the virtues of the "illustrious deceased," he would say, in emphatic tones, "While you are zealous to portray the good, be not forgetful of the bad! Be impartial in your delineations, charitable in your denunciations, with the spirit of love glowing in your thoughts, and revealing itself in your every word and action!"

This beautiful spirit looks down from his Realm of Bliss and Happiness, radiant with the Love of God and man, upon a land still beloved and endeared to him. He enjoins upon its rulers to love Justice, Mercy and Equality; to hate oppression and wickedness in all their various phases; to love their fellow-men as themselves, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

From his unclouded sphere above
  He watches o'er mankind,
Reflecting, from his home of love,
  The glories of his mind;
The land in which he bravely fought,—
  The land where true men fell;
Where noble blood was dearly bought,
  That Freedom there might dwell;—

He guards with jealous, anxious eye,
  With love which ne'er can chill;
Looks on it from his starry sky
  With fond devotion still;
Impressing on the hearts of those
  Who guide the Ship of State,
That to all wrong they must be foes
  To be both good and great.

Pardon me for so freely descanting upon the life of Washington. I could not resist the impulse, with which the occasion inspired me, to refer to the merits and demerits of that noble spirit, and to hold up the former as guides and the latter as warnings for future generations.

His beautiful presence is *now* by my side, and smiles an approval on my "tribute." He bids me say, "that he is still labor-

ing for Humanity, and especially for the release of his country from the galling chains which bind her down to darkness; that still his vigilant eye looks down from his home beyond the stars, and watches with *patriotic* solicitude the inroads which the accursed system of slavery is making upon her prosperity and happiness. "Be firm and steadfast in the right," he says. "You cannot love your God, and hate your fellow-man."

Let us take pattern by Washington's virtues, and warning by his imperfections, being charitable in our comments, but ever obedient to truth and justice, so that when *we* are weighed in the balances we shall not be found wanting.

But for the blemish of a "Slaveholder" attached to his character, I could safely say that

Unclouded shines his noble name
On history's gilded page,
Reflecting from his gloried fame
The spirit of the age.

His memory *must* ever live
With all the good and great;
Unfading lustre will it give
To Nation and to State.

* * * * * *

The monarch, the oppressor fears
To hear his deeds so bright;
His noble life condemns and sears
Oppressive power and might.

Throughout the world his name shall be
The watchword of the brave —
A terror to the Autocrat,
And blessing to the slave!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
January, 1857.

MESSAGE X.

PETER WHITNEY.

SECTION FIRST.

Whitney's spirit-birth — Monologue over his body — First impressions in spirit-life — Welcomed by John Adams — His reply — His invocation — Welcomed by Abigail Adams — Her views of woman's proper sphere.

I WILL here give the interchange of thought I enjoyed with the highly unfolded spirit of Peter Whitney.

Advancing to me, he clasped my hand and said:

"Earth-enfranchised brother: Adoring rapture fills my soul, that I am enabled, after the lapse of a few short years, to meet with you again, and breathe forth a most fervent welcome to the Realms of Truth and Beauty. Glorious is this reünion to us both, because our earth-lives commingled together; our spirits sweetly blended in one; and the harmony of our natures was alike sweet and congenial.

"We worshipped in the same church together, drank of the pure waters of inspiration from the same limpid stream, and partook of the Bread of Eternal Life from the same inexhaustible loaf. We communed together in spirit and in truth at the same communion-table, and partieipated in the joys and consolations outflowing from the same heaven-cheering Faith.

"As my physical sight grew dim, and the spirit slowly parted from its narrow habitation, my interior vision was opened that I might enjoy a foretaste of those eternal glories which were soon to be mine in another and holier clime. A radiant glow, surpassing in brilliancy and splendor anything I ever saw, environed my whole form, and my view was gladdened with a vision of that beautiful heaven, upon whose gem-crowned shores angels were waiting to bear me to a happy and eternal home. My soul inwardly inspired the fragrant aroma wafted

from the flower-valleys of Paradise, bathing in the sunlight of glory reflected from the beatified realms of truth and purity. Bright and gorgeous-robed beings flitted before my spiritual sight, beckoning me to join them in their immortal abodes. Passing by me onward and upward, they whispered into my inner ear some sweet word of encouragement, to cheer my spirit's passage to eternal light and glory. And, O, as I gazed upon that glorified throng, arrayed in their shining habiliments of celestial loveliness, I could not but feel and exclaim, that 'Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!'

"Soon this mighty concourse of gay and resplendent beauty passed away from my spiritual sight on the golden Lake of Immortality, concreting, in the far distance, into a magnificent cloud, which presented, to my vision, the appearance of a splendid rainbow, studded with innumerable stars of various hues, and of great grandeur and sublimity. The spectacle was a most enchanting one, and I longed to break from my mortal inthralment, and revel in this boundless sea of ecstatic pleasure.

"As soon as they faded away from my vision, I became more fully sensible of the change through which I was passing,—that my soul was departing its frail tenement of clay, and would soon become a member of the glorious Family of Heaven. The brilliancy and grandeur of the Celestial Spheres increased in intensity as I drew near their flower-ladened portals, and inhaled their rapturous beauties.

"At length I had disengaged my hold on mortality, with the exception of a small fibre of light, which kept me still allied to things of time, as if the spirit was loth to part with the earthly habitation it had so long tenanted, and within which it had been cherished with such fostering care. Soon, however, that connecting ligament grew more diminutive, until, by a gentle effort, it separated from the outer form, and I became an immortal citizen of the realms of everlasting bliss. The period of six hours was occupied, I should think, in the development of my soul into heaven.

"Several hours after my earthly body had been pronounced dead, I felt attracted to the spot where it lay calmly reposing in the dreamless slumber of death. I beheld it clad in its fune-

real habiliments, ready to be deposited in the gloomy darkness of the narrow house. Bending over it, I indulged in the following brief soliloquy:

"'Poor, worn-out body! Thou hast finished thy appointed work; hast done the will of thy Maker. Thou hast assisted in perfecting the now departed jewel, and preparing it to adorn the brilliant Courts of the Heavenly City. Thou wert sown an earthly body — thou hast raised a spiritual body! I will treasure the remembrance of the good thou hast done, and will love thee for thy fostering care during all the raging storms and ills of mortal being:

"' And, as I pass from sphere to sphere,
I 'll drop o'er thee a grateful tear,
And deeply shrine in memory
The thoughts of what thou 'st done for me!

"'Go, then, clod of mortality, back to thy original, thy kindred element — dust! On earth's cold bosom wilt thou pillow thy head, while the green grass and the perfume-laden flowers will wave their gentle foliage above thy resting-place, watered, perhaps, by the falling tears of remembrance and love. The sighing winds of autumn and winter will chant their requiems above it, and the snow will kiss it with its lips of virgin whiteness.

"'Now, farewell, inanimate clay! Thou art forever released from the mighty struggle of life. In the grave thou wilt find a calm and quiet repose, while the spirit thou hast long nurtured in thy embrace will fly upward to heaven, to hover o'er those it loved in mundane life, and strengthen them in every good and worthy work.

"'Go back, thou lifeless clay, thou dust, unto thy mother earth,
And seek upon her bosom cold, a calm and peaceful rest;
And, O, thou spirit disenthralled! unfold to higher birth,
And find an everlasting home among the heav'nly blest!

"'Ah, no! thou casket dead! there 's naught shall cause me to forget
The sweet remembrances which throng around thy silent earth;
But ever-sparkling, fresh and bright, in memory's coronet,
Shall glisten there the treasured thoughts of thy departed worth.'

"When I finished this monologue, I turned from that relic of mortality, and directed my attention to the expanding glories which everywhere dawned upon my spirit-view. A boundless ocean of space was spread out before me, — a vast, illimitable realm of light and glory! I gazed around on every side, and viewed with admiration the wondrous sublimity of the immortal creation, — the magnificent glories of this living universe of eternal existences! I felt that I had still a mighty work to perform, — that my labors for good did not expire with the corporeal things below.

"Nearly an hour elapsed, I should judge, subsequent to my unfoldment into the spirit-life, ere I fully realized the glories accompanying a spirit's entrance into heaven. During that little while I beheld not a single messenger of the Seraph Land! No kindly hand was offered, — no friendly voice gave me greeting, — no welcome smile of cordiality and friendship gladdened my heart! No bright angel advanced to tell me that the goal of my high aspirations was at last reached! I was alone in a strange and unknown country, not knowing which way to direct my steps!

"A crowd of tumultuous feelings took possession of me as I gazed forth into the immense ocean of space rolling before me. The most beautiful objects met my vision. The lofty peaks of towering mountains loomed up in the far distance, dipping their golden crests in the ineffable splendors of the Day of Eternal Glory! Gorgeously-plumed birds were heard trilling their soft and dulcet cadences, which vibrated on the ethereal atmosphere in sweet and blissful harmonies. Flowers and fountains, and *every* imaginable beauty, greeted my interior vision; and I knew that all these supernal glories belonged alone to Heaven, and that I should be a partaker of them.

"O, blesséd thought! my rising soul
Was free from scenes of strife, —
Had found at last the sought-for goal
Of never-ending Life:
Where sins and sorrows are unknown,
Nor weeping eyes are seen;
But where each feels rich joys alone,
With naught to intervene.

"Like yourself, I beheld, in the distant skies, a cloud of celestial radiance rapidly approaching me. A large body of immortal life environed it, appearing, from my remote position, like so many brilliant stars. I watched, with intense interest, its magnificent passage through the illimitable regions of space, and wondered who, among my many angel-friends, were sailing on that refulgent Lake of Glorified Immortality.

"I did not, however, long remain in a state of wonderment. That immortal body was soon near enough for me to distinctly recognize the resplendent forms sailing upon it. Two were seen to leave it, and come towards me. Even amid the grandeur of their celestial habiliments I was able to recognize the familiar countenances of two well-known and beloved friends, who exchanged, some years ago, the corruptible for the incorruptible. The first, a male spirit, bore in his hand an anchor, — the emblem of Hope! The other, a female, carried a wreath of evergreen, with a lily here and there intertwined, — a double typification of Purity and Immortality! One had shared all those earthly honors in the power of a grateful country to bestow, then, ascending heavenward, received a Crown of Glory. The other, by her virtuous deeds and adherence to truth, liberty and justice, had bequeathed to posterity an example well worthy of imitation. The former early enlisted his sympathies in the cause of his country, and gave his earnest efforts to insure its welfare and prosperity; the latter was his most faithful counsellor, and, by her words of encouragement and advice, assisted him to work out the salvation of her native land. And none were more active in their endeavors to free Young America from the tyrannical grasp of the British Power, than your beloved parent,

"John Adams,"

and his beloved partner, your sainted and deeply-idolized mother, — the ever-to-be-remembered

"Abigail Adams."

"As I gazed upon their glowing forms, decked in garments of dazzling resplendency, and upon the brilliant diadems which

adorned their lofty brows, I knew theirs was a high and holy grade of spiritual existence. Wreathed in smiles, they both advanced, and saluted me in a friendly and happy manner. Your father was the first to address me in a brief communication, which I will read to you from the Scroll of my spirit-life:

"'Dear friend and brother: Your celestial life-barque has passed the sea of time, and found a glorious inlet to the Haven of Immortal Being. Its white sails of truth are unfurled in a brighter Port, and steadily will it move onward in its heavenly course, impelled forward by the breezes of celestial light and love.

"'Happy am I, beloved brother, to welcome you to the joys of our immortal home. Rich in the graces of the Holy Spirit, your soul has dissolved its connection with the mortal tabernacle, and entered upon the duties of the Higher Life. With God's immortal children of heaven will you labor to throw off the shackles of error which bind many a child of God down to the darkness of mental and moral death, and raise them to those conditions where the soul enjoys an eternity of unalloyed bliss and felicity, and where naught can impede its happy advancement.

"'It has been my pleasure to watch over you during the few years I have been in the Spirit World, and to strengthen you in your ministerial labors. I sincerely approbate the course you have pursued, and I am happy to state that it meets the approbation of the angelic hosts. Although pastor of a Church whose platform is professedly sectarian, yet you ignored a limited or creed-bound sect, or belief, and you sought to disseminate the benignant principles of Jesus of Nazareth. You felt that all mankind were your brethren, inseparably allied together by the tie of brotherhood.

"'It was your privilege to be sustained in your career of duty by a circle of intelligences who were eager to employ you as an unconscious instrument to expand the cause of immortal truth. Impressible to their influxes, they employed you as a vehicle to further the eternal designs of God, and to build up His Divine Work everywhere; to breathe their beautiful

revelations to the children of earth, that they might live the True Life below, so as to be prepared to live it hereafter.

"'Thus, unconsciously to yourself, were you made the instrument for the conveyance of celestial thoughts and truths to the famishing family of man. And the angelic utterances breathed through you will leave a regenerating influence on every heart, and one which will endure forever; for the good which an individual performs will never die. His earthly remains may moulder to kindred dust; ages upon ages, and generation after generation, may pass away, yet the noble thoughts he has uttered, and the good deeds he has done, will penetrate all the avenues of rolling time, and stamp their enduring impress on Eternity's page.

"'With a life well spent in the service of God, you have entered upon a higher ministry. Still will you be a pastor in the Church of the Great Shepherd, presiding over a large flock, and proclaiming, as heretofore, the truth as advanced by Jesus. Still will you be a bright and shining star to the prodigal ones of earth, directing them into the right path, no more to stray away.

"'As you progress from one degree of glory to another, your divine work will be painted in vivid colors before you. It will be yours to comfort the mourner, — to tear away the veil of scepticism and unbelief which darkens so many minds, — to lift the wayward soul from the slough of ignorance and error, and to reform those sunk in spiritual degradation.

"'Gird on, then, your armor of truth, and enter the bloodless battle-field, resolved to fight heroically and manfully, that right may obtain a powerful supremacy over wrong and error. Let your voice be heard pleading the cause of the oppressed of all nations. Assist them to break their galling chains, that they may enjoy, equal with *us*, the God-given right to Liberty and "independence forever." Raise high your heavenly standard, that all may see its folds flying on the spirit-breezes of Love, Truth, Justice and Humanity, and be led to enlist under it.'

"So unexpected was this meeting with your beloved father, that some time elapsed ere I ventured to reply to his address, so redundant in good and friendly advice. At length my mind reflected forth the following feeble answer:

"'Dear Brother: Again has the great and good Father permitted our spirits to commingle together in the ties of friendship and love, and to worship at the same altar in a temple not made with earthly hands. Once more are we brought together in the House of God, to praise His Hallowed Name, and present to Him the best and purest offerings of our souls for the numberless blessings He has poured down upon us.

"'Ripe in earthly years, my Maker called me away to the serener skies of the Spirit World, once more to enjoy the society of those who made my ministry of love sunny and joyous, and who were anxiously waiting at Heaven's Portals to salute me to Eternal Life. And O, happy am I to meet with you again, and to receive from your lips the sweet assurances of a continued friendship on Eternity's Shores.

"'A close study of the Bible, and of the Laws of Nature and of God, led me to believe that the soul was endlessly progressive; that, even after the dissolution of the mortal tabernacle, it was capable of expanding its intellectual and moral powers, and of receiving into its nature the light of wisdom and truth. I could discern, through the magnificent arrangings of the Immutable Laws of God, the sublime progress of the spirit through the never-ending ages of eternity, — its grand march up the Ladder of Everlasting Improvement to realms of glory beyond the ken of the farthest star! I felt that *all* would be saved, and none — no, not even *one* — would be exempted from a seat in the Kingdom of the Father!

"'The terrible and *un*christian belief, Endless Misery, found no welcome place in the recesses of my soul. I could find naught in Reason, Common Sense, Nature, or the Divine Excellences of Nature's God, that would lead me to the belief that He would condemn a single child — no matter how depraved, or how far he had wandered from the true Fold of Virtue and Piety — to the woes and miseries of an interminable hell. Such a belief was, and is still, extremely repugnant to my nature, and one which, if entertained, would ignore all the gentler humanities of Christ, and transform the divine attributes of a merciful and loving God into those of hate and revenge. I felt Him to be the Being above all beings who should command our deepest love and reverence; discerned His character in the

broadest light as clothed in the attributes of Love, Mercy and Forgiveness. Whether on the hill-top, admiringly gazing upon each beauty tinted on Nature's canvas before me, or spanning the blue-vaulted skies above, I beheld in each varying scene the evidences of His Never-Changing Character written in living letters of fire:

"'God is Love!'

"'I saw His character displayed
In everything which He had made:
Discerned the glories of His love
Emblazoned in the Heavens above:
From giant tree to tiny flower
I traced alike His wondrous power:
Each beauty given to man to prove
That God is good — that "God is Love!"

"'I *knew* that He would not forsake
A single being of His make;
That not a child would he restrain
From Heaven's expansive, wide domain;
That none, howe'er depraved, would be
Consigned to woe eternally, —
Enduring pains and torments dire
Within a lake of quenchless fire.

"'But O, I knew that He would save
Each erring child beyond the grave;
And grant it power still to progress
In knowledge, truth and holiness;
For He is merciful and kind, —
All goodness, love, and truth combined, —
And will not cast a single soul
Out of his broad and heavenly Fold.

"'It shall be my duty to teach the soul its high and happy destiny, and lift it above the dark clouds of despair which at present envelop it. I truly feel that my ministry does not close with the dissolution of the body; that still I have a mighty work to accomplish, a more expanded field to till, a larger and nobler Church to help build up. Nor will I be dilatory in my mission, but diligently go to work and sow the seeds of truth where the poisonous weeds of error now are rife.

"Also, I will labor in that sacred cause, which early engaged

the sympathies of your master-mind and heart. Zealously will I toil to overthrow the stronghold of tyranny and injustice, to roll back the dark pall of slavery which hides the bright sun of liberty, and cause the flower of freedom to blossom even in the wilderness.

"The impressions of my fast-unfolding mind shall descend upon the inhabitants of earth in copious showers, and all I can do to prepare them to tread with me the walks of celestial life shall be done. If I am permitted to exert an influence o'er those I have left, it shall be for their spiritual good and exaltation. I will teach them the importance of a pure and Christian life; to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. And wherever I can advance the kingdom of truth the most, — whether in the Church or out of it, — I will most strenuously exert myself until the demon of error is conquered and hurled into oblivion's grave.

"My humble voice shall still proclaim
The glories of the Heavenly Skies,
Where Wisdom's pure and radiant flame
Burns with a power that never dies;
The heart, bowed down with poignant grief,
Shall feel and know my influence;
To *all*, I 'll breathe a calm relief,
And joy and happiness dispense.

"As soon as I concluded my brief reply, so elated were my feelings at the happy prospect before me, that I could not refrain from giving them vent in a simple but fervent Invocation:

"'Father in Heaven: I thank Thee for this unity of spirit in Thy Eternal Mansions, — for this happy blending of labors in Thy Temple of Holiness and Love. May we be mindful of the many omnipotent blessings with which Thou hast crowned us, and treasure in our hearts the remembrance of Thy goodness and love shown to us during our existences on earth. May we exemplify to Thee the sincerity of our love and devotion, by the faithful dissemination of Thy Immortal Truth, both among the inhabitants of heaven and earth. Give us strength and confidence to perform successfully our respective missions, and

to counteract the uncongenial influences of those minds enveloped in the black pall of Ignorance and Error. Energize us with the refreshing streams of wisdom and purity flowing from Thy exhaustless Fountains above, and draw us nearer to Thee. And hasten the period, dear Father, when earth shall be illuminated with light from Thy quenchless Orb of Truth, — when every soul, from the least unto the greatest, shall imbibe more of the glowing harmonies of the heavenly life, and more of the loving Divinity of Thy Infinite Nature ; when the realities of heaven will become unveiled to human perception, and death disrobed of all its terrors; when mankind will dwell together as a band of brothers, studying each other's weal and happiness, and discarding every thought and feeling at variance with the Christianity Jesus taught, and the Gospel of Peace and Harmony angels are seeking to disseminate. Then, O Holy Parent! war will forever cease; slavery will be eternally extirpated from off Thy beautiful Universe, and fraternal love and brotherhood will reign therein, and people it with rich and joyous blessings.'

"Subsequent to the utterance of this brief prayer, your spirit-father beckoned the approach of the radiant being who accompanied him in his flight from the upper regions. No tongue can describe the radiant beauty of her countenance, — the effulgent brightness of the garments which clothed her form of dazzling purity! The golden Aureola which rested upon her brow bespoke the glory of her mind, — the unfoldment of her heaven-expanded intellect.

"Surrounded by a high and ennobling circle of spiritual intelligences, — each one adorned with the virtues of a true life, — the bright and happy spirit of your sainted maternal parent approached me, and, in the following communication, saluted me to the Shores of the Immortal Country :

"' With joy and exultation do I, in the presence of this brilliant circle of the citizens of heaven, join in welcoming you to the higher ministries of the eternal life. Intently have I, with other immortals, watched o'er your pathway of earthly existence, witnessing, with pride, your noble labors of charity and love. Sacredly and successfully have the children of heaven guarded your ministry against the entrance of all prejudice and bigotry,

enlarging your soul with the humanities of God the Father, and Christ the Man.

"'If, at any moment, you faltered in the arduous and responsible mission to which you were called; if you despaired in effecting the "will of Him who sent thee," suddenly there would flit a ray of light across your soul, and a still, sweet voice whisper, "Despair not in thy God-appointed work. Labor still in the Lord's vineyard, pruning the vines of all the dead branches, and engrafting thereon the boughs of truth and love. Make the Life and Gospel of Christ your pattern and guide, and endure, like him, if required of you, martyrdom for the sake of truth."

"'Then the soul would feel elevated, and the heart take fresh courage, at these whisperings of the still, small monitor, and, with renewed strength and courage, would you pursue the work given you to do. Ah! unconsciously to yourself, have the soft breathings of angelic voices whispered hope and encouragement to your soul, and lifted you up in many a struggling scene of life. Hovering above you in glorious numbers, they sought to make you an instrument of great good to your fellow-creatures, an agent to carry forward the divine work of the World's Salvation.

"'Like the good Samaritan, you never passed coldly by your suffering and erring brother, bleeding, perhaps, from the wounds which the hand of society had inflicted, but your generous sympathy was ever extended to lift up, and the power of your love bestowed to aid those to rise who had unfortunately fallen into the pit of sin and degradation. You never retracted from the rule of right marked out for you,—never deviated from the honest convictions of your soul; but went on your way, rejoicing in the fulness of your ministry of love, and relying on the Divine Arm for strength to carry you safely through the popular storms of error and bigotry which surrounded you.

"'The poor outcast from society ever found in you a warm and devoted friend. In your ministrations to the wanderer from the paths of virtue, you never asked, "Of what persuasion art thou?"—never sympathized with that cold, unchristian feeling, "I am holier than thou;"—but in every creature you saw imaged the Divine Likeness of the Eternal, and from the vial of

your deep-toned sympathy and love you poured out on their wounds the oil of consolation and cheer, and bade them "go and sin no more." With a pleasant word of encouragement for every child of God, affable and impartial in your relations with the world, you have left a name to earth's children which will live forever, and a rich legacy of virtues worth more than silver and gold.

"'I rejoice, beloved brother, that, through the wisdom and impartiality of God's Unchanging Laws, I am permitted to raise my voice to welcome you to the intensified glories of the world of everlasting progress. Here, in the mighty Halls of our Celestial Congress, is woman's voice united with man's in advocating the cause of truth, justice and right; here the brazen serpent of prejudice dare not shoot forth its virus-fanged tongue to poison her noble efforts for humanity; here the iron heel of despotism cannot trample on her rights and privileges, or retard the speedy development of her educational and social powers. Here is she privileged to labor by the side of man in every work which seeks the exaltation of the world, and none can say, "yea, nor nay!" Here is she faithfully represented,—herself her bravest, her noblest representative!

"'When a dweller in the mundane life, I was called to pass through, with my beloved husband, many trying and painful scenes. A feeble nation, around whose neck was fastened the yoke of slavery, was struggling to free itself, and to gain those rights and immunities to which it felt it was entitled. Woman's united labors were then earnestly demanded and gladly accepted. Side by side with those who were fighting the battles of freedom did she unfalteringly labor, imparting strength and nerve by her beautiful counsels, and disarming fear by her smiles of encouragement and cheer. And to woman, in part, does America owe the partial liberty she enjoys.

"'I sincerely feel, dear brother, that woman's sphere and influence is not confined merely to the narrow limits of the domestic circle. Although her duties there are urgent, imperative and responsible, yet the valuable time which God has given her should not be spent *entirely* in the culinary department at home. While it is necessary that her children should receive a good home-education, and be instructed in those branches which

relate to domestic things, there are other duties, also, which devolve upon her outside of the home-circle. I feel that her gentle voice should be heard from the pulpits of the so-called House of God, advancing principles and ideas in consonance with those Jesus taught. There should she disseminate the Gospel of Peace, Harmony and Good-Will, seeking to draw all hearts together in the bonds of perfect concord and unity, and to establish a Church advocating a true Christianity.

"'In the Legislative Halls, and at the Judicial Tribunals, also, should her influence be felt, and given in the framing of wholesome laws, and the administering of pure justice and humanity to all who have been so unfortunate as to wander from the paths of virtue, right and integrity. There should her heart-cheering presence be seen, breathing sweet counsels to those upon whom the light of love has but dimly fallen, and to whom the voice of friendship and affection is almost a stranger. Towards such should her heart yearn with deep tenderness and pity, and on such should the smiles of her sympathy descend, to melt away the icy barriers which the winter of ignorance and error has reared around the soul's highest affections.

"'In every work and reform, whose united object it is to correct the evils existing in society, and to expand the cause of truth and humanity, should woman be allowed to labor by the side of man. God created her on an equality with him, and endowed her with the same glorious rights and privileges, the same capabilities and powers to advance His Infinite Kingdom; and to take from her these immunities is committing a sin and an outrage against the Supreme Ordinances and Designs of the Divine Government. And, although the present may look dark and dubious to her, yet I can see a brighter and happier day dawning, when the chains, which have so long enslaved her high and noble aspirations, will burst asunder, and her assistance be demanded by those who are now endeavoring to limit her plane of action to the "thus far and no farther" doctrine.

"'And as sure as there is a God who reigneth in the heavens and in the earth and everywhere, so sure will He unbend the yoke of oppression, which has so long galled the neck of woman, and raise her to that plane of equality which He destined for her at the commencement of creation. Man has long trampled

upon her just rights. Now is the time for her to rise and assert them; not at the point of the bayonet or sword, or at the cannon's mouth, but in the majesty of her strength, and with the consciousness that she has been wrongfully despoiled of them.

"'And she *will* assert them; and, having asserted them, will maintain them. Even now the star of her triumph is ascending the horizon, and will soon shine most gloriously over every labor of good. I see, from my realm of spirit-life, a few noble women, who have dared to brave the foaming billows of public opinion, and launch forth on the sea of unpopular reforms, to benefit and bless humanity. To them, persecution and prejudice are naught where truth, equity and liberty, are involved.

"'With souls burning with love for all mankind, discerning in every child of God a brother or a sister,—no matter how fallen, how degraded, or how lost to every noble virtue,—they pursue their missions of exalted charity, raising up the despairing soul to Him, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life! The tongue of slander and misrepresentation may discharge its virus at them, but they fear no harm, for they know their work is not of man, but of God; and, therefore, must triumph! Confiding in Him for that strength, guidance and protection, they require in the perfect accomplishment of their worthy mission, they flinch not, nor "start back affrighted" from their labors; because, knowing that God is *for* them, none can be against them; and thus, like the great and good Philanthropist and Liberator of the "olden time," they go about doing their Master's divine will, preaching the glad tidings of that better day, soon to dawn, when prejudice and bigotry will be done away, and new and liberal principles take their places.

"'Yes, side by side with man in the pulpit *will* she labor, disseminating beautiful precepts and teachings, and aiding to restore a contentious world to harmony and peace. The prejudices which now affect her elevation to that station will then have passed away, and her true position have been acknowledged, and the summit of her aspirations at last attained. No longer will our ears be assailed by the uncharitable denunciations which have so often greeted her efforts to raise herself to the position designed her by her Creator; but, acting in con-

cert with man, the divine requirements of the Infinite Government will be carried out,—humanity will become more expanded, and the world, now quaking with commotion and strife, will be transformed into a little Paradise, blossoming with the flowers of amity and brotherly love.

"'Pardon me, beloved friend, for addressing you at so great a length upon a subject which is and *must* be dear to every true woman's heart; I feel that the sayings and doings of this mighty assembly of spirits will be engraved on the Living Scroll of Immortality, and be transmitted to those who still linger on the time-lashed shores of material being; and I am desirous, when the Recording Angel of Love shall unroll it to the gaze of mortals, woman shall there trace, written in fiery letters, the interest which one spirit among the many feels for her emancipation from the chains which prejudice has bound around her.

"'And let us seek, dear minister of truth, to bring about this much-desired result. Let us labor to overthrow *every* evil which now hangs, like a huge pall of blackness, over the whole universe, and open a channel through which the pure streams of humanity and love may flow, and find an inlet to every heart, to dispel the darkness and gloom which hover around the form of truth, and place it on the pedestal of victory. And, above all, let us not forget to commence at the root of the tree of all evil, Wrong Education, hewing it down till not a scion or branch is left, and then rear up in its place a structure, whose dome shall reach far into the atmosphere of truth, and beyond the influence of ignorance and error.

"'Then, brother, go forward with me in this great work of Christianity; and, as you see the edifice of superstition, bigotry and error, sink gradually into the yawning grave which the hand of true education is digging for it, the thought, that you have done your part toward accomplishing that object, will exalt and glorify your spirit-life, and guide you on to brighter Spheres and Circles of our peerless Land of Progression!

"'May Truth thy footsteps now attend
Through every walk of life above,
And with thine own may angels blend
Their works of Wisdom and of Love.

And when the joys of heaven shall be
Unfolded to man's inner sight,
And God shall grant him power to see
The radiance of His Throne of Light;
Then may thy soul, on wings of bliss,
With knowledge and with glory crowned,
Fly down to those on Shores of Time,
And tell them of the home thou 'st found.'

"After the delivery of this address by your beloved mother, I made a brief reply to it, thanking her for her beautiful reception, and trusting that our labors for humanity would be united. Thus closed the happy interview I enjoyed with your father and mother upon my entrance into the spirit-life. I have been somewhat lengthy in my narrative, but I trust it has not proved tedious or uninteresting. It was a great pleasure, as I have before declared, to meet again with your sainted parents, and to know they were happy, and enjoying an exalted condition of glory in the heavenly realms."

SECTION SECOND.

Evidences of angel-guardianship — Conversation between Adams and Whitney when on earth — Adams a spectator at his own funeral — A descriptive and prophetic poem.

"My Brother: Already have you received many proofs of celestial attachment and regard, — many evidences of the guardianship of angels o'er your earthly ministries. Many glorious scenes have been traversed, — many brilliant pictures painted before your vision. The beautiful scene enacted upon your introduction to the Interior Life has convinced you of the ability of earth-departed spirits to impress the minds of mortals at times when conditions are harmonious, and to exert a commanding influence over them. The period will shortly arrive when you will be able to test the power of a tangible control, and convince your friends of earth

" ' That the long and loved-departed, —
They, the faithful and true-hearted,' —

are still hovering near, mingling in their joys and sorrows, and

breathing into the aching and burdened heart the breath of their pure inspiration.

"Speaking of guardian presences attending the children of earth, reminds me of a beautiful and heart-cheering interview I once enjoyed with you when in the earth-life, and one which I have no doubt, is *not entirely* obliterated from your own memory. It was subsequent to a severe affliction you had sustained in the departure of one of your beloved children. Acting in harmony with my ministerial profession, I called upon you to soothe your anguish of spirit, and to assure you 'that it was well' with the beloved departed one. I found that the hand of affliction laid heavily on your soul — that you 'were a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' I strove to bind up the wounds which the weapons of death had inflicted, by pointing your soul to those blessed mansions whither the loved one had gone to prepare a place for you, and to await your coming.

"After the first outbursts of grief were over, and a fervent prayer had been wafted to the Throne of Divine Grace, the following conversation ensued between us, — you commencing it, — which I will repeat, as far as I am able, to show, even at that time, the eagerness of the soul to grasp a more accurate knowledge of the future life:

"'Brother Whitney: Often, when in my study, away from the embarrassments and perplexities of legislative duties, and other avocations, my mind has reverted to the great and momentous question of the Soul's Immortality; whether it is possible for the spirit, after it has separated itself from its temporary abiding-place, to return again to earth and mingle in the friendship and society of those it has left, and inspire them with the consciousness of its celestial nearness; or whether the immortal world is isolated, by immeasurable distance, from the mortal, and its inhabitants not cognizant or sensible of the sufferings and trials which seem to be the lot of humanity. In my present season of affliction, these thoughts fill my mind, and engross my close attention. What is your opinion, brother Whitney, on this momentous and deeply-interesting subject? Is it in your power to furnish a satisfactory solution to it?'

"'Brother Adams,' I replied, 'the questions you have asked

me are indeed, as you have said, of great and momentous interest and importance, and those, too, which have engaged my earnest attention many an hour of life. My ministerial pursuits have led me to search carefully and vigorously into the unfolding Book of Nature, as well as the Bible, and to draw therefrom useful inferences and analogies. I cannot but feel and believe that the Spirit Land, with its numerous hosts of invisible intelligences, is ever around us, and *not*, as some have thought, separated from us by a boundless ocean of space. To suppose that our loved friends, after they pass beyond the evanescent things of time to the glorious and unchanging realities of eternity, are no longer with us to fill up the lone void which their departure has made, is, in my opinion, unsupported by either Reason or Nature. I am perfectly convinced that we are constant recipients of angelic inspiration; that the immortal denizens of the spirit-country are vigilant eye-witnesses of our thoughts and deeds, and can exert an influence over us beyond even our possible conceptions; that they do love us still, and are anxious to have us lead godly lives, and be prepared to meet them in the regions of glory and happiness.

> " ' 'T is said that when the body dies
> The spirit soars to Upper Skies,
> To hover near, from its New Birth,
> The friends it fondly loves on earth,
> And brighten, with its holy power,
> Each passing day, each fleeting hour.'

" 'If we are to credit the truth of the Bible (viewing it in either a historical or an inspired light), we must necessarily believe that angels *once* hovered o'er the haunts of men, and mingled in their society and friendship, and were even empowered to inspire consciously those minds appointed by the Father to carry forward His infinite and beneficent plans. And that which was *once* possible or probable is not, at the present time, impossible or improbable. On the contrary, it is reasonable to affirm that guardian geniuses are continually hovering near us, and that our souls are the recipients of their hallowing impressions and elevating instructions; that they are with us to solace our hearts, when mourning the loss of dear

friends, and to bind up each tender, aching chord which sorrow has touched; that they are near us, and often, unconsciously to ourselves, inspire and strengthen our hearts with hopeful visions of a more glorious and blessed state of existence; that their sanctifying influences are constantly exerted for our good, embellishing each page of life's book with sunny pictures of a brighter future.

"'To believe otherwise, brother Adams, would, I feel, be approximating to a narrow scepticism. Holy Writ teaches me that the Laws of God are one and the same, now and for evermore, and cannot, for a moment, be suspended or altered, without ignoring the Immutability of His Divine Character. And if angels, through them, were, in the past, able to glorify the souls of men with their loving words and teachings, and breathe to them soul-vivifying hopes and revelations when faltering amid the stern but imperative duties of life, is it not consistent to believe that, through the same laws, operating now as beautifully and harmoniously as in ancient times, they can watch over and solace us in the trials of the day, and keep holy vigils around us during the peaceful slumbers of the night?

"'Often, like yourself, when away from the discordant elements of the outer world, my mind instinctively reverted to the sublime question of the Eternity of the Soul, and the various degrees of happiness it would enjoy subsequent to its entrance into the Life Eternal. And, during such moments of reflection, beautiful and elevating thoughts would flow athwart the mind; inspiring words of love and consolation would fall like rain-drops upon the thirsting soul, and gentle voices whisper sweet remembrances into my attentive ear. At such times I feel that the spirits of the departed are not far away from us, insensible of our sorrows or trials, or careless or indifferent to the many temptations which beset our pathway of life.

"'Again: The ardent desires we feel, brother Adams, to know whether our departed friends are near us, and witnesses of both our comforts and distresses, are sufficient evidences to my mind of the close connection of the angelic spheres to the rudimental. The ardent and worthy longings we oftentimes feel for a knowledge of the true condition of our friends after

having passed the dark valley, are satisfactory proofs to me of their blissful guardianship, of their ever near and watchful presence; and the interrogatory, so repeatedly propounded, Are our spirit-friends hovering around us, and cognizant of our mundane affairs? is oftentimes answered by the suddenly-inpouring influences of an invisible but angelic agency. Purified and elevated thoughts flow into the mind, and in the hour of danger and temptation we feel a restraining influence overshadowing us, protecting us from all harm.'

"'Ah! brother Witney,' you replied, 'if I could realize the truth of the beautiful and comforting doctrines you have so eloquently discoursed upon, I should be the happiest man existing. And, yet, the arguments you have employed to support the belief in angelic proximity seem rational, and in perfect harmony with the laws of God. The Bible, as you have said, proves that Christ and his Apostles were guarded and guided by departed saints, and, by wafting a prayer to his God, He would send him twelve legions of angels. And if *they* were influenced in their earthly lives by holy intelligences, and enabled to heroically tread the thorny road of persecution, I see no reason why angels cannot come the same now, and make glad and happy our checkered lives. Could all mankind, brother Whitney, but accept the fact of angels' ever-watchful presence, Death would be disrobed of all its terrors, and present itself to the mind as a messenger of love and peace. The thought that Heaven's Immortals are daily accompanying us in our passage o'er the rough billows of mortal life, and inspiring our hearts with higher and holier emotions and ambitions, is, indeed, a very beautiful one, and cannot but exert on ourselves a divine and consolatory influence. And could I but enjoy a realizing sense of my child's actual nearness, — that he is still with me, noting my every thought and act, and impressing me with higher views of heaven, — the heavy weight of grief which now afflicts my soul would be lessened or removed, and the aching void filled up. But I cannot think angels are so closely associated with this world of sin and suffering as to be cognizant of all our errors, griefs and imperfections; for O, their well-filled cup of happiness and glory must, by so doing, become oftentimes impregnated with the bitterness of our sor-

rows, and their gentle hearts ache at the spectacle of our wretchedness and misery. I cannot think that God will allow his angels to suffer from our weaknesses, or their happiness to become affected by contact with our sphere of life. If they are allowed to visit our earth, and watch over and inspire, there is much which *must* be locked up from their gaze, else heaven would not be an abode of peace and blessedness to them. O that the veil which hides the unseen realities of eternity from my mortal sight could, for one little moment, be drawn aside, and one furtive glance be taken of that shadowy land beyond our time-bound shores!'

"This was the substance, if you remember, of that precious interview I had with you. And though it cannot be expected that I can repeat the language employed at that time with perfect exactness, yet the thoughts and principles embodied in it are one and the same. Our conversation was an impressive one, and resulted in, I have no doubt, a vast deal of good to both of us. The ideas then enunciated are now thoroughly established as facts by the positive proofs you have received, and no doubt lingers in your mind respecting the power and ability of disembodied intelligences to watch over and inspire the children of earth. And soon you will have the opportunity to test the truth of a tangible intercourse with the inhabitants of earth.

"Beloved brother: The well-performed duties of your earthly life have won for you a glorious recompense in your immortal home, and written deathless fame on the future pages of your country's history. All aspire to honor thy tenantless clay, and to sprinkle tears of affection and love on thy earth-brow. The flowers of remembrance and gratitude fall profusely on thy uncovered bier, and many a beautiful tribute of thy worth is even breathed by those who were wont to be thy foes.

"Thus reverenced and loved by your countrymen, and remembered with fond affection and gratitude by the whole world, you have journeyed home to Heaven and to Glory, where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. At the Shrine of Duty in the National Capitol, where you have so long and bravely stood contending for the right, your soul

parted from its aged tabernacle, and entered upon its higher mission of benevolence and mercy. Your noble labors will be continued in the spirit-life. You will still be a Representative of Truth, Freedom and Justice, and your eloquent voice be heard in defence of every cause of right and humanity. Then go forward with the work so well commenced, resolved to labor still for down-trodden humanity, upholding only those institutions which make the impartial and never-changing Laws of God paramount to all others. Advocate the cause of Liberty as powerfully and eloquently as when you tenanted the mortal body, and let the nation know that you can still labor for the welfare of your fellow-creatures. And every noble deed well performed in your celestial life will bear you higher and still higher in the realms of glory and blessedness, where, from the mountain-peaks of your exalted development, you may gaze down upon the vast worlds below you, and aid *their* inhabitants to rise to the eminence of your own superior condition."

As my beloved brother concluded his cheering address, a band of "choice spirits" encircled his angelic form, establishing with him a beautiful and harmonious *rapport*. At the same time another circle environed me, weaving around me a strong influence. Then, all of a sudden, I seemed translated to the city of Washington, where, in front of the Capitol, I became a spectator to the funeral of my earthly body, following it through its various routes, to Faneuil Hall, and thence to Quincy. At the same time my ear was opened to hear the thundering notes of the cannon, as they rolled over land and sea, and the encomiums passed on my humble name. As this Vision rolled with great velocity before me, the following communication was uttered by the appointed instrument, — the thoughts being the reflections of those supernal intelligences surrounding him:

"From the fetters of earth has thy soul ascended above,
To meet in eternity those whom thou most dearly dost love;
Where contention's rough billows can no longer dim nor mar
Thy noblest aspirations — thy bright rising star.

"Thy countrymen mourn for the orb which has faded from earth,
Sigh again for the pure jewel of intensified worth,
And call imploringly on God to give them back once more
The precious spirit departed to the Eternal Shore.

" Hark! the cannon's deep thunder its booming echoes sends forth
O'er the high mountain-peaks and lowly dales of the North;
While from the fair South there comes a low sob and a wail,
Because Freedom's brave Defender has crossed the 'dark vale.'

" O, see with what noiseless footsteps each friend and each foe
Passeth by thy honored dust, sleeping in proud state below!
See Gratitude's rich tribute, and Affection's sweet tear,
As they silently descend on thy uncovered bier.

" List to the rich encomiums passed on thy fair fame,
The eulogiums pronounced on thy untarnished name;
Hear the silvery-toned eloquence which reverberates forth
From the representatives of the South, as well as the North!

" The Hall where thy eloquence has so oft won applause,
In undauntedly defending dear liberty's cause,
In darkness is now shrouded, — in drap'ry hung black, —
For the bright spirit departed, they fain would call back.

" See yon gray-haired Senator, as he rises to proclaim
The virtues of that soul which he could not bend nor tame;
Hear the counsels which roll from his richly-stocked mind,
About foll'wing the example thou 'st left to mankind.

" The sons of Carolina will no longer seek to bind
The fervent gushings of thy heart, and thy high, gifted mind;
For now hushed and still is that voice, whose all-charming power
Made tyranny to tremble, and despots to cower.

" Those who once in the earth-life were thy vindictive foes,
Forget now the past, and finer feelings disclose;
While *all* vie in their attempts to attest their deep love
For the bright soul departed to the regions above.

" But, listen! there echoes again over mountain and dell,
The notes of the cannon, and the slow-tolling bell; —
A large concourse is gathered 'neath the Capitol's dome, —
Ah! they 're bearing the mortal to its New England home!

" O, how solemn is their march, and how muffled their tread,
As they move on their way with the inanimate dead!
How sad is each countenance, as it looks the last time,
On the cold face of him passed beyond the earth-clime!

" A fitting place, my dear brother, for thy soul to ascend
From the scenes of earth-being to life which knows not an end;

'T was well that death should dissolve life's tie from that form
Where undaunted it has stood amid sunshine and storm.

" But, hark! there boundeth o'er ocean, and hill-top, and plain,
The deep, rolling thunders of the cannon again; —
They have reached Massachusetts with their much-treasured dust,
And are about to deliver up their most sacred trust!

" O, see the fast-rolling tears, as they course down each cheek,
Which their love and their gratitude do silently bespeak!
How fervent the affection which illumines each face,
As they bear the cold corse to its last resting-place!

" In good old Faneuil Hall thy mortality now lays,
That the sons of the Bay State may take one long gaze,
Ere it shall depart from those walls to the home of its birth,
With parent dust to commingle, 'neath dear Quincy earth.

" The flags of our country wave their folds at half-mast,
Drooping for the loved one whose earthly days are now past;
While the wide, surging ocean, in its heave and its roll,
Chants forth a solemn requiem for thy ascended soul.

" Behold! the symbols of mourning are everywhere hung,
And thy fame, so resplendent, is pronounced from each tongue;
All honor thy example, and thy virtues proclaim,
And will teach their posterity to rev'rence the same.

" Again the deep muffled cannon and the sad tolling bells
Send forth o'er land and o'er sea their funereal knells;
With slow and measured march they 're bearing the earth
From th' Cradle of Liberty to the home of its birth.

" That consecrated House, where, in prayer and in praise,
Thy purest thanksgivings have so often been raised,
Its loving arms now extend, and wide opens its door,
T' receive John Quincy Adams to its portals once more.

" The hallowing mem'ries of the past flow back to thy mind
As thou gazest from thy Heaven on that Faith's holy shrine,
Where so oft thou 'st bowed in adoration and prayer,
And invoked on thy labors God's blessing and care.

" But, see! a well-known form rises in the pulpit to pray
For those left to mourn for the loved one passed away,
Beseeching the good Father the example he has left
May descend on those hearts of his presence bereft.

" How eloquent the thoughts which from his lips flow,
As he portrays the bright deeds of thy long life below ;
And recalls to their minds the last time when you stood
In that dear, hallowed Temple, and communed with ' The Good.'

" Ah ! they 're now preparing to remove the dead form
To its last resting-place, away from sunshine and storm ;
Friends gather around to take one look of the clay
Ere it is borne from their sight forever away.

" Each countenance, upturned to the blue skies above,
Shows forth their affection, their true friendship and love ;
While the trickling tears, which, from the moistened eyes fall,
Commingle, like dew-drops, on thy funeral pall.

" They mourn, with sincerity, o'er thy cold, lifeless clay,
And weep for the spirit passed to realms of bright day,
Where, away from the storms of political life,
It will know neither sorrow, contention, nor strife.

" O, read the sweet prayers which well up from each breast,
That the mantle of thy fame may on them e'er rest ;
That the virtues, which shone in thy earth-life below,
May be seen in their own eternally to glow !

" Slowly and sadly they 're moving on to the tomb,
To deposit the mortal 'neath its darkness and gloom ;
One more tearful look their tender feelings arouse,
And the form is committed to the dark narrow house.

" They leave that hallowed spot with sadness and with pain ;
But feeling that *their* loss is *thy* eternal gain ;
That the soul passed away from the tenantless clay
Has at last found a home beyond the things of decay.

" O, could they but feel that thy spirit, now free,
Can still revisit the scenes of mortality,
And guide the footsteps of those who so sorely do weep
O'er the form which now slumbers in its eternal sleep :

" With what exceeding rapture their souls would be fired !
With what joy and what bliss would their hearts be inspired
How their gratitude would rise to the Divine Throne of God,
To which thou hast soared upward to meet thy reward !

" And could they but believe that thou still canst impart
The thoughts of thy mind, and the lessons of thy heart,

The tears, which now course their cheeks in mourning for thee,
Would quicken into gladness and rapturous glee!

"But the day will soon come when again will be heard
That voice which has so oft the heart of humanity stirred;
When, from thy high Circle of Glory above,
Will be felt and acknowledged the light of thy love.

"The matchless powers of thy mind will still radiate
The hearts of all people, both in Nation and State,
While over the whole world will resound thy sweet voice,
Causing all, with its eloquence, again to rejoice.

"Thy spirit will still visit the down-trodden slave,
And, through thy impressions, point him beyond th' dark grave
To a land of interminable freedom and peace,
Where the black power of oppression forever will cease.

"On the heart of the mourner thy power shall descend,
Imparting thoughts of a life which knows not an end, —
Where the much-loved departed has gone on before,
To await her bright entrance, to part nevermore.

"The Halls of thy country, where so bravely thou 'st stood
And battled for freedom and that country's best good,
Will resound with the teachings of thy Unfolding Mind,
Inspiring with their beauty the souls of mankind.

"From the North to the South, from the East to the West,
The lordly and lowly, th' oppressor and oppressed,
Shall feel and acknowledge the glory of that love
Descending from thy realm of blessedness above.

"Through the lips of earth's children will be heard, in defence
Of fair Liberty's cause, thy matchless eloquence; —
The cause of the poor slave will thy powers still employ,
And thy labors shall be given oppression to destroy.

"'T will be thine to spread knowledge and truth everywhere,
And assist the earth-bound for heaven to prepare, —
Where the black waves of error no longer can roll,
To retard the true progress of the ascended soul.

"'T will be thine to engage in each *good* work of strife,
And to aid thy brother-man to live out the True Life;
So as to be fitted, while residing on earth,
To unfold and develop in the Spirit's New Birth!

"'T will be thine to watch over the loved and the dear,
And breathe to them messages of peace, hope and cheer;
To tell them of the bowers which thy spirit has found,
With flowers of rare fragrance and magnificence crowned.

"'T will be thine to descend to the haunts of distress,
With thy influence to comfort, to soothe and to bless, —
To lift the tried spirit from the darkness of sin,
And help it a triumph over error to win.

"Go forth, then, dear brother, and forever prove true
To the most glorious mission devolving on you;
Clothe thyself in the panoply of Justice and Right,
And march forward Humanity's battle to fight.

"Then urge onward thy mission, my brother and friend;
Bright angels thy pathway will forever attend,
Commingling their labors of love with thine own,
And foll'wing thy spirit to the dear Father's Throne.

"And haste the dawn of that day when the lower world will be
Redolent with goodness, with love and harmony; —
When war, sin and error, will flee far, far away,
And peace, virtue and truth, will *their* blessings convey.

"O, afflictions and trials will then have an end,
And the lamb and the lion in concord will blend;
Hate, revenge and bad passions, to love will succumb,
And the cannon's war-tones will forever be dumb!

"Truth and Wisdom's bright Sun, with never-ceasing light,
Will illumine the darkness of Bigotry's night,
Dissipating the clouds of ignorance and strife,
And guiding the spirit to a holier life.

"Ah! then to the children of earth will be given
A foretaste of the joys of our beautiful heaven;
The dreary waste will e'en bloom, like to Eden above,
With the roses of Virtue and the glories of Love.

"Bright angels will traverse the rudimental sphere,
Enjoying sweet communion with the loved and the dear;
And inspiring their natures with the true and the good,
Uniting their spirits in a pure brotherhood.

"With gloomy aspect will death no longer appear;
Nor his coming be welcomed with trembling or fear;

His approach will be hailed as a Messenger bright
Come to bear the eased spirit to the mansions of light.

" O, how much like our Heaven will the world then become, —
How much like those Bowers where Immortals do roam,
And commingle together, in oneness of soul,
Where the waves of materialism no longer can roll!

" Then seek, O my brother! with renewed earnestness,
To hasten on the glad day when Truth's Star will bless
The whole earth with its mild and beneficent rays,
And each soul be an altar of true prayer and praise! "

SECTION THIRD.

Reflections upon earth and spirit life — Lafayette upon Whitney — Adams to Whitney.

That poem, so beautifully delivered, closed the long reception-address of my beloved brother, Mr. Whitney. During the brief period of its recital a large Band of Glorified Immortals clustered around him to catch the sweet thoughts as they emanated from his mind, and to shower on our spirits the refining influences of their beatified spheres of development. It awakened in my soul the holiest emotions, and brought to vivid memory the bright and joyous recollections of the past.

O, it was indeed a season of joy and happiness to me to be thus welcomed to my eternal home by those beloved and endeared ones who passed the " dark valley," and entered on their holy and everlasting rest before me! To meet my angel father and mother, my fondly-loved children, and other much valued friends, and know that I should spend eternity in their blest society; that I should traverse with them Progression's walks, redolent with flowers of perennial bloom and beauty, and resonant with the harmonial warblings of ethereal songsters; that, in their companionship, I should march through the circling spheres of eternity's realms, and enjoy with them those infinite blessings in the power of heaven to bestow upon her immortal children!

O, the ineffable rapture of a disembodied spirit, as it awakens to the consciousness of Heaven's Immortal Glories! O, the

transporting felicity which animates it, as the familiar countenances of the "long-ascended" flit before its vision, smiling sweetly and lovingly upon it; while, from the opened lips, the pleasant word "welcome" strikes, in dulcet tones, upon the attentive ear! Who can portray it? Where is the artistical finger that can commit it to canvas, and give it the justice it merits? Ah! earth's children, to realize these glorious joys, must commence to live the true life now, by breathing into their spiritual natures the atmosphere of the heavens of love and harmony; and, as they become more and more etherealized, the splendors of our eternal land will float in beautiful visions before them, and the fingers of celestial artists will image on their souls the sublime realities of the world of angels, into whose embrace they are rapidly hurrying.

As my mind now reverts to the many trials through which I was called to pass in the outer life, — the many harassing difficulties incidental to a stormy political career; when I review the perplexing embarrassments and obstacles which encompassed me, and the secret conspiracies held to undermine my efforts for the good of humanity; when I reflect on the many dangers which environed my public pathway, and the numerous plots against my very existence, — I am overwhelmed with astonishment at the firmness of mind which was given me, and which enabled me to overcome impending difficulties and disparagements, and ultimately to achieve a victory. And I would ask my readers, in view of the many discouragements and dangers which crossed my pathway of life, how it was possible for me to surmount them without the aid of some power or powers exterior of my own?

The secret of my triumph was not fully solved to my satisfaction until my freed spirit soared to the regions of the "just made more perfect." Then it was I realized the agencies employed by my Heavenly Father to assist me in carrying out the mighty and responsible works which engaged both my mental and physical capabilities, and which empowered me to perform, with cheerful alacrity, the duties devolving upon me. Surrounded by the enemies of justice and humanity, — pressed on all sides by the foes of Republican Equality and Freedom, — stigmatized as a Disunionist, an Agitator, and a Traitor, threatened

with immediate death by those opposed to the progressive movement in which I had embarked my fondest hopes and aspirations, — I would again ask, what Power but the Divine, manifested through His Intermediate Agencies, could have sustained and given nerve and strength to my arm in such trying and perilous seasons? What Power, but the Infinite and All-Potent, could have dismantled my mind of all doubts, fears and discouragements, and assisted me in rolling back the darkling clouds of oppression and injustice which obscured the illuminated sky of liberty, and in starting the ever-rolling car of progression on its sure and heavenly track? What other Power or Powers, but the Divine and Angelic, could have supported me in those dark hours of tribulation, and privileged me to check the fierce and angry waves of tyranny and despotism, which dashed so heavily against my highest hopes and aspirations, threatening to shipwreck them on the rocks of disappointment and despair?

Although unacquainted, when on the earth, with the fact of invisible watchfulness and direction, yet how rational does the idea *now* appear to me! What a multitude of remembrances roll athwart the mind! The mirror of the past, with all its pictures of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, appears anew to my spiritual vision; dangers and trials surmounted, and temptations overcome, *all* reverberate back to memory, and I fully recognize the guardianship of Angelic Powers, who walked unseen by my side, and inspired my soul with strength and encouragement to persevere in the laborious tasks devolving on me. Now do all things appear plain and intelligible to me! Now are the secrets of past triumphs fully unveiled to my mind, and I know that guardian spirits were ever near me to breathe a divine courage and hopes of future success.

As I hover near the scenes of earth, and discern from my spirit-home the errors of humanity, — view the sins which infest the high and low places of the terrestrial globe, — O, how my soul longs to find a way into the dark crevices of the human heart, to light it with the glory of God's love and goodness, and to assure it, by positive evidences, that a cloud of invisible witnesses are hovering near to record the good and evil deeds done in the body; that no act, however trivial in itself, escapes the eternal vigilance of those watchful eyes, which never slum-

ber; that every generous thought breathed, and noble deed performed, is stamped by the good angels on the Immortal Book of Life, the seal to be broken on the resurrection of the soul to the glorious reward awaiting it! And as I gaze around and behold villany and wickedness cloaked under the sacerdotal robes of miscalled religion; as I scan the secret depths of the soul, and see therein the canker-worms of error, ignorance and superstition, gnawing at the very vitals of its spirituality, O, how I do long and pray for that day to dawn when the light of angelic love, truth and purity, will burn away the stubble, and sweep and garnish its chambers!

Did the inhabitants of the Celestial Spheres possess the power at the present time to unmask to the Christian World the many vices which stalk abroad under the specious guise of virtue and religion, what a hideous picture would be presented to their gaze! What a fearful array of sins would stand out before them! How would the hearts of the pure and good be pained and shocked by the lamentable spectacle! Could they but go with me into the secret purlieus of unbridled passions and low, grovelling sensuality,—into the dark avenues of crime and debauchery, where the blackest and most evil deeds are perpetrated,—O, methinks they would feel with me the necessity of angels coming from their blessed abodes to awaken the sin-corrupted soul to a consciousness of its true condition, and assist it to cast off the chains which bind it down to utter darkness! Could they but follow me in vision to that section of the terrestrial globe where the poor slave groans beneath the heavy yoke of oppression which man has fastened around his neck; where human beings, endowed with immortal souls, are sold from the auction-block like articles of merchandise; where the sacred relations of the family-tie are abrogated, and wives are separated from their husbands, and husbands from their wives, and children, yet in the morn of budding beauty and innocence, are torn from the mother's breast at the bidding of tyranny and injustice; where the marriage-compact is annulled, and weak, helpless woman is *made* to bow to the lust of the lecherous tyrant and libertine; where groans and shrieks, mixed up with prayers, entreaties and imprecations, daily ascend from almost broken hearts to the God of Justice and Impar-

tiality; I say, could they but follow me, and witness this humiliating spectacle in the nominally free, republican America, O, I feel assured they would desire and even invocate the bright presences of heaven-ascended saints to aid in wiping out of existence this blot upon her fame, and hindrance to her national prosperity and happiness! Could they but go with me across the "fathomless deep," and view the fearful tragedy being enacted there, where the demon of war is desolating with his blighting influence the most beautiful works of Nature and Nature's God, and carrying naught but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the image of the Divine is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but see their brother-man mowed down like grass of the field at the bidding of this arch-fiend; O, if their hearts were not steeled against every noble impulse of humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray for the Angels of Peace and Love to descend from their heaven of concord to earth, with healing on their wings, and silence the turbulent passions and fierce antagonisms raging in the hearts of their fellow-man.

And, in view of the many sins and iniquities which abound in the lower world, is there not urgent need of the assistance of angels in working out its salvation, and aiding the soul to escape from the bondage of its present low and undeveloped condition; to help it in its great work of regeneration, in its resurrection from the gross and material atmosphere of error and wrong to the harmonizing influences of the beautiful, the good and the noble? O, yes! is the response which rises from millions of aspiring spirits in the flesh. Come down (they invocate), O blest angels! and with your light and sympathy warm our hearts, and cause them to shine with exalted virtues and excellences! Descend, and make our souls to gush forth with the living waters of truth and righteousness, that we may be prepared to ascend to your lofty heavens, to enjoy your elevating society, when we pass from time to eternity. And angels have caught these heaven-ascending invocations, and wafted back a speedy response. The atmosphere of spirituality is descending to meet the material, that these may blend themselves in a beautiful and harmonious unity. Then, in the language of my beloved brother, "the lamb and the lion in con-

cord will blend; hate, revenge and bad passions, will succumb to the power of love," and the whole world will blossom, as a vast garden, with flowers of truth, purity and wisdom.

As soon as Mr. Whitney concluded his cheering message to me, ending with the poem I have recorded on these pages, the glorious spirit of my Heavenly Guide, Lafayette, again addressed me in the following few words:

"In the beautiful spirit, which last addressed you, recognize one of the purest angels in heaven, and most devoted ministers of Truth and Salvation. Behold in him a former teacher of thine, under whose Christian instructions you have often sat in earthly temples, and drank in the inspiration of his spiritual truths, and the prayerful benedictions of his noble heart.

"Behold him now, in his native heaven, as a teacher still; as the same glorious soul, who, on earth, like the divinely-inspired Jesus of Nazareth, went about doing good; comforting the mourner in her trials and bereavements; dispensing consolation and happiness to the unfortunate and desponding; breaking the Bread of True Life to the famishing, and pouring out the waters of truth and salvation to the parched and thirsting.

"Behold him still as a Minister of the Gospel, and a faithful Pastor in the Temple of the Most High; as one whose soul is deeply interested in humanity's cause, and in the welfare of the Whole Human Race; as one, whose spirit-life is devoted to the improvement of man's spiritual nature, and to the enlargement of his affections and sympathies; in fact, as one whose love for his fellow-creatures is as limitless as eternity, and as immaculate as was the love of a Jesus.

"Behold him, gracing the shining walks of the Heavenly City, accoutred in the beautiful habiliments of meekness and simplicity, and adorned with the jewels of Christ's goodness and purity; behold him in the character of a true Christian, divested of all false, ostentatious pride or pretension, pursuing his noble ministrations of love, and reducing to conscientious practice his honest professions; as descending into the spheres below, and bringing the ignorant out of darkness into the light of truth and wisdom, and the erring and sinful into paths of peace and virtue; as silently and unobtrusively moving along

in his humane avocations, dispensing charity to the spiritually hungry, and hope to the sinking, desponding soul.

"O, what a glorious example of Christian Excellence and Piety is given us in this Beatified Immortal! And may your labors be united with his in this Temple Universal, and shine forth to bless and irradiate all hearts. May you go forward with him, advocating the pure doctrines of the Christian Religion, and seeking to make the souls of mankind the habitations of angelic virtues! Breathe to the children of earth lessons of piety and wisdom, and descend e'en into the lower walks of spirit-life, and illumine them with the holy influence of thy light and love. Cheer the sorrowing-hearted and disconsolate, and, like the good Samaritan, pour in the oil of comfort and joy where a brother has fallen wounded by the wayside. And O, thy spirit will rise on the golden pinions of each noble deed to even a higher and purer atmosphere of spirituality than that which thy soul now respires!"

When the radiant Spirit of Lafayette had completed his exhortation, the bright form of "my brother Whitney" again hovered by my side, and received the following humble reply to his protracted but interesting reception-address:

"Beloved Teacher of Truth: My soul is overflowing with joy and gladness that I am once more permitted to behold your well-known form, and to hear your familiar voice. Not as one bowed down with mature age do I now behold you; but crowned with immortal youth, with a life eternally buoyant, happy, and young. I have listened, with deep interest and feeling, to the glowing words of wisdom and love your exalted mind has breathed forth, and caught the Divine sparks of Inspiration reflected from the light of your holy teachings, and the purity of your burning truths.

"Words cannot give an adequate expression of the unbounded gratitude and delight which animates my newly-awakened spirit, in feeling that the angels have deemed me worthy of so grand a reception as that they have given me on this the morning of my Spiritual Birth, — my Resurrection from the trammels of the corruptible body.

"I thank thee, immortal spirit, for thy beautiful and sincere welcome; thank thee, for the many expressions of sympathy

and affection thou hast manifested in my behalf, and for the sweet remembrances thy joyous salutation has brought to memory; thank thee for the blessed assurances of a continuance of the friendship begun on earth.

"And most happy am I to be able to renew thy acquaintance on the shores of the River of Life, and to know it will endure throughout all eternity. Rejoiced am I, also, to coöperate with you in your ministry of truth and benevolence, and to become with you a Teacher and Pupil in the Church Universal, beneath whose overshadowing dome the mighty Flock of the Great Shepherd will be eventually gathered together in the Spirit of Harmony and Fraternal Love.

"In that earthly temple, where the light of thy Christian teachings has so often penetrated to gladden the desert places of man's nature, thy hallowing influence will still be felt, preparing him to receive higher evidences of the soul's immortality, and clearer testimonies of the worth of the Christian Religion, and its identity with the incoming revelations of Celestial Instructors.

"And not only will thy spiritual presence pervade the hearts of thy former associates, who worshipped with thee in this temple of pleasant memories; but, traversing the vast regions of immensity's space, it will penetrate the avenues of man's existence, and render his soul of itself a temple, dedicated to a true worship of the Ever-Living God!

"Your narrative of the welcomes you received from the celestials on the birth of the spirit to its higher life, and among them, from my beloved parents, I have listened to with great interest, and my soul rejoices with yours in the thought that your Christian labors on earth merited so fervent a salutation from the inhabitants of the immortal country.

"I rejoice in the light which you, and other bright angels, have imparted to me, and shall employ it, not only to the improvement and elevation of my own intellectual and moral capacities, but to the advancement of Christian principles and sentiments throughout the Whole Universe of Mind and Matter. Never shall that light be hidden under a bushel; but, as far as my power is capable of extending itself, it shall spread, until every soul shall feel the intensity of its radiant beams.

"The sweet and hallowed 'remembrances' to which you have alluded in the welcome-message delivered to me, recalling to mind a season of bereavement and sorrow, are vividly painted, in glowing colors, on the canvas of memory, and have awakened in my soul a glad, responsive thrill. Well, indeed, do I remember that cheering conversation, which carried so much hope and joy to my heart, and sweetness to even my bitter cup of affliction and trial. And that holy interchange of thought and sympathy, — that blissful communion of soul with soul, — that most glorious and brilliant chain of fond memories, — are now again pictured before me, and I recognize the truthfulness of the sentiments then advanced. Heaven has given unto my eternal embrace the dear ones of my affection and love, and assured me of their past angelic guardianship and protection.

"During the little while of my existence on earth (years are as mere drops in the ocean of eternity), I saw even there much to expand and develop the immortal germs of piety and virtue in the soul, and to prepare it for a more beautiful unfoldment in the life to come; but the knowledge I then possessed relative to the true state or condition of the spirit after it crosses the river of death, was meagre and indefinite compared to that I have gleaned during my very brief intercourse with the citizens of the Realms of Eternal Glory and Happiness.

"O, brother! glorious is the vision which you and other bright immortals have mirrored before my soul. By it I am enabled to perceive the first glad rays of that blessed morn when the gates of the Heavenly City will be thrown open to the entrance of 'embodied man,' and his soul walk with angelic companions in their celestial courts; when his spirit will bountifully drink of that inspiring flood of light which emanates from the ever-shining Star of Truth, and revel within the dazzling beams of the newly-awakening Sun of Righteousness; when it will respond to the high and holy promptings of humanity, benevolence and love, and the immaculate teachings of Christ and his Apostles be exemplified in a true and devout life.

"O, my soul yearns to speak to loved ones from my newly-found life, and convince them of my overshadowing presence. And I rejoice in the hopes with which beatified spirits have inspired me! Ah, yes! I feel that the dawn of that long-looked-

for day is nigh at hand, when the reign of Truth and Love will commence on earth, and the untold glories of the kingdom of heaven be fully unfolded to man's interior senses; when the Morning Land of Eternal Sunshine will pass before him, and its adoring multitude of 'rapt celestials' will shed their benignant influences around his heart, made sad and dreary by contiguity with the cold realities of a selfish and too-material world, and brighten his pathway to heaven with flowers of perennial beauty."

When I came to this point in my reply, music, of the most ineffable sweetness, vibrated on the "silent air" of the Eden Country, while a multitude of angelic voices breathed forth the following:

"Hail, brother, hail, the glorious dawn
Of that eventful happy morn,
When angels, from their home above,
Will speak their burning words of love
To those who linger still on earth,
'Mid things of evanescent birth,
Inspiring them to live a life
Exempt from discord, sin and strife!

"All hail! the day is nigh at hand
When the ethereal snow-robed band
Shall paint, before man's inner sight,
The beauties of our Land of Light;
And break the slavish bands which bind
To darkness his receptive mind,
And free his soul from error's chain,
And lift it to a higher plane.

"All hail! now rings from Zion's Plain;—
Black error's power begins to wane,
And Truth's most glorious Star appears
Behind the veil of doubts and fears,
To gladden man's interior sight
With visions of that day most bright,
When, from the darkling clouds, shall dawn
The long-wished-for Millennium Morn."

As soon as these beautiful lines had been chanted by the angelic choir, and the last sweet strain had vibrated on the ethereal atmosphere, I proceeded with my reply, as follows:

"O, sainted spirit! if my soul bounds with tumultuous feelings at the bright prospect before me,—if my heart pulsates with blissful sensations at the thought that I may be able, at some future period, to commune with those I have left on earth,—how much more are these anticipated pleasures enhanced when I reflect that, perhaps, my humble influence can aid in hastening the approach of this joyous day, and bringing in nearer contact to the rudimental sphere our world of everlasting and immutable realities!

"All the power I can bring to command shall be employed in the advancement of the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, and to draw in closer and holier contact heaven and earth; to establish a celestial telegraph between the two worlds, on which may flow bright messages of Truth and Wisdom, and sweet remembrances of affection and esteem; to make earth appear to the tried and persecuted soul no longer a cold and cheerless abode, but a beautiful and desirable abiding-place, rendered doubly so, to the believing mind, by the conscious presence of guardian spirits, and the comforting assurances of their invisible watchfulness and ever-ennobling guidance and control.

"As I have repeatedly said, I will cheerfully buckle on my armor and shield, and enter the field of duty and right, to wage eternal warfare against those two formidable barriers to Human Progress—Error and Superstition! With thee, in this gorgeous Temple of Peace and Good-Will, will I continue the labors of good commenced on earth, disseminating the God-born teachings and principles, for the establishment of which a Jesus endured great suffering, and, finally, an ignominious physical death!

"While enjoying the glorious liberty of the children of heaven, I will not forget those groaning under the galling yoke of oppression, and to whom this great and inestimable blessing of freedom is a stranger. In silence, but with power and might, will I visit these sorrowing children of tyranny and abuse, and relieve their temporary bondage, by wafting their thoughts to a Land of Liberty beyond, where chains are never forged for the limbs of any of God's creatures, and where the enslaved and fettered become free the moment their weary feet cross the boundary-lines of Time.

"In the Halls of my country my voice shall again be heard uttering its denunciations against tyranny and injustice, and evils of every nature. No sin, however finite or monstrous, shall 'elude the vigilance' of the eye which never slumbers. It shall be my province 'to move the hearts of the people' to a 'sound, realizing sense' of their country's danger in nourishing in its bosom the viper, slavery, and to warn them 'to flee from the wrath to come.' With God's help, I will grapple with this hideous serpent, now attained to such a gigantic size, and aid in crushing out its life; nor shall my soul be satisfied until my spiritual eyes behold it in its last death-struggles, no more to poison the atmosphere with its deadly virus, or to know a resurrection.

"Now, dear brother, I will bring my humble answer to a close. Simple, I know, it is; yet, O, I trust it will prove all-sufficient to give an adequate expression to the emotions which thrill my spirit, in consideration of the sincere welcome you and your immortal associates have extended to me! In conclusion, I can only say that their many glorious benedictions and counsels shall be deeply treasured in my soul, and employed in the development of each moral attribute of my nature, and the eternization of undying truth among the benighted nations of earth. May God, Beloved Minister, sanctify this reünion to our everlasting good, and crown each work with the approbation of His Holy and Divine Spirit, for evermore."

At the moment of the conclusion of my answer, showers of flower-wreathed garlands fell at our feet, laden with the perfume of angelic love. Over our heads floated a large band of seraphs, with golden harps in hand, chanting the beautiful melodies of their spheres, and wafting their inspiration along the sublimated atmosphere of heaven.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
January, 1857.

MESSAGE XI.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE RECEPTION MEETING.

SECTION FIRST.

Freed and jubilant slaves—Rapport with Christ and the twelve—Judas progressing—Christ's efforts in his behalf—A slave's poetic offering—Vision of Christ's words.

After the address of Washington, several other beautiful seenes were presented to my sight, among which were the two following.

My attention was again drawn to a large body of immortals moving towards me from the far distanee. Swiftly that eloud of spirit-life floated on the ethereal sea of immortality, bearing on its glossy bosom a eountless number of eelestial beings. On their close proximity, what was my joy and surprise as I recognized in them a proscribed race of earth, doomed by man, but not by Deity, to wear the yoke of slavery and oppression. In their eountenances was seen the ruddy glow of happiness and peace, while from their exultant, emancipated souls was refleeted boundless gratitude to the No Respecter of Persons, for delivering them from the corrupting influenees of slavery and its supporters.

And there they beautifully appeared to me, released from the bondage of tyranny and the power of the oppressor. No longer were my ears assailed with the clanking sounds of their once-enehained limbs, or the lash of the slave-driver's whip. No longer their agonizing eries and shrieks disturbed the air, or the low, deep sobbings of their broken hearts aseended in avenging tones to Him "who will make the oppressor tremble, and the wieked flee from before His sight:"

> Whose Arm is strong, whose Will is right,
> And all whose laws are just and wise;
> Whose strength can crush the oppressor's might,
> And win the cause which man defies.

His Arm can break the heavy chains
Which bind His children down to dust;
Omnipotent His Spirit reigns,
And will protect the right and just.

The glorious heavens rang with their songs of freedom,—the anthems of the free! Along the corridors of our Universal Temple were heard the shouts of an enfranchised people, rejoicing in the light and eternal liberty of the children of God. No more do they dread the coming morning, or the approaching footsteps of the lecherous tyrant. Far beyond his tyrannical reach and power are they now, dwelling in the bright sunshine of eternal liberty, and in the society of true and sympathizing hearts.

Where the weary are at rest,
And the wicked cease to wrong,
Dwell they with the loved and blest,
Chanting Freedom's Blesséd Song.

But O, a far more glorious scene than this, if possible, awaited my heaven-consecrated soul! Again that peculiar sensation, created by the will-action of Powers above me, thrilled my being, and once more I was brought in association with that Archangel of the Skies,—Jesus Christ! Around him hovered the effulgent forms of twelve beautifully-unfolded intelligences, imbibing the atmosphere of his refining influence, and the glorious teachings of his wisdom-elevated mind! And O, judge, ye mortals, if you can, of the inexpressible joy and astonishment which electrified my soul on being informed that they were none other than the memorable twelve, whom Jesus commanded to go into the ways of the world, and preach the Gospel of Truth and Righteousness to all mankind!

Let me not be understood, however, as saying that they were in immediate communion with their beloved and once persecuted Master, or enjoyed with him the same sphere of happiness and glory. And although nearly nineteen centuries have passed away since their unfoldment into the felicities of the Soul's Progressive Life, yet they are not so far developed in the Perfections of the Infinite Character as to be able to enjoy

the sublimities of that Heaven, which enshrines the Immortal Spirit of the persecuted and betrayed Jesus of Nazareth!

Even Judas, the Betrayer and Suicide, who, it is said, repented at the last of his sorrowful act, has only as yet been able to attain to the fourth sphere of Progressive Life. The act of traitor, added to that of self-murder, together with other sins, fitted him only for an inferior grade of spiritual happiness and development, and a meagre intercourse with the more highly unfolded class of immortals. Yet, during the nearly nineteen hundred years which have flitted away into the womb of the past, the erring Iscariot has been slowly progressing out of the darkness and shadows of spiritual degradation into the atmosphere of a nobler development. The repentance at the "eleventh hour" proved of but little avail to him, save only the aspiration raised in his soul for a higher condition acted as a stepping-stone towards the attainment of that worthy desire. The mistakes of a lifetime could not be wiped away in a moment, or his soul fully prepared to walk in the society of the pure and virtuous of heaven. For one, I should distrust the wisdom and impartiality of the Laws of my Maker, did I realize that a life of virtue and a life of vice were at once equalized in the realms of glory. My whole mortal existence would have been a useless and unproductive one, if I now felt that, no matter how I lived, if I but repented at the last hour, it would have proved all-sufficient to insure for my soul as exalted a position in the Celestial World, as though my life had been one of strict devotion to the cardinal principles of Christian Brotherhood and Love! But, in justice to my Heavenly Father, I will say that a clearer understanding of His Laws has convinced me that "as we sow, so shall we reap."

"When the spirit of Judas Iscariot was sufficiently unfolded to become an indweller in the Fourth Heaven of Intellectual and Moral Being, he became, consequently, more accessible to the influences of the Sainted Christ and his companions. Great and unspeakable was his joy and gladness when the power of communicating with his injured brother was given to him. With eyes suffused with tear-drops of affection and love, and a soul throbbing with true repentance and contrition, he bows his head in invocation to the Throne of Divine Grace, uttering

forth his fervent thanks to Almighty God for this "glorious change of heart." Then, looking upward, he beholds, in the dazzling skies above, the glowing spirit of that Immaculate One, whom his selfish nature betrayed for the thirty pieces of silver. Kindly and affectionately that Noble Soul gazes on his once-erring but beloved brother, with no reproving look trembling on his shining countenance. Then on the flower-scented atmosphere is wafted the love-laden thought from the mind of the Seraph Jesus to his "disciple Judas,"

"COME UP TO ME."

And, obedient to his command, he advances to meet his persecuted Saviour of old, who awaits, with opened arms, to enfold him on the bosom of his undying love, and to breathe the sweet assurances of his forgiveness to him. At that moment, the attending angels strike their heavenly harps, and sing their songs of redeeming praise, while their tears of joy commingle with those of the weeping Jesus over the sincere repentance of the "Betrayer, Judas." Then the latter raises his tearful eyes to his "Crucified Master," and, from his overflowing and surcharged heart, issues the question of assurance,

"BELOVED BROTHER, AM I FORGIVEN BY THEE?"

And brightly does that sublime attribute of forgiveness — the most glorious trait of Jesus' martyred life — shine forth in his sweet response, as, with fond and loving look, he echoes his memorable words of the past:

"THOU HAST SAID!"

Never did mortal nor immortal eyes penetrate a sublimer scene than the meeting of Jesus with Judas. It was such a spectacle as angels like to weep tears of joy over. Beautifully was it portrayed to me; — an actual representation of the living past. Prepared only for the lower circles of being when he unfolded into spirit-life, many long years passed away ere he was amply fitted to meet his betrayed but forgiving brother, and hear from his lips a pardon pronounced.

It was in the fourth sphere that I beheld the vision of Christ and his Apostles. At his call the "chosen twelve" assembled together, that they might present to my sight this soul-glorifying spectacle, and show the strong and abiding interest they still feel in the perfect accomplishment of the holy work they labored so faithfully to perform on earth. Judas, Peter and the whole twelve, are laboring in unison to carry forward the benevolent designs of the Ascended Jesus, inspiring all mankind to take up the Cross of Truth, and follow them.

When I had gazed long upon this dazzling scene, my attention again turned to the "man-proscribed" class of beings before mentioned. One of their number leaves the rest, and approaches me, bearing in her hand a magnificent tablet, on which the subjoined lines were engraved; who, when she delivered it, departed with her companions from my sight.

"Accept the purest love of those
Whose 'bleeding cause' your soul espoused;
Whose deep-inflicted wrongs and woes
Your noblest sympathies aroused.

"May God, our Father, Friend, and All,
His richest blessings on thee shower,
And aid thee still to subjugate
Oppression's black and hated power.

"May angels, from their spheres above,
Immortal honors on thee shed,
And pour the nectar of their love
Like summer dews upon thy head.

"Plead still for those who suffer wrong,
And groan 'neath slavery's galling yoke,
And cease not in thy labors till
The chains which bind them down are broke."

Again I am in *rapport* with the Seraph Jesus and His Heavenly Companions. The former unrolls a dazzling chart, and discloses the following beautiful sentences to my view:

"Heaven is the Garden of Liberty,
And the Home of the Immortal Soul.

The Flowers of Freedom sweetly blossom there,
And all who gather them,
And taste their fragrant sweets,
Shall nevermore feel the pangs of tyranny.
Death is the angel-friend of the slave,
The welcome messenger to the crushed,
A Harbinger of Rest to the weary,
The King of Terrors to the evil-doer,
And the Love-Angel to the True Christian!"

He still further unwinding that resplendent chart, my riveted gaze is blest with the following prophetic words, laden with consolation and encouragement to the spiritually bound:

"In my Father's House
The spiritually dead shall be made alive."

After reading several other beautiful and appropriate inscriptions, the subjoined exhortation and benediction closed this highly interesting scene:

"O, thou Disciple of Our Father, go forth into the ways of the world, and seek to rescue thy brother-man from the bondage of mental and physical servitude, and bring him home to God, and to the enjoyment of those unlimited blessings attainable only by a purity of life, and a faithful discharge of the high obligations imposed upon him.

"A long period may elapse ere we shall again visit you in vision. But upon your expanding nature shall fall the hallowing influences of our beatified existences, inciting you onward to holier duties, and a nearer communion with us. In the enjoyment of the exalted friendship of Heaven's Innumerable Hosts, forget not those wandering in darkness, and who are spiritually pining for the light you have so bountifully received. And when we again shall behold your spirit-form, may the gulf which now separates us have been crossed, and you tread with us the diamond-crowned streets of our Celestial City, raised to the summit of your most high and glorious aspirations. Farewell, bright Intelligence! May the blessings of Peace and Love crown your pathway of progress, and the Holy Spirit of Our Father visit you, even as it has us, as you pass onward in your spiritual career of glory."

As I finished reading this sweet address, the Band of Brotherhood which surrounded the glowing Luminary, Christ, dissolved, — each one composing it departing to their own appropriate circle, — fervently praying that they soon may attain the sphere of glory which enshrines the Immaculate Hero of Calvary! Then slowly ascended the effulgent form of Christ, — his brow adorned with a splendid Tiara of Glory, — floating higher and higher, until beyond the reach of my vision. Lost in amazement and surprise at the sublimity of this spectacle, I gazed long upon the receding forms of Christ and his Disciples, until called to a consciousness of other beauties which were soon to greet me.

The lesson which this sublime scene left upon my mind was a very impressive one, and added a fresh impulse to my newly-consecrated soul. When I saw this Band of Brethren laboring in concert for the continuation and final triumph of the work of their Divine Master; when I saw among them the severely-condemned and church-despised Judas, who, by association with spiritual intelligences for over eighteen hundred years, is so far progressed in the True Life as to be qualified to enjoy the ennobling felicities of the Fourth Sphere, and who is, I am informed, about to enter on the glories of the Fifth; when I saw them holding glorified communion with the Spirit of their Beloved and Ascended Brother; O, there was no further incentive needed to urge me along in the triumphant accomplishment of my God and Heaven appointed Mission! And no wonder that Angel Band deplored the conditions which separated them from an instantaneous communication with the divinely-unfolded Christ, whose earthly sufferings and persecutions, together with theirs, so endeared him to their hearts. But they knew that, in the course of their progressive existences, they would become more closely assimilated to him in spirit, and finally attain the meridian-point of his perfected development! At present (as I am informed), Christ is an occupant of the Seventh Sphere, while his Apostles are residents in the different circles of the Fourth and Sixth Spheres.

SECTION SECOND.

James Monroe — Lafayette's exhortation — The assemblage dispersing move off in four divisions severally under Josephine, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, and Thomas Paine — The mother's exultant address — A song of welcome.

THE company of angels who surrounded me during the several reception addresses and visions which welcomed my advent to spirit-life, were now increased by the addition of others from the different circles of being. The poverty of language again prevents me from giving an adequate description of the sublime appearance they presented, as they floated through the vast realms of unlimited space. Some sailed on the River of Life in splendid barges; some were enveloped in clouds of surpassing brilliancy; some deseended like falling meteors, and others floated through the refined atmosphere on gauze-like wings attached to their light and airy forms. Many of them bore golden standards and flags, adorned with symbolical representations and inseriptions, while others carried dazzling scrolls and tablets, alike containing numerous beautiful mottoes and images. One beatified spirit engaged my close attention. In his hand he carried a shining book, on opening which, the following sentenee met my gaze:

"HEAVEN IS THE REWARD OF THE JUST!"

Turning over the pages of that Immortal Book of Life, the Scriptural quotation, subjoined below, was written:

"Friend of God,
Ye see how by works a man is justified."

When I desired to be informed of the earthly name of any intelligence, it was instantly traced on the forehead. On the shining brow of the one who carried the Immortal Book, I saw written the title of a much-valued friend of earth, who had acted with me on the stage of publie life. Glad indeed was I to receive such proofs of friendship and regard from the still-remembered

"JAMES MONROE."

Then my devoted friend of heaven again turns those brilliant pages, and discloses the following Biblical quotation, as if to testify to the truth of the propheeies made by the different intelligences in their reeeption-eommunieations to me:

"These sayings are faithful and true:
And the Lord God has sent his angels
To show unto his servant
The things which shortly must be done."

In deseribing the Life upon which I had entered, the following passage was pointed out, which to my mind conveyed a volume of meaning:

"And there shall be no night there:
And they need no eandle, neither light of the sun:
For the Lord God giveth them light;
And they shall reign for ever and ever."

The immortal hand of Monroe then writes the cheering sentenees which, although iterated before by my spirit-friends, yet, eoming from one so well known to me, gave them additional value:

"As righteousness exalteth a nation,
So does it the individual."

"For every generous, worthy deed,
Heaven will bestow its riehest meed."

"Thy earthly mission was well done,
Thy work in heaven has *now* begun."

"O, may thy ransomed soul with holy angels now unite
In sowing everywhere the seeds of Wisdom, Truth and Right;
And breathing o'er the heart of man the gentle power of love,
Inviting him to eome and dwell with saints in heaven above!"

But I will not tire you, kind reader, with another reeital of the beautiful scenes which passed before me; but will give the subjoined address which Lafayette delivered after James Monroe had eeased communieating with me:

"The brilliant assemblage of immortals, which you see before you, have eongregated together for the purpose of aecompanying you to the lower eircles of being, that a *practial illustration*

of your future heavenly labors may be afforded you, and move you to still stronger desires for the ultimate salvation of mankind. The resplendent scenes which have greeted your entrance to eternal life have filled you with intense surprise and gladness, and evinced to you how

> "The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
> The pious soul in heaven rewards;

and how a faithful obedience to the Irrepealable Laws of the Divine Government is remunerated by the Representatives of the Infinite Will. May you sympathize with the wretched and despairing, wherever they may be found, whether dwelling in the circles of inferior development below, or amid the sins and errors of the rudimental sphere. May your sympathies permeate the dark recesses of slavery's dominions, and whisper hope and comfort to the enslaved and heart-broken. And, wherever and whenever you can benefit your fellow-creatures, let not the opportunity pass unheeded by, but improve it to the best advantage."

A wide opening was then made in that brilliant assembly of spirits, and down the ethereal passage glided the seraphic forms of near and dear friends and kindred, the two foremost of which I recognized as being my beloved

"Father and Mother."

Then came other valued relatives, dear to a parent's and brother's heart, who, upon their close proximity, encircled me in the halo of their beautiful influence. Then this Convention of Immortals separated itself into several divisions, — each one controlled by some highly-unfolded Intelligence. There were four divisions, however, which attracted my attention, directed by celestials of inconceivable beauty and splendor, and on whose lofty, expansive brows, glittered *Aureolas* of exceeding brightness and power. Three of these Controlling Spirits I knew I had seen before. The two foremost divisions were superintended by females. On the brow of the first glistened the title,

"Josephine,"
"*Empress of Truth and Love;*"

while, in the glittering diadem which adorned her radiant brow, shone the singularly-appropriate quotation:

"I HAVE A GOOD CAUSE."

The Seraph, who controlled the Second Division, now met my spiritual gaze; and in her angelic countenance, shining with the purest and loftiest love, I recognized one who had visited me before, and welcomed me to the Paradise of Beauty and Peace. And she comes to redeem the promise made in her sweet communication, to attend me, — after my visit to the lower regions of spiritual existence, — to the Bower of Bliss and Happiness, for which my own development had prepared me. Upon her forehead I read the name of

"JOAN OF ARC,"
"*The Child of Humility;*"

while, from the resplendent tiara which beautified her immaculate brow were reflected the simple sentences, yet, at the same time, redolent with volumes of Christian meaning and sentiment,

"THE CAUSE OF ALL IS MY CAUSE."
"*What is* BORN *of* GOD *my Soul will espouse.*"

Towering a little above these two divisions, appeared the third, commanded, thus to speak, by a very intelligent immortal, in whose expressive features were indexed a lofty virtue, a fervent devotion to truth, an unequalled judgment, and a strong adherence to the unconquerable principles of justice and right. Though not a resident (as I have before stated) in the same sphere with his still dearly-beloved partner, yet he is privileged to enjoy the sweet influences of her congenial society, and be a companion with us in our flight to the lower abodes; hoping soon to advance to the condition of his glorified, earth-wronged, but forgiving Josephine! Ah, yes! the noble, the heaven-exalted

"NAPOLEON,"
"*The Defender of Right, and Denouncer of Wrong,*"

formed one of the Immortal Band, who was to attend me in my downward flight. In his hand he held a magnificent Flag, on which was pictured the "Anchor of Hope," while underneath sparkled several little stars, so arranged as to form the couplet of words:

"EVER ONWARD."

Above the Anchor was seen a solitary star, under which appeared the motto:

"The Star of Truth forever shines:
No avenue so dark but what its power can find an entrance."

While in the Crown of Glory which illumined his brow, was entwined a French quotation:

"DIEU DEFEND LE DROIT:"
"*God defends the Right.*"

The Commander of the Fourth Division now arrests my attention. He was an intelligence of invincible will and firmness, yet ever yielding when convinced he was in the wrong. When a citizen of the earthly sphere, he was one of the few whom the world could not understand. Stigmatized as a Deist, Atheist and Infidel, because he would not accept as truth the teachings of the various theological denominations of his day, but openly opposed them, he has courted *their* implacable hatred and condemnation, and at the same time won the esteem of those who love independence of character and liberality of sentiment. Like all other individuals who advance opinions ahead of their age, his fame and memory will survive the vituperations of the sectarian world, and shine out clearer and brighter in the end. Though unable to endorse all the sentiments he advocated, yet, as I now view and understand the man, I discover in them an honesty of purpose, a conscientious regard to truth. And the fame of an individual, who acts purely from disinterested and conscientious motives, will not long suffer from the shafts of public opprobrium or censure. The bigoted opinions of a sectarian world may for a while dampen the sympathies of the masses, but they (the masses) are destined to throw off the

shackles which bind them, and accord to integrity and virtue their full reward. In glancing at that commanding figure, — the Guide of that Intelligent Body of Immortals, — I knew it to be none other than the much-abused

"THOMAS PAINE;"

who, in the Spirit World, has received a rich compensation for his faithful adherence to what he felt to be right. Angels crown him with their love and affection, while the less enlightened depend upon him as an aid in their development.

But I will not again diverge from my subject, and make another attempt to enumerate to my readers the magnificent glories which everywhere encompassed me: for such a procedure, on my part, would be utterly futile. Enough, peradventure, have I related to give to all an insight into the beauties of the life upon which I had entered.

Ere we were prepared to descend into the abyss of Undeveloped Life below, my mother addressed me, as follows:

"My dear Son: Very gratifying has it been to me to witness the brilliant reception you have received from the spirits of the just and the good! And O, doubly is this pleasure enhanced when I reflect that perhaps your good and worthy deeds are entitled to it! And had no benedictions been pronounced on your ransomed soul to give it joy and happiness, even the attendance of such a glorious array of wisdom and exalted intelligence would, in itself, prove a sufficient mark of approbation on your Christian labors, and loyal devotion to the undying principles of eternal truth, universal freedom and impartial justice.

"With unwavering devotedness and constancy, which only maternal love can feel, with a solicitude to which only a mother's can respond, have I watched, from my translucent home, your rudimental existence, anxiously guarded your Congressional career, impressing you faithfully to discharge the respective duties of your public life, and rejoicing with you when I beheld you elevated to the highest point of National Honor and Confidence. And though earthly honors and emoluments are but perishable gifts, yet the victor who wins them, in

the espousal of a good cause, will reflect immortal lustre upon them, and wear them as trophies won in the battle of human rights; while he who gains them through dishonorable means, and in vindication of an unrighteous cause, will only heap upon himself popular odium and contempt, and serve more beautifully to contrast the bright reward of virtue with the hideous recompense of vice.

"Knowing, as I do, dear son, the numerous temptations which beset the weary mariner on the tempest-tossed sea of political life, the many inducements and insidious arts employed to compromise virtue and integrity, it was with great anxiety I watched your public career, and sought, with maternal affection, to beat back the seemingly-irresistible current of popular prejudice and opinion, which threatened at one time to overwhelm your noble barque. Battling for these unpopular principles with a gigantic power working against you, defending the divine cause of unlimited freedom, and the rights of all mankind, threatened oftentimes with destruction of material life, stigmatized as a traitor and by other unenviable epithets, yet proud am I to say that

> "Above them all your soul aspired,
> With holy emulations fired,
> And won at last the shining crown
> Of spotless fame and pure renown.

"And as I beheld from the Immortal Sphere your advancing greatness, discerned what nobility of soul and purpose you manifested in your treatment of the enemies of truly republican institutions, and the strength of will and determination displayed on every occasion which demanded the exercise of your sympathies, I could not refrain from echoing the Voice of Ancient Inspiration:

> "'This is my beloved son,
> In whom I am well pleased.'

"And glad am I to pronounce a mother's approval on your earthly labors, and a benediction on your soul. And O, trebly is my happiness increased when I feel that a Higher Power

than mine sets his seal of approbation on your past laudable works, bequeathing to your newly-awakened life an imperial seat in His Kingdom of Glory and Righteousness; while, from the lips of His Holy Angels, there issues, with entire unanimity, the welcome verdict of

"'Well done! Well done!'

"Now, dear son, a mighty host of spirits wait to attend you in your journey to the lower abodes of life, to more forcibly illustrate to you the extent of your heavenly calling. God be with thee for evermore, and award to thy eternally-advancing soul the remuneration due to each faithfully-performed act, and angels crown thee with their never-dying love."

Upon the conclusion of this address another Song of Welcome was chanted by the Heavenly Choir:

"Welcome, brother, to the land
Where the weary sink to rest;
Welcome to the spirit-band, —
To the mansions of the Blest.

"Welcome to the Heavenly Home
Where the sainted Jesus dwells;
Welcome with us there to roam
Through the fragrant Eden Dells.

"Welcome to the Land of Flowers, —
Flowers which never bloom to die;
Welcome to the Seraph Bowers,
Where sweet spirit-zephyrs sigh.

"Welcome to the Father's House, —
To the kingdom of our Lord;
Where each good and holy deed
Will receive a just reward.

"Welcome, faithful servant, now,
To the joys of heaven above; —
Consecrate thyself anew
To Humanity and Love.

"Welcome to Eternity, —
To the life without an end;
May the Spirits of the Just
With thine own forever blend!"

SECTION THIRD.

Tribute to my mother — Reply of my mother.

TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.

It was a source of great pleasure to me, in after years, to be able to revert back to the scenes of my past life, and reflect that the teachings of my early youth were *ever* remembered by me! Youth, my venerated mother repeatedly told me, moulded the future character of the man. The principles inculcated in my mind, while young in years, never lost any of their native lustre and brilliancy when I became ripe and hoary with age. It is a true saying that the human mind retains vividly the memories and associations of youth, while those of more modern date find scarcely a vacant place wherein to treasure themselves in the great store-house of knowledge!

It was my *glorious*, INESTIMABLE privilege, when on earth, to be blessed with a kind and excellent mother, — a mother faithful to herself and children, — a mother possessed of true nobility of soul, — a mother of sterling integrity and worth, — a mother who loved "patriotism, because it was a virtue!"

A distinguished lady was once asked, by a celebrated warrior, what was necessary to advance the prosperity and happiness of a nation, and cause it to expand in virtue! Her *beautiful*, truthful and appropriate reply was, GOOD MOTHERS! The prompt and forcible answer produced a strong impression on the mind of the Emperor Napoleon, and enabled him to see the necessity of rearing for his beloved and endeared France good, faithful and pious mothers, who alone, through their teachings and examples, could mould its future character and permanent prosperity!

I *loved* my mother! *That* love had not its birth in any mere external show or form, but was a pure, reverential and faithful

manifestation of the deepest and holiest feeling of my nature! How I loved to listen to the sweet words of wisdom which flowed from her lips, — those *blessed* words which taught me to reverence God, Religion, and to love *all* humanity; to shun vice, and to seek virtue; to follow in the ways of wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are paths of peace!

Never shall I forget her beautiful lessons breathed to me as I was about to cross the "trackless ocean" with my beloved father. Never shall I cease to remember the motherly solicitude and anxiety she manifested for my welfare when far away from her endearing smiles and holy influences, and the tears — those eloquent tributes of her devoted care and affection — which coursed down her cheeks as she pronounced a parting blessing on the head of her beloved child. Beautifully did she write to me: "Great learning and superior abilities are of little value, unless virtue and integrity of character are added to them." "Far rather would I have had you sunk in the ocean you have crossed, than to see you grow up a loose, immoral and profligate man." Then she sweetly commended me to the mercy and protection of my Heavenly Father, enjoining upon me to remember that I was accountable to Him for all my thoughts and actions. And, if ever tempted to wander from the path of virtue, her sweet image would rise up before me, and seem to say, Remember, my son, the admonitions of your mother; walk upright, and be *faithful to* me!

Powerfully did she impress upon my mind a patriotic love of country. Zealous was she that I might inherit the virtues, and imitate the heroic examples, of that noble band of men, who were so valiantly struggling, in the morning of my life, for the freedom of their slavery-stricken land. Deeply is imprinted upon memory the remembrance of that trying day, when, on a hill-side hard by my father's house, I became an eye-witness of one of the most thrilling scenes which transpired during the whole war of the Revolution. And, as I beheld the wreathing flames and curling smoke ascending the skies from burning Charlestown, I thought of my mother's patriotic teachings, and I there, silently, irrevocably pledged my future life and labors to

the maintenance of the liberty of my country, and its *eternal* perpetuation everywhere.

My mother considered that her first and highest duty to me was, when my mind was sufficiently expanded to comprehend its meaning and value, to teach me the importance of *daily prayer to God.* A day *never* passed away, while under her maternal supervision, without her enforcing some beautiful devotional lesson upon my mind, and strictly enjoining on me *never* to engage in any enterprise, which called forth the active powers and energies of either body or soul, until I had first invoked the high hand of Deity, and the smiles of His approbation, to rest upon me. And memory now reverts back to the scenes of bygone days, and I see, with my spiritual vision,

"The roof which sheltered my mother and me:"

and again I hear her sweet and gentle voice, as the "soft shades" of evening lower their dark curtain o'er the beautiful form of Nature, calling me to her side, saying, "John, it is bedtime; come in, and say your prayers;" or, "My son, come and repeat the little verse I taught you; that's a good boy." Then affectionately would she take me upon her knee, talk to me of the good God, of the unnumbered blessings He was daily bestowing upon me, and who in return only asked the deep devotions and gratitudes of my heart, and strict obedience to His Divine Commands. Then, to enforce these teachings, she would repeat the Lord's Prayer, or that other sweet one of

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;"

which I would say over after her, until I had learned them both "by heart."

And to the glorious instructions and prayerful lessons inculcated on my mother's knee, and faithfully, I trust, observed through life, do I attribute success in many important and

arduous undertakings, and my present state of happiness in the Spirit World.

I think that I may safely say, my mother was a true representative of Nature. That terrible bane to society, — a false pride, — formed no part in the composition of her nature. Faithfully she attended to the duties devolving upon her as a wife and mother, — paid strict deference to her household affairs, and oftentimes made the purchases for self and family. She delighted in faithful attendance to her domestic avocations. Duty before pleasure, was *her* motto. She was never known to forsake the duties of home, and launch forth upon the gayeties of public life, — as do too many modern mothers, — but quietly pursued her domestic avocations, and, by precept and example, taught her children, and, in fact, the world, how to acquire and cultivate habits of industry and frugality.

I think my mother could never be denominated a "time-killer." What her hands found to do was readily done, and faithfully. Every moment was usefully employed. She felt that TIME was a God-bequeathed gift, given to man to be properly employed in his moral and intellectual cultivation, and that to *waste* a single second was a sin against the Most High! She never omitted an opportunity to do good. It was her greatest desire to benefit her fellow-creatures, and to dispense comfort and happiness to those in sorrow and adversity. Her benevolent heart throbbed with sympathy and love for all humanity. The afflictions of the suffering and down-hearted won her deepest sympathies, and it was her delight to bind up and to heal!

She lived in the times "which tried men's souls," — yes, and *women's*, too. All the powers of her noble mind and heart were called into vigorous requisition in behalf of her down-trodden and oppressed country, and many and fervent were the invocations she daily offered up to God that He would smile upon and bless it with the glorious boon of freedom; that all difficulties might be peacefully adjusted without a profuse effusion of blood, and the tyranny-darkened Star of Liberty shine unclouded and dimless o'er her dearly beloved native land. She shrank not from danger; where duty called her she obeyed,

— fearless of tyranny's myridons, and ever ready to sacrifice earthly life and fortune for the well-being of her country. She took an active interest in the affairs of State and Nation, and never counselled but with wisdom and prudence.

Thus was it through her earthly pilgrimage. Ever willing was she to perform her duty, both at home and abroad; and whether engaged in the discharge of the domestic duties devolving upon her, or counselling in the affairs of the nation, she was ever the same unpretending, unostentatious woman! Mild, affable and courteous, in all her relations, she won the love and good-will of all, and shed around a holy and sanctifying influence. She delighted not in the empty title of "*lady*," but sought to adorn herself in the garb of a *true* woman, to be a *loyal* representative of Nature, and transmit to the world a *correct* pattern of Christian Excellence and Virtue, — a faithful example of a MODEL WOMAN! In fact, her whole terrestrial course of life verified the truth of that Scriptural saying, that "a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband!"

I love to speak of my mother. I could write volumes about her many kind acts and motherly precepts, and not exhaust the subject. It is a theme upon which I delight to dwell, — a theme very dear and valuable to me. And do I err, or appear selfish or ostentatious, when I revert to the virtues of that sainted being, from whose lips I inspired those golden instructions and thoughts, which, I can truly say, did more to establish a permanent purity of life and character than any academical or theological course of education could have done? And who can more faithfully depict the virtues of a mother than a son?

It was one of my greatest pleasures, when on earth, to visit often the spot where reposed, in calm and dreamless sleep, "all that could die" of my maternal parent, and bedew it with the grateful tears of a son's love. Frequently would I repair there, and sprinkle gratitude's vernal offerings around, and reflect on the piety and goodness of her whose mortal remains slept entombed before me. Repeatedly did I pledge myself anew to virtue, and resolve *never* to depart from the teachings she so powerfully impressed on my mind in early youth.

A beautiful incident occurred during one of my visits to the

resting-place of my mother's earthly form, which it may be well to narrate in these days of spiritual revelations. It was on one lovely morning of the summer months, ere the burning sun had lifted his head from behind the eastern hills, that I took my usual walk, making "my mother's grave" the principal place of visitation. The busy world had scarcely begun to move, and naught broke upon the holy stillness of the air, save the sweet, harmonious warblings of the birds, whose trilling notes of joy but added to the beauty and solemnity of the scene. All nature was voiceful with her breathing harmonies, and it was on such a morning as I should suppose departed saints would love to revisit the scenes of earth, and linger amid the glorious works of God's beautiful creation!

The previous day my mind had been busily occupied on a political question, which was agitating the public attention at that time, and one about which I was deeply solicitous. The refreshing invigoration of the system following a night of repose restored to the mind its wonted passivity and harmonious equilibrium. In this state I stood before the grave

> "——— of her, the loved and blest,
> Departed to her endless rest."

While musing on those reminiscences which the place naturally brought to memory, and thinking of the many virtues which adorned the life of my departed mother, I suddenly turned my eyes to the door of the tomb, and there, to my unutterable astonishment, I beheld a female form, clad in shining raiment, of silvery whiteness, reclining on an anchor, with one finger pointing downward, and another upward, as if to say, "She is not here, but risen."

So sudden was this appearance, that I stood transfixed to the spot, powerless, and unable to speak. I turned my gaze again to the vision, but it had departed. It met naught but vacancy, — the shining form of an angel had vanished!

I left the spot, dwelling much upon what I had seen, and wondering if the spirit of my sainted mother really had appeared to me that morning. Or was it a vagary, a phantom of the mind, created by the action of my thoughts, induced by

the solemnity of the place? *Had* an angel, indeed, manifested itself to me, anxious to convince me of the nearness of the Spirit World, and that celestial beings watched over and were cognizant of the thoughts and actions of mankind? I reverted to the angels who appeared and rolled away the stone at the tomb of Jesus, and I wondered if I had had a like visitation! *Was* it my beloved mother I had seen, who had come from her spirit-home to apprise her son of her watchful guardianship, and of the joy she felt that her sacred teachings were indelibly stamped on his soul, and made the rule of his life?

Yes, sainted mother, thou *didst* come
From thy Celestial Shores above,
To *point* me to thy radiant home,—
The Land of Purity and Love,—
And help me listen to those truths
You breathed to me in days of yore,
And tell me, in thy presence blest,
My soul would live for evermore.

But O, thy child could not withstand
The presence of thy form so bright;
No mortal eye could long behold
Those dazzling robes of spotless white;
From Heavenly Bowers thy Spirit came,
To guide mine own beyond the tomb,
And bless me with a foretaste of
The Land of Everlasting Bloom!

I came to the conclusion that my imagination had played me a freak, and that the supposed vision was nothing more than the action of my thoughts produced by the solemnity of the place. I, therefore, classed it as one of the vagaries of the Human Mind, and forever dismissed it as such from my thoughts.

This conclusion received a double confirmation from the fact that the vision never made its appearance again. I thought, if the spirit of my beloved mother had, indeed, visited me once in her celestial form, she could do so again, and convince me that she was still cognizant of mundane affairs, and could watch over and strengthen her child in all the changing vicissitudes of earth-being. But as I never saw the

appearance again, I, of course, concluded that it was no "rapt celestial" who had presented itself to me, — no visitation of my mother from the bright world of spirits, — but a creation of my imagination, — the result of surrounding circumstances!

It may be asked, as naturally would be expected, if I actually saw such a spectral appearance, why did I not make it publicly or privately known? Why did I not relate it to a few confidential friends, that what I am now dictating might receive a verification from some "credible witness" of earth?

I reply, first, because I doubted the actual visitation of a spiritual presence at the time. Second, because I deemed it a phantom of the brain, and of my own creating from thinking of my mother, and therefore unworthy to narrate. And, third, if I felt inclined to do so, I should expose myself to the contumely and prejudices of the unbelieving and sceptical.

Had I, at the moment, believed that what I really witnessed *was* the celestial form of my ascended mother, O, what exquisite pleasure would have inspired my soul, — what new aspirations would it have awakened, — what brilliant hopes and heavenly emotions would it have fanned into existence! Had her beautiful and immortal spirit appeared to my vision again, and remained sufficiently long for me to recognize her features, and know that it *was "my mother,"* I should not have hesitated in making it known to the world, or at least to a few mutual friends, and thus have verified this portion of my "Communication."

The phenomenon of spirit-seeing has been and is still proverbial with a large class of individuals. It has been incontrovertibly proved, in many instances, not only in the present, but in the past. Spirits have presented themselves to the visions of mankind, in various ways, as conditions and circumstances would allow. They have manifested their presences in impressional dreams, — have come in the visions of the night, and in the labors of the day. They have bent over the sick and fevered frame, and cooled it with the breath of their inspiration. They have hovered o'er the sorrowing and afflicted, and wiped away the tears from weeping eyes by beautiful impressions of their ever-near proximity. They have appeared to the heart-broken mourner, as the idol of her life was being lowered

into the darksome grave, and pointed her beyond the portals of the tomb to the mansions of Everlasting Life and Love. In various ways and forms have those beautiful beings appeared to the gaze of mortals, to convince them how closely allied the Spirit World was to the Material, and how anxious they were to prove to them their watchful guardianship and care. Some have come in shining apparel, some floating on silver wings, and others in habiliments identical with those worn by them when dwelling in the earth-life. Sweet, enchanting music, too, has been heard, floating on the sighing breezes, — too heavenly to belong to earth, — while the flitting shadows of departed presences have passed before the enamored gaze of mortals with golden-stringed harps in hand, tuned to the melodies of a brighter and better world, and eloquent with the celestial harmonies of the Eden of Eternal Love.

O beauteous beings! angels blest!
Long have you watched the ways of man,
And calmed each pain and fear to rest
With visions from the Spirit Land:
Your shining forms, in clouds of light,
Have hovered o'er the loved and dear,
And turned to gladness sorrow's night,
And kissed away each trickling tear.

When sickness brooded o'er the form,
And heavy cares the soul oppressed,
You came from your immortal home,
To cool the fevered frame to rest,
And with your penetrating powers
To buoy the weary spirit up,
And lead it to those golden Bowers
Where sin nor sorrow can corrupt!

By day and night, each fleeting hour,
Your spirit-love has filled the heart,
And blessed it with your healing power,
When bleeding from affliction's dart·
The sinning and the error-bound
Alike have felt your presence bright,
And *many* a soul *unconsciously*
Has revelled in your Holy Light.

O, Sainted Powers! Continue still
To shower your blessings from above,

And with your pure impressions fill
The soul which seeks for Truth and Love;
Inspire the faithful laborers in
The Holy Vineyard of the Lord,
And raise the darkened mind from sin
To Virtue, Wisdom, and to God!

It was not until the last hours of mortal dissolution that the *reality* of my mother's spiritual visitation was thoroughly established in my mind. The very moment I fell in the National House, I was convinced that it was "the last of earth," and that my soul would soon join that innumerable company of angels who were hovering near, on light and airy wings, waiting to bear me up to the interminable glories of the Celestial Country! It was my strong and ardent desire to receive, before I departed, a vision of the Heavenly Land, and to enjoy a foretaste of the felicity and happiness to be my portion in the world to which I was rapidly journeying. This pure and laudable aspiration was granted. About three or four hours before my soul had emancipated itself from its aged and decrepit tenement, the most ravishing beauties and splendors passed before my expanding vision, — the beautiful and angelic forms of the loved and long-departed floated above me, waving their spirit-hands, and pointing me to glory and to God; the music of seraph-harps and the sweet warblings of bright-plumed birds harmoniously blended together,

And broke upon my listening ear
In blissful symphonies divine,
To make me feel that Heaven was near,
Awaiting soon my soul to shrine;

while magnificent fountains sent forth their pellucid streams, and flowers of undying bloom wafted their celestial odors to my Heaven-aspiring soul. On whatever side my vision turned, the most ineffable glories dawned upon it, — the most exquisite delights were perceptible to my gaze, and I *knew* that they belonged alone to that Immortal Country upon whose shining borders my time-tried spirit would soon stand!

Among the "celestial multitude" who passed before my spirit-eyes, I beheld many beloved friends who departed

earthly life when I was young in years, and ere I had embarked on the rough and stormy sea of a political career. I beheld, also, many who passed away in my manhood's prime, and who were my most devoted and faithful friends. There, too, I saw those who had labored by my side in the holy cause of Right, crowned with the Eternal Reward their noble deeds had won, beckoning me onward to the everlasting enjoyments of their sublimated existences!

In that glorious group of immortals I discerned the white-robed forms of my Heaven-enshrined children, my fondly-beloved father, and O, yes! the transcendently-beautiful presence of my sainted and adored mother! The brilliancy of her flowing robes, — the glory of her radiant figure, — those familiar features, so deeply engraved on memory's page, — left no doubt in my mind *this* time of the actual nearness and identity of my mother's spirit. As before, I saw her reclining on an anchor, "with one finger pointing downward and another upward," which position indicated that she *had* once before manifested her angelic presence to the interior senses of her child. And when my soul at last disenthralled itself from the material body, and I heard from her seraph-lips the story of her celestial visit, I *knew* that the vision was no *illusion* of the brain, but an *actual*, LIVING REALITY! I *then* believed that spirits could make themselves manifest to the perceptions of man, when conditions were favorable, and inspire and strengthen him in seasons of adversity and affliction!

No national monument or slab of marble towers above the mortal dust of my mother, to commemorate her good deeds and exalted virtues. She asks no such memento. Her good and pious deeds will be *her* monuments! *They* are eternal, and will live after all earthly cenotaphs and memorials have mouldered into dust, surviving even the dissolution of every perishable object! An humble tablet, reared by me as a feeble attestation of a son's gratitude, rests o'er the inanimate dust of one of "the best of mothers." 'T is all she would ask, — 't is all a son could give! Enjoying now together the expanding sublimities of the Spirit Land, and looking down from the lofty heights of the Mountain of Progression upon those we have left below, all

we ask is, that whatever of good was exemplified in our earthly existences, may live in their hearts, and be manifested in their united devotions to truth and right; and whatever there was of error, be forever discarded, or numbered with the things that belong *not* to God!

With the hope that this humble tribute to my loving, beloved and sainted mother may prove advantageous to all who read it, I subscribe myself,

A Friend to All.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

As soon as the foregoing message was completed, the medium became aware of the presence of another spirit, which, taking possession of his organism, dictated the following:

REPLY OF MY MOTHER.

"To my dear Son in the Spiritual Country:

"It is my sweet privilege to descend from the blessed abode of angels, and take possession of this organism to make a feeble reply to your beautiful and affecting tribute. There is naught which delights the soul of a mother so much as to see the early precepts she implanted in the minds of her children carried out in their daily lives and actions. No sweeter pleasure can a mother enjoy, — no brighter reward can be her portion, — than the consciousness of having performed her duty to her children faithfully and well, and given them that education which will tell for time and eternity.

"At the maternal knee, I think *I* can safely say, the character of the child is moulded. The holy precepts which fell from a mother's lips will leave an enduring, an everlasting impression on the mind of the child. As, by precept and example, she illustrates the beauty of an interior life, it *will* have a pure and salutary effect upon the unfolding powers of the child, and cause them to expand in greater beauty and loveliness.

"Upon the mother, more than any one else, rests the responsibility of bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To her the child instinctively turns for Christian instruction and guidance, even as the little infant turns to its mother's breast for the nourishment necessary to support

its helpless frame. The example she sets will be watched and imitated by her children. The moral teachings she disseminates will be grasped with eagerness by the youthful mind, and treasured up in its storehouse to mould its future Christian character, and prepare it for its high and holy unfolding in the world of spirits.

"But it may be said, notwithstanding all the proper care and attention bestowed upon the child to rightly educate it, and bring it up in virtue and morality, it will sometimes wander from those teachings in manhood's prime; that education is not always a safeguard against the power of evil and sin, or a preventive against the encroachments of those alluring vices and habits, which oftentimes insinuate themselves into the bosom of a peaceful and virtuous family, prostrating some of its noblest intellects, and debasing the whole moral and social nature!

"I am aware that such has been the case in a few instances. The foul monster, INTEMPERANCE, for example, — that bane of society, which has poisoned the cup of happiness of many a child, and brought sorrow and wretchedness upon fond and doating parents, — may, serpent-like, crawl into the family circle, and wind its insidious folds around the peace and prosperity of some of its members. And yet, even while the virus of the serpent-monster is doing its deadly work, the golden teachings inspired in early youth from maternal lips, oftentimes prove as antidotes to counteract, in a measure, the evil effects of the insidious poison. The beautiful instructions of a mother will shine even in the darkest hour, — will illuminate the path of the prodigal one, and bring him back in repentance to the fold of piety and virtue. The first and sweetest memories awakened in the soul, in the gloomiest vicissitudes of life, are those of a mother's early teachings. Where the child of a good mother falls from the path of rectitude, most generally it is owing to the strong pressure of temptations, against which the tried spirit is unable to bear up!

"America would not have been what it is, had the mother of Washington been indifferent to his early training, and also the mothers of those other brave and noble men, who did much for the freedom, happiness and prosperity, of their beloved country. Who, among the heroes, sages, or patriots of the memorable

war of the Revolution has done more for the moulding of the character of the country than Mary, the beloved and idolized mother of George Washington? Where does History chronicle an instance of a truer, more devoted and faithful mother? Had she neglected the education and morals of her son, he would not have been what he *was*, — a benefactor of the race, or what he *now* is, — a glorious inhabitant of the Upper Realms of Celestial Existence. The hand of Fame would have wreathed no fragrant festoons around his name, nor History have recorded the bright and glowing deeds which gilded his sublunary career. To the mother, as much as the son, does America owe her present prosperous condition and happiness.

"It is my delight, dear son, to record a mother's approbation on your past actions, and to testify to the world your devoted faithfulness to my early precepts. The great and good Father permitted me to sojourn on earth sufficiently long to see you adorn many important offices in State and Nation, and then, ascending homeward, to watch your advancing destinies from the Watch-towers of Eternal Life.

"With joy have I watched your glorious career, and sought to inspire you with a knowledge of my spirit-presence. *Once* have you beheld the form of your ascended mother, while on earth, — once have your spirit-eyes been opened to behold her raiments of white, and to feel that, *perhaps*, an angel had visited you.

"O, beloved son, how ardent was my wish to open your vision to the glories of the Spirit World before you departed earth-life, and to convince you of the actuality of your mother's spirit-proximity; that she was assiduously watching your course of life, and strengthening you in the arduous toils of the day, and visiting you in the dreamful slumbers of the night; that, wherever you moved, the presence of a mother followed, to cheer, to enliven and to inspire!

"Only *once*, beloved son, have I tangibly manifested my spiritual presence to you on earth; and even *then you* doubted the actual visitation of a disembodied immortal, and thought your imagination had conjured up the 'fancied vision.' You could not believe that the spirit of your maternal parent could make herself visible to your mortal senses, and *really point* you be-

yond the dark portals of the tomb to that beautiful country where it has been truly said,

> "'The spirit will enjoy a life,
> Of never-ending peace and bliss;
> Engaging in, with noble strife,
> The cause of Truth and Holiness.'

"You could not realize the close contiguity of the spirit-life, or that its celestial inhabitants were in such close association with the children of earth as to be cognizant of their very actions, and know the various avocations in which they are engaged. For no bright spirit had breathed, in an audible voice, or one that you could recognize, its beautiful nearness to your soul, to convince you of its holy guardianship and watchfulness. You could not then fully realize that the spirit of your earth-departed mother was a constant witness of your joys and sorrows, and 'the bright, particular star,' which shone around you, and illuminated the last years of your terrestrial existence.

"This glorious enjoyment was reserved till the last hours of your mortal career, when your time-tried soul was unfolding into the interminable felicities of the World of Beatified Life; and was to be more beautifully realized when you had crossed the River of Death, and landed on the Shores of Everlasting Being. At that time, when your spirit was nearer Heaven than earth, the white-robed beings of the no-longer invisible world flitted before your awakening vision, fanning your brow with their silvery wings, and beckoning you to come and join them in their abodes of ineffable glory and happiness. Among the celestial tribes you recognized the form of your mother, clothed in the same raiments she wore when she presented herself to your interior gaze at the door of the tomb. *Then* you felt that your mother had indeed paid you a spiritual visit while on earth, and waited but to verify it when your feet touched the celestial borders of the Spirit Land.

"You are *now*, my dear son, fully convinced that departed immortals can enjoy an interchange of thought with the inhabitants of the lower world, and bless them with illuminations of wisdom and truth from the spirit-life. The Intelligent Powers, who welcomed you to the Home of Angels, and who furnished

you the evidences of a Mutual Correspondence between the two worlds, rejoice in this glorious conviction of your soul, and its consecration to the great and mighty principles embodied in it; rejoice that your spirit is conjoined with theirs in laboring to perpetuate the doctrines of the Harmonial Philosophy, and building up the Kingdom of our Father in the hearts of His children!

"Through the many disheartening trials and difficulties you were called to pass, during your mortal pilgrimage, you were sustained by those angelic ministers who now rejoice in your acquisition to their elevating society. During the angry thunders of Congressional Debate, — when advocating a just and righteous cause, — the strengthening influences of celestial powers were exerted, and enabled you to achieve a conquest over your enemies, and the enemies of right and justice.

"O, my beloved son! could your interior vision have been opened at such times, you would have seen many bright and beautiful forms from the Land Invisible bending o'er you, breathing Divine Sympathy to your soul, and fortitude to pursue the active and trying duties engaging your mind and heart. In every noble work which demanded the sympathies of those Supernal Powers, did they exert a hallowing influence, ever hovering near, in holy battalions, ready to guide, inspire and to strengthen.

"O, favored child, those Heav'nly Powers
Inspired thy soul with hope divine, —
Gave strength to thee in troubled hours,
And breathed their harmonies benign:
No sorrow, pain, or fear, escaped
Those Sentinels which hovered there;
Each passing moment, day and night,
Attested their devoted care.

"Among that group, a mother dear
Benignantly looked down on thee,
And breathed, in accents sweet and clear,
Maternal love and constancy:
If darksome clouds hung o'er the sky
Of thy terrestrial happiness,
She was the first to hover nigh,
With her all-healing power to bless.

"I am most happy, I repeat, to direct the arm of this medium, and convey, in writing, this humble testimonial of a mother's approbation. And I most sincerely join in with you in hoping, 'that whatever of good was exemplified in our earthly lives may live in the hearts of all, and be manifested in their united devotion to truth and right; and, whatever there was of error, be forever discarded, or numbered with the things that belong *not* to God!'

"From your Mother in Heaven, A. ADAMS."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
February, 1857.

MESSAGE XII.

SPHERE OF PREJUDICE AND ERROR.

SECTION FIRST.

The descent — Huge circular fortress — The bigoted infidel — The harsh sectarian — Truth-seeker — Peacemaker — Circle of Bigotry — Circle of Ignorance — Circle of Idolatry — Circle of Superstition.

A RESPLENDENT cloud again encircled us, far more brilliant than any I had seen. Then we slowly began to descend from our elevated plane of being, and move toward the minor circles of development. Now disappeared from my view the soft, mellow effulgence of the Upper Skies. The harmonious warblings of the Birds of Paradise, which, all the while, had enlivened the air of heaven with their musical strains, now ceased altogether. The balmy fragrance of celestial flowers no longer wafted their odorous sweetness to my soul, or fanned my spirit-brow with their perfumed zephyrs. The delightful symphonies, echoed from a million harps, floated away on the "dying distance," and left no reverberating sound to gladden our downward passage to the dominions of undeveloped existences. Lower and lower did we descend; denser and denser grew the atmosphere around our ethereal girdle, until the light and glory of the more exalted spheres departed from us, and we were surrounded by a partial darkness, nearly equivalent to that of twilight; and, had it not have been for the brilliant corruscations reflected from our illuminated cloud, and the transparent splendor of each glory-environed seraph, we should have been, to some degree, involved in this partial night. But the effulgent rays of light, emitted from our dazzling cloud, threw around a pure and refining influence, and penetrated even the moral darkness which encompassed our River of Life!

After having traversed an immense tract of creation, we sud-

denly paused before a gigantic structure, of circular form, resembling somewhat, in shape and appearance, a huge fortress. Within it moved a large body of animated beings, who, on close observation, proved to be those whose natures were cramped by intolerant sectarianism and bigotry. And, though many of these have been citizens of the spiritual country for centuries, yet their shackled conditions have prevented the light of God's truth from finding a ready entrance to the darkened chambers of their souls!

On glancing again at this giant structure, I became aware that I moved, for the time being, in

"THE SPHERE OF PREJUDICE AND ERROR."

Here were seen many thousands who had long travelled in the darkness of spiritual debasement, in the mire of superstition and infidelity. Here were seen the faithful representatives of the different unhealthy creeds of dark ages, still bowing to their sectarian idols, and wandering in the night of past opinions and prejudices. Here was the bigoted Infidel, still groping in the gloom of a narrow scepticism, and even doubting his own immortal existence as a living and actual entity. He still sees through the glass darkly, incapable of discerning in his soul the rudiments of an everlastingly intellectual and moral improvement. He believes that his present individualized existence will waste away like a vapory cloud, and ultimately prove a nonentity. His soul's affections and sympathies calloused by the deeply-instilled prejudices and errors of the undeveloped age in which his mortal life was spent, no bright glimmerings from the Star of Truth have, as it were, been able to force a way into the avenues of the deathless spirit, to irradiate it with its all-potent influence, and illuminate its onward pathway of progress. The Voice of Reason has spoken its tender accents into his soul; but he turns a deaf ear to her counsels, and will give no heed to her sweet admonitions. He, therefore, gropes along in darkness, seemingly impenetrable to the light of Truth Immortal; yet the period is not far distant when he will emerge forth from his gloomy condition, and realize his eternal existence as a perpetually-progressive one!

But the Infidel was, by no means, alone in his undeveloped state of being! There were many others, of opposite creeds and doctrines, but scarcely less harsh and irrational, fettered in that fortress of unbelief and error, who had been unable to recognize the truth of God, or to feel that there was, beyond their present sphere of spirit-life, a more glorious and happy destiny awaiting them in the mansions of light and felicity. There were congregated together intelligences, composing the various nations of the terrestrial globe, still tenaciously clinging to their respective erroneous doctrines, and each one claiming his own to be the right and true one. Tumult and discord, of course, were the result of this strenuous clashing of opinions. Intelligence and ignorance were strangely blended together, both seeking to gain the mastery, and having for their object the perpetuation of error and sectarianism.

There was a very interesting scene enacted here, which not only pleased and gratified me, but conveyed another very instructive and useful lesson to my mind. Above the most undeveloped of these spirits hovered one of remarkable intelligence and power, whose spiritual capacities, however, were clouded by past errors; but he finds not his affinity or congeniality in the society of the lowest of these minds; for, a few hundred years' existence in the higher life has considerably enlightened his soul, and expanded its noblest qualities, and he is now emerging out of his present state of intellectual debasement into the purer atmosphere of Light and Truth. And yet his earthly life was not without its great and good results; for, through his aid and influence, a reformatory movement was impelled onward in its sure and triumphant track, which the world, at the present day, begins to understand and admire, and which will yet reward the Reformer with the Crown of Glory. But the errors he imbibed, and the strongly-proscriptive doctrines he advocated, more than balanced the good he did, cramping the intellect, and debasing the nobler attributes of his nature. The veil of error, however, which has so long shrouded from view the higher powers of his soul, is now, thank God, being removed, and the light of heaven is shining upon his once-clouded mind. I will not give the name by which

he is known to earth's children, but the one he has adopted in spirit-life:

"TRUTH-SEEKER."

Upon his lofty brow there were traced, in glowing letters, the following beautiful and comforting lines:

"O, error long my soul has bound,
But truth I 've sought, and now have found!"

But still another scene diverted my attention. From the boundless realms of space above us a heaven-unfolded spirit was discovered wending its way toward us, on whose features was stamped the impress of love and benevolence. In heaven he bears the sweet name of

"PEACEMAKER."

Another sublime instance of forgiveness was mirrored before me in the meeting of these two intelligences,—another glowing evidence of the triumph of Love and Good-Will over the many foibles of weak human nature. "Peacemaker," whose material form was deprived of its life through the criminal accusations and religious, bigoted intolerance of "Truth-Seeker," comes, from the flowery groves of his immortal paradise, to extend to him the hand of fellowship and fraternal sympathy. Upon his expanding mind were imaged the lines:

"I come, dear brother, to impart
God's mighty Word and Truth to you,
And teach you of those Higher Worlds
Where live the Good, the Wise, the True!"

Then (like to other bright spirits) he unrolled a chart he had in his hand, and revealed the following lines, addressed to "Truth-Seeker:"

"Thy soul, dear brother, will progress
In Wisdom, Love and Happiness,
And join the pure in fairer skies,
In higher fields of enterprise:
For soon the fetters which now bind
In error thy truth-seeking mind,
Unriveted by Truth will be,—
And Heaven will then begin with thee!"

Then "Peacemaker" traced with a pen of fire, the subjoined poetical truth, redolent with consolation and hope to the error-chained:

"No soul so strongly error-bound
But what within a spark is found
From which the angels can inspire
Into a living fame of fire
The power of truth; whose radiant light
Is never wholly lost in night,
Or darkened by the clouds which seem
To lower upon each gentle beam.

"O, brother! long thy feet have trod
In error's dubious paths below,
And now the Holy Truth of God
Within thy soul begins to glow.
Celestial Minds will lend their aid,
And urge thee on thy way above,
Until thy spirit is arrayed
In garments of eternal love!"

He then writes on that Scroll an assurance of his forgiveness, as far as it lay in his power, for the unfortunate part "Truth-Seeker" played in the tragedy of his closing earthly life:

"On this Immortal Scroll of Light
'Forgiveness' on thy sins *I* write;
While God — the Righteous Judge above —
Has spoke His Pardon and His Love!"

I then turned my vision to "Truth-Seeker," whose countenance lighted up with joy and hope as he listened to the teachings of his angel-brother, and imbibed the sweet lessons of charity, truth and love, which fell from his lips! As he gazed upon the form of the latter, beckoning him to the higher walks of immortal being, O, how he longed to burst the barriers which encompassed him, and dwell with him in his high sphere of spiritual unfoldment! But he was not then fully qualified to tread with him the same elevated plane of development, or enjoy that exalted and ennobling degree of happiness and glory which is the reward of the enlightened and truly Christian soul. Although he has sought the pathway of truth, and found it, yet he is not so far unfolded as to be able to span the sublimities

of the higher heavens. Old doctrines and errors still cling to him, and a long series of instructions and progresses are required to instil into his soul a true spiritual education. But, through the influences of Wisdom-Developed Minds, is he advancing out of this state of mental darkness, and soon will he securely stand on the immutable platform of liberalized, unbiassed sentiment.

It will be remembered that, although "Truth-Seeker" moved, at that period, in the Sphere of Prejudice and Error, yet he was not associated with the more ignorant and superstitious class of beings existing therein; for this sphere, like all others, is divided into different circles of development, as follows:

The First or Inner Circle, the reader will perceive, is the

"Circle of Intolerance,"

where the most mentally undeveloped and unenlightened exist, those who, in all ages of the world, have lent their unholy aid to the perpetuation of extremely anti-Christian doctrines, and who were led away with the strange idea that, in sacrificing the lives of those who opposed them, they were doing service and honor to God. Among this class of spirits I recognized many, *but not all,* who were ardent participators in the unfortunate

"Massacre of St. Bartholomew;"

and I earnestly gazed around, expecting to behold the prominent instigator of that dreadful deed. But she was not there! She was not then qualified to tread even that low court of life.

On glancing at the second degree of this sphere, the vision encounters

"The Circle of Bigotry."

Here a bigoted order of spirits move and have their being; those who would proscribe another for a difference of belief. This Circle is a milder one than the other. Here were seen many, who, when on earth, actively engaged in an unrighteous crusade against truth and liberty of thought and action. The

difference between this and the other circle, is, that while they have persecuted the noblest and truest men of past generations, yet their hands were never imbrued in the blood of their fellow-creatures. Yet they persecuted the defenders of the Gospel of Truth, and zealously sought to crush out its existence, and thereby forever impede its progress.

The Third Circle I shall call by the appellation of

"The Circle of Ignorance;"

where that class of beings, who are ignorant of the *real* truth of God, wander on in the darkness of ancient creeds and beliefs. This Circle comprises many of the representatives of the various theological persuasions of the past and present age, as well as other distinctions of religious opinions. Giving forth ideas and sentiments narrow-contracted and limited, some little time is requisite to educate them in the true Religion of Christ. In fact, I might call the Sphere of Error one of Ignorance; but these distinctions are necessary in order to distinguish the more developed classes from the lesser. Passing onward, we see

"The Circle of Idolatry."

This Circle, although belonging to the Sphere of Error, was entirely different from the rest. This degree was invested in all the sublimities of oriental life. Here were seen Turkish moslems with towering spires, and many magnificent mosques, in which followers of Mohammed were still worshipping, in all the glory of Pagan splendor and pageantry. A little above these temples was written, in the air,

"Mohammed is our Prophet, the Alkoran our Bible."

My eyes then sought among these children for the Originator of the Arabian Faith; but the once partially inspired Spirit of the Prophet Mohammed had long since unfolded into the blessed Religion of the Only True God,— the Ever-living Jehovah. And now, from his higher and more influential position in the Spirit Land, he gazes on those who advocated. and

still advocate, many of the inconsistent doctrines he taught, and, with all the power given him from on high, is he vigorously working to uproot whatever errors his own hands have sown, and to instil into their minds the principles of the Religion of Christ, and "One greater than he." And, even while I am dictating this portion of my message, my vision catches a glimpse of his radiant form in the Land of Bliss, decked in the snowy robes of purity, while on his intelligent brow shines

"The Crown of Glory,"

the reward bequeathed to the Immortal Soul by the Great Giver, on its passage to the realms of light and truth. Above him floats a beautiful dove, —

"The Messenger Bird,"—

around whose neck is twined another of those sweet mottoes indicative of the mission of angels; while below this emblem of purity, and a little above Mohammed, appear other representations. Around him are collected many glorious immortals, some of whom in the earth-life were his most devoted and dearly-beloved friends. With sympathies beating in unison, they unitedly labor together for the overthrow of idolatry and superstition, and the unfoldment of all the divine attributes in the soul of man.

The life of Mohammed furnishes another evidence of spiritual communion; but, like many others similarly inspired, he employed the gift conferred upon him for an unwise purpose, — to build up a sect, and to further his ambitious motives. He sought for personal aggrandizement, — to establish a Faith, which, the moment it became sectarian, ceased to be of practical benefit to mankind. But, to the honor of Mohammed and the Powers which governed him, be it said that he effected a good work in aiding to banish from off the face of the earth the system of idol-worshipping, and instituting a purer belief among the benighted in his age. And, although many of his followers are inhabitants of the Sphere of Error, yet it will not be presumed they are in immediate association with the less enlightened and developed.

There were others in the Circle of Idolatry besides those I have mentioned. There was the Catholic, with his crucifix, clinging still to the idea that the good man, Jesus, is the only God, — the true Father, Son and Holy Ghost, — and that, through him, they will receive pardon for their sins of omission and commission. Some were chanting Te Deums, and others singing the repose of the soul. Lighted candles, formed at will, were profusely displayed, while enchanting strains of music flowed from many a lip as the spirit of some *purified one* passed from the supposed purgatory through the gates of Paradise into the embrace of heaven. There were also many others, of different nations and tribes, bowing to their own peculiar idolatrous creeds, and disavowing the existence of any other Power or God than that which their own error-enslaved minds created. But the good Father pities the children at variance with Him, and will in no wise cast them out of His Fold of Love and Mercy.

The next Circle of the Sphere of Prejudice and Error I shall denominate

"The Circle of Superstition."

This Circle equalled, if not excelled, in beauty and magnificence, the one last mentioned. Here exist many intelligences who regard the ancient mythological traditions, and out of which they have erected a Form of Faith. Here, also, my vision beheld large delegations of Indians, still adhering to their beautiful superstitions, and believing that they have not as yet attained that Paradise where the Great Spirit dwells. Though many, when shrouded in the clay, were at variance with human kind, yet now they live together, on the plane of Amity and Good-will, and naught prevents their passage into higher abodes of immortal life but the tenacity with which they adhere to past usages and customs. Yet, though holding to their ancient religions, I could not consider them unhappy, for their "untutored natures," though not born to the educational discipline of the present age of the world, possessed, even with their superstitious ideas, clearer and more beautiful and Christian conceptions of the True God than many minds

who rank higher in point of intellectual ability, and are considered as Shining Lights and Patterns to the less enlightened; and I vouch to say that many of the latter class, when they pass into immortal existence, will hardly feel themselves prepared, in their cramped and bigoted condition, to enter even upon the state of being enjoyed by the so-called "unlettered children of the forest;" for the light which is in them has not been employed so much to the elevation and enlargement of the human affections, and to the expansion of the Gospel of Humanity, as to build up certain creeds and sects, antagonistic to the Divine Beatitudes of the Author of *all* Faith, and at war with the cardinal principles of True Christianity.

SECTION SECOND.

Defecated electricity — Franklin, Newton, Samoset, Brave Heart — Process of telegraphing — Pocahontas possesses Brave Heart — Prays through him — The listening spirits doubt the higher origin of the prayer, as men do — Happy those who dare believe — Samoset speaks through Brave Heart — Poahontas through Golden Bell — A daughter to her father — Circle of Sectarianism.

It may not prove uninteresting to my numerous readers to narrate a beautiful and instructive scene, which crowned my visit to this circle of spiritual existence, as it will show one of the many modes angels of the upper spheres employ to communicate to those of the lower. Far above the celestial clouds which environed us, my attention was called to a circle of spirits, in the centre of which was disclosed an intelligence attired in Indian costume. And, though separated from us by a wide sea of space, yet the retentive vision was capable of spanning it, and viewing that immortal band of spirits surrounded by the dazzling glory of the realms of purity and light. Above the head of the Indian floated another company of celestials, encircling one spirit of expanded intelligence and wisdom, and who is well known to the political as well as the philosophical world. By his side was a machine, of peculiar construction, through the *medium* of which he designed to perform a most interesting and instructive experiment, and thereby unfold to me one method which angels employ to impart their tide of inspiring intelligence to the less unfolded

and enlightened. On a more rigid examination of that curiously constructed machine, I found it resembled somewhat in appearance the modern galvanic battery, with a large wheel in the centre, which revolved at will. On it were inscribed the following two words, — which explained to my entire satisfaction its sublime use, —

"Defecated Electricity;"

and on the floating zephyrs of heaven was wafted the well-known earthly name of its immortal operator,

"Benjamin Franklin."

And the bright celestials who were aiding him were alike known and celebrated for the many important discoveries they made in the earth-life. Acting in concert together in the Spirit Land, they are still benefiting humanity with their impressions, making newer discoveries, and transmitting a knowledge of them to the world. Among that gifted collection I beheld

"Isaac Newton,"

an especial coädjutor with Franklin in spirit-life. The others surrounding him have long adorned the Celestial Heavens, and have done much towards the development of the Arts and Sciences. Their names are enrolled in the chaplets of enduring fame, and their history chronicles on her pages deeds worthy of universal emulation. In heaven they have won an elevated seat, and a Diadem of Eternal Glory! Above them was written in the air the very beautiful and significant Latin quotation:

"*Omne bonum desuper;*"

while below them appeared another, clearly proving that, when even one step is taken on the Ladder of Progression, there can be no retrogression:

"*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*"

My attention was now withdrawn for a few moments from them, and attracted to the circle of spirits below. Suddenly, a luminous cloud, similar in beauty to our own, encircled them,

and they began to descend, impelled forward by the exercise of the will-power. With lightning rapidity they traversed the ocean of immensity rolling between us, descending lower and lower into the regions of undeveloped life, and departing in their descent from the more refined atmosphere of spiritual being. When they reached a given division of the Sphere of Error, and were within a few miles of our cloud-environed circle, they paused, and, casting their visions upward, awaited the action of the bright company of angels who encircled the majestic form of the immortal Franklin.

Again turning to the Franklin Circle, I saw it increased by the addition of others from the upper mansions of glory and wisdom, who, when in immediate rapport with it, prepared to assist its members in their beautiful work.

They were then requested by their leader, Franklin, to connect themselves by the joining of hands, and, at the same time, to "chant sweet melodies," to induce a perfectly harmonizing effect, and render easy and fluent the flowing out of the tide of intellectual inspiration. When this effect was produced, they disconnected their hands, awaiting further instructions from their leader. They were then united together again by a small, subtle chain, as thin and delicate almost as air. One point of this was attached to one hand of Franklin, while his other grasped a wire connected with the electric battery. A semi-circle was then formed around this Harmonial Instrument, — Isaac Newton occupying a position opposite Franklin; he, also, clasping a wire conjoined to the battery. Then the atmosphere around this circle was darkened, that the effect of this picture might be more sublime and glorious to my gaze; and, on the application of the will-power, the wheel, before referred to, was made to revolve, subsequent to which a stream of the most refined electrictity was noticed to pass from one to another, resembling somewhat, from my distant point of view, a constant chain of lightning, playing to and fro in the stormy thunder-clouds at night.

But what all these proceedings had to do with the lower circle which enshrined the Indian Spirit, I could not, at that immediate moment, possibly divine; neither could I conjecture what particular bearing they were to have upon those who inhabited

the Sphere of Undeveloped Life into which I had been introduced. But it was not for me to enjoy a foreknowledge of their sublime experiments.

My attention was then drawn to the lower circle of celestials, who were numerically increased by the addition of twenty-five from the Upper Heavens, constituting, in the whole, an assemblage of forty members, double the number composing the Circle of Franklin. At this instant, two separate rings were formed,—an outer and inner one,—while a small band of immortals culminated to the centre one. The outer comprised twenty-four spirits, the inner thirteen. The band referred to consisted of six intelligences, highly unfolded in love and wisdom. Three were known by the names of Samoset, Oseeola and Pocahontas. The others were not known to earth's children, as history has not enrolled their names on its pages. Around them were hovering many beautiful beings whom my mortal eyes never beheld. But their good deeds are written on the records of fame, and they will live in the hearts of all who love virtue and integrity.

In turning to the inhabitants of the Circle of Superstition, I beheld them likewise making preparations to receive the flood of inspiration about to descend from the more refined and intellectual channels of Immortal Life! A Circle of one hundred and twenty-four was formed, which was subsequently divided into three sets, and four by unanimous choice were directed to the middle one, to be the joyful recipients of the teachings soon to descend from the realms of harmony and truth. The first one which met my gaze was a tall, majestic figure, of great muscular strength, and one whose earthly title shines conspicuously in American History, but whom I shall call by the name he has adopted in the Spirit World,

"Brave Heart;"

while on his right hand stands another noble Indian, from whose countenance was reflected a lofty intelligence. Strange, thought I, that one so intelligent should retard his progressive development by clinging with such tenacious fondness to the customs and usages of his aboriginal life! But he is steadily progress-

ing out of this state of partial darkness, and will soon walk in the light of wisdom and truth. Above him floated the heavenly form of his beloved and darling child, seeking to inspire his heart with high aspirations, and to draw him in closer communion with her sphere of spiritual advancement. He has heard the sweet voice of his angel-child, speaking to him from her happy home, bidding him seek for higher enjoyments in her Bower of Peace and Beauty.

On the left hand of "Brave Heart" appeared two female spirits, one of whom when in the earth-form, belonged to that once-powerful tribe, the Narragansetts. The other belonged to a clan, which for many years has been extinct, and of which little or nothing is known. By her red brethren she was called by the romantic title of

"Golden Bell."

Her raven hair hung in clusters of beauty about her airy form, while the latter was clad in full Indian costume, decked with many baubles and trinkets, in a manner peculiar to her tribe. Her eyes were brilliant with the fires of enthusiasm, and in her whole being was mirrored a firm will and purpose. Born, as she was, amid the customs of a savage life, it is to be expected that to some extent her nature would become tinctured with them. And, although years have rolled away since the resurrection of the spirit from the material body, yet she still adheres to the former rituals and ceremonies of her tribe, and seeks to beautify her form with outward adornments and trophies. But, with others, she discerns the Beacon-Light of Truth and Wisdom glimmering in the distance, pointing unerringly to a Higher Port. With them, she is casting aside past customs and superstitions, and adorning herself in the sweeter graces of virtue and humility. She, too, has launched her "light canoe" on the serener waters of truth and wisdom, and is swiftly sailing up the winding River of Endless Progression, seeking the nearest inlet to the Haven of Infinite Perfection.

God speed thee, gentle Golden Bell,
In thy most glorious heavenly flight
To realms where Holy Angels dwell
'Mid countless stars of Truth and Light!

O, launch thy little light canoe
Upon the silvery Lake of Love!
And onward move, till thou hast found
An inlet to the Throne above.

The Franklin Circle were soon prepared to impart the tide of vitalized electricity to Samoset, — the intelligence commissioned to receive and transmit it to those below him. Between the two circles another one of six was formed, called the Clarifying Circle, which was to receive the electric fluid ere it was communicated to the one below. By this process it would be conducted, in a refined state, to its destined locality, having gathered, in its brilliant passage, the electric properties of each spiritual body.

Franklin, having gathered sufficient vitality from surrounding bodies, and from the forces of the ethereal atmosphere, to enable him successfully to carry out his beautiful undertaking, sent forth a splendid flood of light, which, dividing itself into six fine threads, resembled, from my field of view, the beams of the sun pouring through the crevices of a darkened room. Then those liquid streams descended on their mission to the Sphere of Prejudice and Error. Passing through the Clarifying Circle, they gathered new strength and power, and, with this addition, instantaneously branched out into four steady lines, and "made tracks" for Samoset's Circle.

He (Samoset) was fully prepared to receive this flood of electricity, and, through it, communicate the light and knowledge of Higher Spheres to those in the lower grades of life. Around him were assembled the immortal number before mentioned, prepared to render their assistance in the transmission of the River of Inspiration, so sweetly flowing on the heavenly atmosphere, laden with peace and good-will to the children of God.

When the electric currents from Franklin's Circle reached Samoset, slight shocks or nervous sensations were perceptible in his system, similar to those received by contact with a galvanic battery. Some three or four minutes were employed to bring him in subjection to their will and dictation, and render him pregnable to their inspired control. This accomplished, he (Samoset) was ready to convey it to its destined port.

Samoset's Circles, at this instant, merged into one, each intelligence connected by a small chain, from which constant streams of refined electricity were seen to emanate, and encircle the form of their beloved agent. Then, from this fiery girdle, there issued four distinct fibres or lines of this fluid, of the purest and most refined order, and floated downward to the Circle of Brave Heart, — the grand magnet of its attraction. Gently sailed that purified current on its celestial track, freighted with joyous memories and hopes for those wandering in the shades of error and superstition. Harmoniously and beautifully it descended on its benevolent mission, making the very atmosphere through which it passed balmy with its influence, and even illuminating the surrounding partial darkness.

When it reached and pervaded the spiritual system of Brave Heart, sensations, similar to those felt by Samoset, were experienced by him, and he passed into a condition necessary to receive the inspiration of Higher Minds. Then, the beautiful Seraph, Pocahontas, "took possession" of the "medium," and uttered through him the prayer which follows; while Samoset prepared to impart the few impressions he received, when the former should withdraw her influence.

"O, Thou Eternal Spirit of Light, Love and Wisdom: We know that Thou art everywhere, and that Thy tender mercies are over all Thy works; that e'en the little fragrant flower contains a portion of Thine All-Pervading Self, as well as the larger forms of animated life; that Thou permeatest all immensity, and that even the heavens cannot contain Thee, or show forth the wondrous extent of that Power which is boundless, unfathomable. We thank Thee, O Infinite Parent! for all these manifestations of Thy Illimitable Goodness, for all the beautiful harmonies existing in Outward Nature, and the valuable lessons we may deduce by a close study of them. O, how should our hearts swell with gratitude toward Thee, the Author of all things, for these displays of Thy Omnipotent Love and Care, — these evidences of Thy Munificent Hand, — Thy Provident Arrangement! How should we seek to unfold within us the Beatitudes of Thy Divine Spirit — to live in harmony with Thy Never-Changing Laws, and in obedience to the Requisitions of Thy Moral Government! We realize our finiteness, that we are fallible crea-

tures, and that none are perfect but Thyself. Yet we sincerely and devoutly thank Thee for the sweet assurance that we shall become more like Thee, — be attracted in divine communion with Thee, and the Archangels who throng around Thy Infinite Footstool. And, O, while we are constantly receiving truth and wisdom from Thee through Thy Intermediate Channels, we rejoice that we possess the power to transmit the same to those below us! And while we are revelling in the enjoyments of the Upper Heavens, and in the society of the refined and truthful, we would not forget those still travelling in the ways of error and of darkness, and who demand the exercise of our highest sympathies in their behalf. We would seek, Great Spirit, to make ourselves holy and acceptable in Thy sight, and to win for ourselves still brighter honors in the kingdom of heaven. We thank Thee that, whereas we were once blinded by the dogmas and errors of the past, Thou hast opened our eyes to Thy Living Truth, and to the Light our fettered senses could not then perceive. And, with the light and knowledge we possess, with the heavenly truths we have received, and are still receiving, we would descend into the abodes of the ignorant and undeveloped, and enlighten them, that they may attain a higher sphere of mental unfoldment and spiritual happiness. Confer upon us the power to break the manacles which bind these children to the darkness of superstition, and free them from their long imprisonment. We would penetrate each dark avenue, and, with the light from the torch of truth, kindle into a quenchless flame the dormant sparks within each soul. We rejoice, dear Father, that we can revisit the scenes of our original life, and silently impress the hearts of those we love, and direct them into paths of peace and pleasantness. And when, Great Spirit of Wisdom, Thy embodied children are sufficiently advanced in true spirituality as to be easy recipients of the pure teachings of angels, grant us the privilege to launch our bright canoes on the Lake of Immortal Life, and sail down to the shores of Time, and assure loved-ones of the discovery of that Promised Land beyond, where the Bow of Redemption spans the Ethereal Canopy, and where the dark floods of sin and error can never reach. And may these, Thy children of the lower circles, be attracted to earth's inhabitants to minister

unto, and to be ministered to. And may they meet with a warm and cordial reception from such, acquiring that knowledge which their thirsting natures demand.

"O, bless us, Father, with Thy love;
Keep us in paths of pleasantness;
And with Thy Holy Word and Truth
Our hearts for evermore impress!

"Bedew these children with Thy power,
Attract them nearer unto Thee;
Dispel the clouds which round them lower,
And set the captive spirit free.

"And may our thoughts immortal find
In every breast a welcome home,
And lead the soul from error's paths,
In Truth's Celestial Walks to roam.

"And now, dear Father, we commend
These children to Thy Guardian Care,
Imploring Thee to answer this
Our soul-felt and most fervent prayer."

After the delivery of this orison, Brave-Heart passed into his original condition. The thoughts embodied in the prayer uttered through him by an exalted Seraph, were listened to with profound interest and delight, and were made the themes of deep meditation and study. There were many, however, who cavilled at them, — who were so contracted by the theologies of a degenerate age, that they could not perceive, in those celestial utterances, the manifestation of a highly-developed intelligence. Like many of earth, they preferred darkness to light, and to grope along in the paths of error and bigotry. The idea that spirits, from their abodes of wisdom and love, can effect communication with those of inferior development, seemed so ludicrous to them, that they would give it no heed or endorsement.

In witnessing their incredulity, and the extreme cautiousness they manifested in giving their opinions relative to this (to them) invisible control, I was forcibly reminded of the same spirit prevalent among the children of earth. Fearing the world's opinion, bowing to what this or that one may say, they dare

not come out and investigate a subject so redundant in interest and sublimity. It is not *popular* enough for them to notice or search into, and therefore they linger along in the dark, cleaving to their ancient and inconsistent theories with surprising pertinacity.

O, happy are they, who, untrammelled by the world's opinions, fearlessly stand forth, and avow themselves as Champions and Representatives of persecuted Truth; who come forward, and, defiantly, in the face of an Intolerant World, proclaim those glorious and so-called *unpopular* teachings, for the propagation of which Jesus so severely suffered, and finally offered himself as a "living sacrifice," that a pathway might be opened for truth! Happy is that man, who, clad in the panoply of love and humanity, goes forth amid the brambles of sectarianism and error, and scatters the seeds of liberal sentiments among the thorns of bigotry which flourish thereon. Persecutions and trials, of various kinds, may follow such, and seek to crush out the flowers of truth they are planting; yet, relying on the justice of their divine cause, and the strengthening aid of the Almighty Arm, they fear no evil or discomfiture, and march forward in their pathway of duty, assured that a splendid victory ultimately will crown their loyal and unflinching devotion. Heaven's highest blessings rest upon such self-sacrificing stewards! May their labors be productive of great good, and return to them freighted with four-fold blessings and honors, and at last win for them a golden reward in the Heavens of Everlasting Felicity!

If there were those in that immortal auditory who could not or *would* not believe that the prayer, uttered through the organism of "Brave Heart," was an emanation of a superior mind, — who listened to it with indifference and apathy, — there were others who appreciated it, and upon whom it fell like heavenly dews on the thirsting earth. They saw in it the manifestation of a Higher Power, calling them to a diviner communion with God, and to seek truth of His more developed and intellectual children. And they were not deaf to these imperative callings. They heard the voices of their angelic instructors, inviting them onward to the endearments of their blessed heavens, and to drink of the sweet waters of

knowledge and wisdom gushing from the clear Fountains of Immortal Life. And, by intercourse with the citizens of the Progressive Worlds above them, they will soon unfold in the kingdom of a loftier spirituality, fitted to adorn those beautiful mansions of our Father's House, which resound with the music of harmony and love, and where the air is rapturous with the symphonious warblings of paradisiacal birds. There will they find a congenial home; and there will they bask in the eternal joys of the Only True Heaven, amid those "imperishable treasures" and "pearls of inestimable price," which sparkle so effulgently on the Shores of the River of Progression!

Subsequent to the delivery of the prayer by Pocahontas, Samoset prepared to minister to his brethren a few thoughts, — to breathe to them the glories of his happy life, and exhort them to leave the ways of darkness and materiality. Millions crowded around "Brave Heart," eager to inhale the truths and teachings about to be wafted to them, on Love's Telegraph, from the Paradise of Glory and Wisdom. The electric current continued to flow from the Circle of Franklin, imbuing, in its glorious descent, the intelligences who thronged around the form of Samoset, who in turn transmitted it to "Brave Heart" and his Circle. It was a most beautiful sight, to witness this Company of Assembled Wisdom laboring for those bound in the shackles of error and ignorance, following out the Christian Requirements of the All-Divine, who enjoined on them and all to raise the fallen, and instruct the mentally-depraved. Released from the trammels of sectarian prejudice and bigotry, there was naught in the way to prevent the full outflowing of the natural affections and sympathies, or to hinder the flood of intelligence they were sending on an errand of peace and love. Worshipping in a church acknowledging a Common Brotherhood, there were no distinctions or limits to their Christianity. Wherever suffering, wrong, or error prevailed, were they by sympathy attracted, to offer consolation and hope, while the beautiful spirit of love,

> The noblest virtue of the soul, —
> The brightest Star which gilds our skies, —
> The fairest flower among the whole
> Which blossom in our Paradise, —

influenced them in their Work of Redemption, and gave them strength to perform it with fidelity and earnestness.

It will be noticed that, in the prayer uttered by Pocahontas, as well as in other dictations I have committed to these pages, the pronouns, "*we, our, us,*" and so on, are oftentimes employed. And though a single intelligence or spirit may act as the communicator, yet the thoughts may be the reflex of a combined band. Hence, the frequent occurrence of the plural number.

Soon "Brave Heart" became accessible to the influence of Samoset, and the following few impressions were conveyed:

"Dear Brother: The Great Spirit has commissioned us to speak unto you through the organism of this brother, — to illuminate your ways of darkness with a few rays of light from His Divine Truth, that you may be lifted up to a higher condition, and to a nearer communion with Him; to cast off the chains which bind your spiritual limbs, and admit you to the freedom of a nobler development.

"Gratifying, O beloved children of the Great Spirit! is it to us to be able to communicate with you, — to point you beyond your present state of inferior unfoldment to worlds of beatified enjoyment, — to bring you bright flowers of thought and affection from the green pastures of our Father, ever blooming with the radiance of His Unlimited Love!

"We come to bid you bury all error and superstition in the grave of oblivion, — to speak to you of the Infinite Parent, whose love and care extend over all His children, and who is solicitous of your eternal happiness. He looks down upon you in love and mercy, and is ever bidding each 'to come up higher.'

"Hearken to the voices of angels, as they speak wisdom, love and truth, unto you. Listen to their sweet breathings of peace and harmony, their burning words of tenderness and hope, and receive them into your souls as emanations from on high. Quaff deeply of the waters of inspiration they bring you from the Fountains of Truth, and bathe in their limpid streams, and be cleansed.

"Believe in the Only True and Universal Father, who has said, 'I will have *all* to be saved and to come to a knowledge

of the truth.' Worship him in deep sincerity, obeying *all* His commandments, and the Laws of His Divine Government. Imbue into your natures the crowning excellences of His Lovely Spirit, and let them shine forth in your future good works. Draw near unto him, and inwardly respire the pure affections which outflow from His Paternal Bosom. Come to the hunting-fields of our bright Paradise, and roam with us through each flowery path, and greet the Messengers of Peace and Good-will who inhabit its sunny bowers. Listen to the teachings of those minds, big with thought, affection and love, and who long for your emancipation from material grossness and superstition.

"Come, then, children of the Great Spirit, from the prison of darkness and gloom, and tread with us the walks of a higher life. Prepare yourselves, through noble works, to adorn the more blissful courts of immortal being, — to dwell with us in those beautiful wigwams, ever smiling with the beauties of harmony, of love, and of charity. Launch your life-canoes on the smoother waters of eternal life, and their gentle ripples shall bear you aloft in safety to the Shores of True Happiness and Peace, to bathe in the Divine Light and Glory of the Sun which never sets, and is never eclipsed by the mists of error and sin.

"Celestial Ministers will aid you in your onward advancement, illuminating your pathway of progress with rays of Superior Wisdom and Intellectuality. They will kindly take you by the hand, and, with comforting words of hope, will lift you from the pit into which you have fallen, and lead you on the sure track of reform. They will breathe their healthful influences like balm upon you, and rejoice with you when the day of deliverance shall dawn, and you walk in the perfect freedom of eternal truth and right."

This brief communication closed the control of Samoset. The few thoughts uttered were listened to with deep and earnest attention by the assembled auditory. There were some here, as in the instance of the prayer, who could not receive the ideas as emanations from those beyond them, or see in them an attempt on the part of angels to raise them from their dark state of spiritual abasement. But those Blessed Intercessors

did not sorrow without hope, or give themselves up to murmurings and despair. While they regretted the circumstances and conditions which consigned those children of the Great Parent to so inferior a grade of development, they rejoiced that they were not debarred the opportunities of communication with them. They knew that God had planted the germs of goodness in even the most depraved nature, which, though they may have existed for a long time in a state of inactivity, were capable of being expanded under the genial rays of angelic love and tenderness; and, therefore, they were encouraged to pursue their labors until victory should crown them.

After Samoset's address, Pocahontas again prepared to communicate a few more thoughts. This time "Golden Bell" was made the instrument to convey them to her surroundings. As in the instance of "Brave Heart," the magnetic power was communicated to her, and she passed into a condition necessary to an easy control, when the following poem was dictated:

"We come, dear children, from our Bowers of Peace and Truth above,
To breathe around you our sweet words of Wisdom, Hope and Love;
And teach you of those Higher Worlds, where flowers unfading bloom,
And Light and Purity each heart with their bright power illume.

"We come, belovéd ones, to you to make our presence known;
To take you kindly by the hand, and guide you to Truth's Throne,
And tell you of that glorious Life, which ye can all attain,
Where pleasures, pure and unalloyed, and saints immortal, reign.

"We come from those celestial lands, whose shores are ever bright
With gems of never-fading worth, and pearls of dazzling light, —
Where every seraph-form in robes of spotless white is dressed,
And every spirit finds a home among the Heavenly Blest.

"We ask thee now to come and live with us in Heaven above, —
To tread the shining courts of Bliss, of Happiness and Love,
And cull with us those fragrant flowers which sweetly blossom there,
And twine them round thy spirit-brows in garlands fresh and fair.

"Come, sit with us in our high home, around the Council Fire,
And quaff that ever-dimless light which Truth and Love inspire;
And drink, belovéd brother, from that Exhaustless Fount,
Whose healing waters sparkle bright by Wisdom's Holy Mount!"

As soon as this poetical message was delivered, another of the six transmitted a few thoughts *through* "Golden Bell" to her companions. After she had concluded, a short address was communicated through her (Golden Bell) to a particular intelligence whom she called "father," — the one before referred to on these pages:

"Dear Father: Long has thy angel-child guarded thee from her Heavenly Paradise, and listened, with attentive ear, to the echoing sounds of thy advancing footsteps. Long have I sought to inspire thee with beautiful and cheering thoughts, — to waft thee heavenward nearer thy God and His Holy Angels. And happy am I that my humble teachings and truths have been warmly welcomed by thee.

"Exultant am I, beloved father, that I can visit thee in thy abode of life, and tell thee of that great and good Parent who waits to place on thy brow a Crown of Glory. Fervently have I desired that Truth's Light might shine in thy heart, and warm into vigorous life its slumbering spiritual energies; that thy pathway of progress might be illuminated with beams from Wisdom's Sun, and adorned with those flowers of perennial beauty and worth, whose fragrance would waft thee onward to the rosy Bowers of Immortal Peace and Glory."

A most beautiful chaplet of flowers was then wafted from the Land of Eternal Summer, and placed in the hands of "Golden Bell," who transferred it to the one she was addressing. The pale blue violet, the snow-white lily, the fragrant rose, and other flowers, were there, most elegantly arranged together. Their perfumes enlivened the atmosphere around, and I could not but hope that the flowers of truth would soon radiate that wilderness of error.

As "Golden Bell" delivered the offering, she breathed the address which follows, acted upon by the same intelligence:

"Accept, dear father, this humble tribute, as an enduring testimonial of my still devoted affection and fidelity. Wear it as the offering of your child, who desires your speedy advancement from your present condition into the unending joys of her Sunny Heaven. And, as often as you gaze upon it, may it remind you of the fervent devotion and constancy of her who is ever praying and working for your release from error and

superstition, and introduction to the Society of the Good and Holy. As the perfume of each flower impregnates the air with its mellow beauty and richness, floating upward, like incense, to the skies, so may your soul rise, on the perfumed breezes of faith and progress, to happier countries, where the opened arms of your angel-child wait to clasp you to their affectionate embrace.

"Come, father, to the realms above,
And dwell with me in bliss and love;
Where error's dark and gloomy night
Will never reach, thy life to blight.

"Angelic voices bid thee come,
And find with them a higher home
In tones of tenderness most clear
They say, 'Come, seek for wisdom *here!*'"

When this address had been given, other intelligences breathed their love-laden thoughts to their brethren of the lower circles; but the few I have here recorded are sufficient to show to my readers one of the modes which Higher Minds employ in the transmission of intelligence to those below them, and with whom they cannot come in immediate contact. In placing them upon these pages, I do it, not for any particular merit they possess, but to show with what beautiful simplicity of language the angels clothe their ideas, so that even the most untutored mind may perfectly comprehend them.

When my celestial friends had mirrored this sublime picture before my vision, each circle, by mutual consent, was dissolved, —their members departing to their respective spheres of development, elated with the happy thought that they had rendered valuable assistance in the unfoldment of their beloved brethren. Slowly ascended Samoset and his companions from their position, sailing in stately grandeur through the ethereal canopy, and up the winding River of Light and Glory, until they disappeared amid the splendor and magnificence of the Realms of Unceasing Joy and Peace!

Leaving Franklin and his exalted Band to their future ministrations of charity, of love and of kindness, I will pass on to a

brief explanation of the last Circle of the Sphere of Prejudice and Error, which, on observation, will be found to be

"THE CIRCLE OF SECTARIANISM;"

where my vision encountered "Truth-Seeker," and where I became a listener to the conversation between him and "Peacemaker." In this circle were found many imbued with sectarian principles in their milder forms, and who were not sufficiently progressed in the True Religion to enjoy a more exalted grade of spirit-life. Being, however, more expanded in intelligence than those of the other circles of this sphere, they are better accessible to the influences beyond, and to that refined and genial inspiration, unceasingly flowing, in sparkling rivulets, from the fathomless ocean of Humanity, Wisdom and Truth. In this Circle I recognized many I had seen in the Castle of Brotherly Love, sent thither by the desire to progress and to be made happy.

"Truth-Seeker" has attained the apex of this sphere, and he is preparing to ascend still higher the inconceivable labyrinths of Spiritual Existences, impelled forward by the irresistible tide of faith and hope. And with him others are also awaking out of their moral sleep, and ascending the stairway which leads to the Temple of Peace and Happiness.

As my vision penetrated the sublime pictures of love and forgiveness painted before me, my thoughts instinctively recurred to those seasons of my earthly existence, when, amid the angry thunders of Congressional debate, I, peradventure, was unmindful of these heavenly attributes, and, in a moment of intense excitement, retorted upon my antagonists in the spirit of retaliation; and, if so, I trust my Heavenly Father will forgive me for the neglect, in consideration of the mighty cause which called forth the deep enthusiasm of my whole excitable nature, and aid me to eradicate from it every element inharmonious with His Divine Excellences!

SECTION THIRD.

Still lower regions — Dismal cavern and its occupants — The murderer — Georgo Jeffreys — Authoress of St. Bartholomew Massacre — Qualities that bring spirit-elevation — Palliations of murder — Slave-mother as murderer — The fugitive slave as such — The slave-master as such — The cruel queen and her sensual father — Jane Grey to her injurers — A miserly old acquaintance — Return from the lower spheres — Ascent to brighter ones — Closing exhortation — Washington to Adams upon this work — Five hundred and forty-four spirit-vouchers to its correctness.

After bidding a silent adieu to the children of this sphere, and promising my surrounding spirit-friends to exert my influence in their behalf, our cloud of glory slowly moved from its position, descending to still lower regions of undeveloped life. Darker grew the atmosphere around our Celestial Girdle, blacker appeared each scene through which we passed, until everything to our visions presented a most dreary and desolate aspect.

After fathoming another sea of space, passing through the various circles of the Sphere of Error and Prejudice, we paused above a ponderous and seemingly impenetrable cavern, on gazing into which, I became a spectator to one of the most soul-agonizing scenes it is possible for either mortal or immortal eye to witness. Within its dark and gloomy depths my spirit-eyes beheld many thousands of unhappy beings, wandering in the night of wretchedness and despair, with scarcely a single ray of hope to illumine their forlorn conditions.

How different an appearance did they present from those who inhabited the Sphere of Prejudices! No Seraphic Halo of Glory encircled them; no ray of light seemed to penetrate the darkness around them, to brighten their passage from the dominions of misery and woe, and cheer them with e'en one beam of hope. Garments of blackness shrouded their forms, and their countenances betokened despair and sorrow.

In this sphere all the malevolent passions were faithfully delineated. There was the heartless murderer, wringing his hands in all the fearful agony of despair, and momentarily expecting to be summoned before the "awful Tribunal of an

offended God," to receive that terrible and vindictive sentence, "Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire."

Among this unhappy group I detected, not only those who had directly imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow-creatures, but many who acted as instruments in sending the soul of some child of God to the Spirit's Eternal Home. And some of this number, when on the earth, were what the world would call "high in office;" but, degrading the position they occupied by the extreme injustice and cruelty of their arbitrary decrees, dooming their brother-man to an ignominious death for the commission of a petty fault or error, they descended to the low plane of the assassin, and to the reward consequent upon their intellectual and spiritual debasement. Among this undeveloped company, I was directed to one whose earthly memory is associated with crimes of the darkest dye, and whose name can scarcely be pronounced without filling the soul with sensations of profound grief and sorrow. I refer to that once-erring brother,

GEORGE JEFFREYS.

No pen can describe, or tongue depict, the mental anguish this unhappy brother endures in his low condition of spiritual existence. The sins and errors of his mundane life, the intellect degraded, and abuse of the powers conferred upon him, rush vividly to memory, and involve him in misery and unhappiness.

It was not until he had been an inhabitant of the Spirit Land for a number of years, that he became pregnable to influences of a high and ennobling order. A soul, so strongly impregnated with the worst passions which can possibly afflict an individual,—devoting its intellectual powers to the maintenance of oppressive measures and enactments,—cannot be expected immediately to unfold in the sublime graces of the Divine Character, and become a citizen of the Heaven of Bliss and Purity.

As my spiritual eyes permeated the secret depths of his soul, did I despair as to his future development and happiness? Ah, no! I saw the rudiments of eternal improvement planted therein, and that ere long the darkness of material grossness would pass away,—the doors of his prison-house would fly

open, and, fledged with wings of light and love, he would soar upward to the atmosphere of more genial climes.

There were other Immortals besides Jeffreys travelling in these dark paths. Some even appeared *more* wretched and forlorn, if possible, in their conditions. Among this number my eye encountered one, on whose countenance was imaged the dark lines of despair. The principal instigator of one of the most terrible tragedies which ever was enacted on the stage of human life, she reverts to that deed with keen remorse and horror, and her imagination conjures up the "ghastly images" of the murdered pointing at her, exclaiming, "Thou art a murderess!" A burning fire raged within, — the fire of acute remorse and despair!

Many will probably ask, Is it possible that this unhappy being, who has been for so long a time a denizen of spirit-life, has made no progress during her existence there? I reply, that, as far as my knowledge extends, no disembodied one can take a retrogressive step; that, when the spirit is released from the mortal body, it enters on a plane of being precisely in harmony with the one it occupied prior to its departure. The conditions of the soul are not in the least changed or modified simply because Mother Nature decrees a divorce of the spirit from the body. It (the spirit) passes into the Higher Life with all its earth-instilled prejudices, its errors and imperfections, and attains that sphere of spiritual existence for which its previous life has fitted it.

But some may say that the intelligences I have mentioned, — George Jeffreys, for instance, — possessed more than ordinary intellectual endowments, and that, therefore, *they* were sufficient to enable them to rise at once, or in a brief period, to the higher walks of celestial life. To this I reply, that knowledge or intellect is not *all*-sufficient to admit the earth-freed spirit at once to the enduring enjoyments of the Supernal Heavens. And this idea is fully corroborated in the following lines:

> "Intellect alone will not give to man a heavenly place
> Around our Father's brilliant Throne of Righteousness and Grace:
> For knowledge without holiness will not a passport prove
> To our Immortal Paradise — our Land of Truth and Love.

"The lowliest beggar of the strect in Heaven may truly own
A brighter diadem than he who sits on monarch's Throne;
If but the Love of God and Man within his breast do beat,
'T is *all*-sufficient to reward him with a princely seat."

E'en the humblest child of earth, in his torn and tattered garments, may be richer in the kingdom of heaven than he who basks in the sunshine of untold material wealth; for beneath the rough exterior may pulsate a heart warm with holy affections, and an earnest desire to benefit his fellow-creatures according to his limited capacities. It will be well with such in the Better Land. The clouds of adversity may encompass them, and hide from them the sky of prosperity and happiness, yet, with the soul filled with heavenly emotions, strength and fortitude will be given them to bear all trials and disparagements, and at last they will be triumphantly conducted to a happier world, where all the patiently-endured afflictions of earth will meet a blissful recompense in the everlasting delights of heaven.

In that beautiful country beyond, rich in those golden treasures which can insure true happiness and enjoyment to every child of God, the Soul of Humanity will bathe in a sea of perpetual delight. No matter how roughly chiselled the exterior which embodies that soul may be, or how uncultivated the germs of knowledge and wisdom are within it, if but the flowers of goodness and universal love blossom in its affections, they will prove sufficient passports to admit it to the unlimited glories of the kingdom of heaven. Those pining under the heavy burdens of adversity and sorrow, but who have readily and willingly added the widow's mite to the contribution-box of humanity, can safely look upward, with the eye of faith, to that better world, where the reward and happiness of *the Man* WILL NOT be measured by the dimensions or wealth of the purse, but by a life, rich and overflowing with exalted deeds, and redolent with the highest excellences of the Divine Character. Easier will it be for such to gain an admittance to the Heavenly Kingdom, than for that individual, who, glutted with the riches of earthly goods, steels his heart against the generous impulses of a higher nature, and panders to the gratification of selfish propensities and material aspirations!

Mankind, in general, look upon the murderer as the lowest of all criminals, and one who should be irretrievably expunged from the sweet and salutary influences of refined society. And, yet, the evils which exist often *drive* a man to the commission of deeds entirely repugnant to his better nature. A deprivation of the necessaries of life may force him, in an hour of intense want and suffering, to plunge the glittering poniard to the heart of his wealthy victim, to save, not merely his own, but the life of a famishing wife and children. Even if the ennobling emotion of repentance or reform is awakened in the soul of such a one, society says, "Thou art an outcast; the blood of a brother is on thy guilty hands; the mark of Cain is set upon thy brow; we will not taint our atmosphere with the poison of thy breath; we will rid the earth of thee, and thank God that another miserable wretch and sinner is blotted out of the sum of mortal existence, with no further power to molest or make afraid." Then the unhappy victim is thrust into a gloomy prison, undergoes a judicial trial, is found guilty, and sentenced to expiate the unfortunate error, which force of circumstances caused him in an unguarded hour to commit, on the scaffold.

The question here will naturally occur, Will the extenuating circumstances, which induced such a one to commit so grave an error, be taken into consideration by that Supreme Justice who judges every act in mercy, love and equity? I respond, that an individual's actions are weighed according to the good or bad intentions which prompted their commission. In the instance just referred to, a man was led to perpetrate a homicide to save a suffering family from starvation. A strong and worthy love for his famishing wife and offspring being in the ascendency, and this emotion predominating for the time over every other, he was actuated to the commission of a deed, at which, in a calmer moment, his whole soul would revolt.

In this case the object of the man was good, although the measures adopted to accomplish it were bad. The spirit of revenge or hatred moved him not to the perpetration of the act, but a wish to gain that which would (as he thought) bring comfort and happiness to his needy kindred. The siren voice of the tempter whispered in his ear, and, in a thoughtless

moment, he obeyed it. In such an instance, the progress of the individual is stayed only so far as the motives which prompted the act are concerned.

A mother, with a heart throbbing with the tenderest love and affection for her darling children, may, in a moment of intense agony and despair, sunder the thread which binds their young life to their little frames, and hurry them to that eternity where freedom is the glorious boon of all. Her quickened and attentive ear detects the sounds of approaching footsteps, and instantly the sanctity of her peaceful home is invaded by the presence of the tyrant and oppressor, who comes to tear her tender buds from the parent stem, and engraft them on the Upas-Tree of Slavery! Quick as thought she grasps a knife, and, ere her uplifted hand is stayed, she severs the vital cord which unites the life of her children to the material, and sends them on their happy journey to that beautiful Land of Liberty where the fetters of the slave drop the moment he enters it, and where chains are never forged for the limbs of *any* of God's children!

Here is an instance where a mother becomes the slayer of her own beloved ones! And for what reason? Did she hate them? Did she in a moment of passion take their earthly life because they had been disobedient to her commands and requirements? No! It was one of the noblest impulses of her maternal nature which prompted her to the commission of the deed,—a deep and holy love for her darling offspring. She knew the tyrant had come to separate them from the bosom of her care and protection, and to consign them to the miseries of a slave's life; and, with a solicitude which only a mother can feel, she resolves that naught but death shall separate them from her, and her own hands usher her tender babes into the enjoyments of limitless and impartial freedom!

How many are there, were they placed in the same situation, who would not have done likewise? Here was a faithful exemplification of one of the purest feelings of our Common Nature. A mother, rather than to see the darling ones she bore consigned to the hell of slavery,—claiming no protection or safeguard from the laws of her country,—in a moment of terrible despair, and out of the purest love for their future welfare

and happiness, hurries them into eternity beyond the reach of the "stealers of men and little children!"

And can one be found on earth's wide globe, possessed of the slightest feeling of humanity, who will non-concur with me in the opinion that the mother, in this trying case, acted up to the holiest feelings of her maternal nature? Remember, no lack of affection or love was exhibited on her part, but the truest, warmest solicitude for her darling progeny; and the unfortunate circumstances which forced her to take their earthly lives only served to intensify and strengthen it! She loved her children! — loved them with an ardor which no power could cool or dampen! The thought that they were to be torn from her, and doomed to the pangs and miseries of a cruel and life-long servitude, prompted her to save them from their unhappy fate. Hoping, as before written, for no protection from the wicked, unchristian enactments of the government under which she lived, — with the prejudices and sympathies of the world against her and her oppressed and down-trodden race, — looking to the No Respecter of Persons for the enjoyment of those inalienable rights of which man had despoiled her and hers, — in a moment of despair and anguish she obeys the first, and, perhaps, as she feels, the highest instinct of her motherly nature, and transfers the jewels committed to her earthly trust to the care and guidance of Heaven's Immortal Saints! And if, in so doing, she acts up to what she feels to be right, she will, accordingly, receive the reward due to her fidelity!

Again:

A fugitive slave, flying from the prison-house of bondage, and being pursued by his relentless foes, may, to save his own life, and in defence of that God-bestowed right, — a right to himself, — turn and confront them with a dirk or pistol-shot. Convinced that he is wrongfully deprived of his freedom, he resolves to strike a blow whereby he may gain the rights taken from him. And if, while maintaining the sovereign principles of the Law of Self-Defence, the enemies of his liberty die by his hands, the progress of the spirit of the pursued will not be hindered by the act committed; for the motives which actuated it were intrinsically good and proper.

If we were to entertain a different opinion, then we must

necessarily believe that the brave and noble band, who, during the Revolution, fought against foreign oppression and injustice, are not in the enjoyment of happiness and peace, — for the cases are similar. Both were in the pursuit of those rights which properly belonged to them; and, if one suffers, the other must also.

A man, to save his life or that of his family, may feel himself perfectly justified in firing upon the midnight assassin, because the law of self-defence prompts him, at the risk of another's life, to preserve his own. All other measures failing, he resorts to the last expedient in his power to resist the encroachments of the prowling murderer. A nation may be drawn into war — by the arbitrary invasions of an Opposing Power — contrary to its wishes and inclinations, in order to preserve its just rights and uphold the sacred cause of Liberty, Truth and Justice. Seeking to adjust difficulties and disputes by the principles of harmonious arbitration, yet failing in its Christian attempts, it is unhappily involved in war with an Antagonistic Force, whose whole object is, perhaps, to expand its dominions at the expense of Right and Equality. In these, and other similar instances, the great bulk of humanity will pronounce a verdict of justification; and the spiritual growth and development will not be retarded by the measures adopted to defeat an inglorious end.

But let me cite an opposite case:

The tyrant, in pursuit of a runaway slave, shoots him down to conquer him. This is an act which partakes of the nature of an atrocious murder, without even the first semblance of justification. And why? Because the oppressed was in pursuit of that which rightfully belonged to him, and of which he had been deprived by the action of another party. Therefore, possessing the undisputed right to the immunities which the injustice of man had taken from him, he possessed the same right to maintain them at whatever cost. And if, while seeking them, he is pursued and shot down by the oppressor, that man stands convicted before God and Heaven of the crime of murder, and will accordingly receive the merited judgment which attaches itself to a transgression of the Laws of Jehovah!

An individual may carry murder in his heart, but be pre-

vented by force of circumstances from putting it in tangible execution; yet the thought, wish, or feeling, is as culpable as though it had been carried out. He may, a lifetime, plot the injury of his fellow-creatures, yet some invisible and unknown causes may work against him, and defeat his ignoble purposes. However, there is the will or desire to accomplish his aims, and he will in no wise escape the judgment awaiting his self-abasement.

Christ, in his beautiful Sermon on the Mount, says, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." And if such a precept is true regarding one crime, it is equally so in another.

I will no further amplify on these points, but leave them to the careful attention of my many readers, hoping they will give them a candid study and perusal, and weigh every thought enunciated in the balances of reason. I will now pass on, and state that, among the most prominent of the many inhabitants my vision met in the lower circles of life, were some who have largely figured on the stage of mortal being, and whose deeds are conspicuously written in history, and which I, for one, would fain blot out for charity's sake. Among this number, I was pointed to one who has left to earth a fame of unenviable celebrity,—a memory around which no fragrant festoons twine. For nearly three centuries has she been travelling this dark abode, despairing of any future progress in her spiritual condition. The errors of her earth-being are plainly discernible to her, and she imagines herself in a purgatory or hell, from which she will know no joyous resurrection. The influences of Heavenly Teachers have repeatedly visited her, but as yet their blessed sunshine has not melted away the ice of materiality which has so long frozen her down to this dark condition. Yet she *will* advance upward and onward, and become one of the shining Stars which illuminate the Galaxy of Purity and Wisdom.

By her was another intelligence, who appeared to be also very unhappy in his condition. Between the two there existed a mutual love and attachment, which at the moment surprised

me, but which was satisfactorily explained, when I understood the relationship which existed between the two, — that of father and child!

As I gazed upon these two beings, and others of like development, and thought of the positions they held when on the earth, — occupying the proudest imperial thrones of the monarchical world, and wallowing in all the splendor and magnificence of a pampered and licentious court, — that ancient, but truthful saying, recurred to memory, that "the greatest on earth may be the least in the kingdom of heaven." Surrounded by all the unhealthy influences of regal pomp and pageantry, and the corrupting inducements of a tyrannical oligarchy, the contrast presented was very vivid and striking; for, removed from the lower world, they now wore, not robes of stately grandeur and beauty, but those suited to their very undeveloped conditions.

The angelic company which encircled Joan of Arc suddenly separated, and a most beautiful Seraph came from it, and, floating through the air of our Celestial Girdle, hovered directly above my head. Her dress was of snowy whiteness; her hair waved long and gracefully about her neck, while on her brow rested a Chaplet of Flowers, — emblems of her humility. In her hands she carried a white tablet, on which was written,

> "Love is the Star which shines for all;
> Its light on every one will fall."

As soon as this inscription was read, it disappeared, and another was inscribed in its place:

> "God is a Never-Changing Friend;
> On *His True Love* we can depend."

Several other mottoes were seen, but those I have mentioned will suffice. The principal object, however, of this intelligence, in leaving her companions, was, to have communication with the two immortals below us. The reason why she was so desirous to establish a chain of intercourse with them was perfectly understood when I was made acquainted with her earthly name.

The beautiful being before me was none other than that glorious and sainted martyr,

"JANE GREY;"

one who has written a pure and unspotted fame on the scroll of earthly immortality, and won a shining and everlasting reward in Heaven. Imbued with the spirit of charity and forgiveness, she blesses those who despitefully used and persecuted her, and seeks to raise them to happiness and glory. She is to these benighted ones what the North Star is to the poor slave, — a Beacon to light them from the bondage of darkness and materiality to the freedom of a more unfolded spirituality. And, though their gross senses cannot behold a form so sublimated, yet they feel her ennobling influence, and know an angel is laboring in their behalf. In sweet and loving tones she assures them of her sympathy and affection, and her fervent desire to behold them occupy a most exalted station in God's Illimitable Empire! Frequently and impressively she communes with them, and I have no doubt the thoughts she communicates will do their intended good work!

There were other undeveloped immortals in this low sphere of life, beside those I have mentioned, who appeared impenetrable to the subduing influences of light and purity. There was the thief, the pirate, the hardened slaveholder and tyrant, the indurated libertine, the liar, the slanderer, and many others, of similar stamp, all congenially blended together, and acting out their individual propensities. The miser also was there, carefully counting his treasures, and plotting various methods by which he might expand his imaginary possessions.

Among this particular class I encountered an incident which filled me with utter surprise and consternation, and, at the same time, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. While casting my eyes among the many different classes of beings inhabiting this locality of the Spirit World, they suddenly fell upon one whose countenance seemed perfectly familiar to me. Desirous of satisfying myself as to the identity of the person, and of communicating with him, provided he was the one I thought him to be, I asked my Instructor whether conditions were

favorable to a nearer approach. He replied, that as the intelligence lived on a very material plane of being, it would be impossible to approximate any nearer to him. Yet, if I strenuously desired it, he would strive to bring me in rapport with him, that the surety of his identity might be established, and a knowledge of my presence conveyed to him.

This being done, it was announced to him, for the first time, that I had passed beyond the sea of mortal being to the shores of a blest eternity. When these tidings were communicated, he seemed astonished and terror-stricken, and bowed his head and wept like a child; not because he was not glad to hear of my entrance to the Spirit Land, but because he was afraid to unmask his hypocrisy and deceit to my gaze. I, however, assured him of my continued friendship and sympathy, and that I would do all in my power to assist him in his higher unfoldment. Comforted by these words of assurance, he quelled his fears, and we entered into a lively *telegraphic* correspondence. And by it I was convinced I was not mistaken in the person.

Here was an individual who, when an inhabitant of earth, was considered by the world a pattern of piety and virtue. Indeed, I always thought him such. He was seldom absent from his Sabbath-meeting, and his outward appearance indicated a fervent devotional piety. But, ah! the world knew him not; or, if it did, his well-filled coffers were sufficient to cause it to overlook his many faults, or convert them into seeming virtues. Beneath the so-called sacerdotal robes of religion (which he donned to hide his spiritual deformity), pulsated a heart cankered with avarice and covetousness, and filled, not with a love of God and Humanity, but with a love of Mammon. This preponderating aspiration for material possessions chained the noblest powers of his soul, and the "masterly" ingenuity employed to hide it shut out from human observation the knowledge of his dwarfed and miserly nature. Yet he could not forever mask it under the cloak of religion, or from human perception; for there was a world beyond, where his errors and imperfections would stand forth in their true colors, and he be known as he is known. As in a former instance, Heaven proved the Tribunal at which all his deeds were carefully weighed; angels, the jury who rendered the verdict; and God, the

Supreme Judge, who pronounced the humane and impartial sentence. Yet it was not an eternity-sentence. Although he disobeyed the Laws of his Creator, and consigned himself thereby to this low state, yet the Angel of Mercy stood prepared to open the door of his prison-house, and bid him come forth into the sunshine of freedom, when he should become sufficiently advanced in spirituality.

When my immortal companions thought they had sufficiently illustrated to me the various conditions belonging to this sphere of Spiritual Being, one of their number was appointed to deliver a brief address, ere the dissolution of our Celestial Circle.

"Dear Brother: I am empowered to state, in behalf of your angel-friends, that they are now prepared to conduct you out of this region of spirit-life to the circle for which the development of your spiritual faculties has fitted you. Ere, however, we part from you, we desire again to repeat to you the unbounded joy we feel in greeting you to a Land eternally to be your home. And we individually trust and hope that the many beautiful scenes through which you have passed, in your transit from sphere to sphere, and circle to circle, will leave upon you a lasting impression, and urge you onward in your divine work.

"Go, then, dear brother, on thy eternal way, and labor for the good of mankind. Penetrate the avenues of error and corruption; storm the battlements of ignorance and superstition; fight manfully with the sword of truth, and stay not thy hand until the Flag of Victory waves over the dead form of Error."

Again I promised to be true to the Cause of Humanity, and to carry out, as far as I was able, the exhortations delivered to me. After which, our Girdle of Life slowly ascended from its position; further and further did we recede from the lower circles of being; brighter grew the atmosphere around us; the melodious notes of celestial songsters again returned to greet our gladdened ears, and once more we fathomed the boundless ocean of Glorified Life. The darkness which pervaded our cloud of splendor departed from us as we ascended to brighter climes. Having attained the sphere which was to be my home until prepared to rise higher, our magnificent girdle reluctantly

dissolved itself, each immortal member departing to its circle of development, while the most enchanting music, from seraphic lutes, vibrated on the serene air of heaven, floating away, in delightful symphonies, to brighten its passage to its realm of peace and glory. The contrast between my circle and the one I had left was strikingly beautiful and illustrative, and urged on me the necessity of working faithfully and diligently for the redemption of the erring and sinful soul!

During the brief season I have been a citizen of the Heavenly Country, it has been my happy lot to welcome many of my old friends and associates to my humble society, the most prominent of whom, and those best known to the sublunary world, are,

CALHOUN, CLAY, AND WEBSTER;

three highly-intelligent minds, yet whose conditions in spirit-life are widely different. Some time I may have occasion to further speak of them, and to show the grade of development they individually enjoy.

This long message now draws rapidly to a termination. Yet, ere I take a final leave of it, let me again express the hope that the ideas embodied in it may be productive of good to all who may perchance read them. If but *one* heart is made glad by their perusal, I shall not feel that the time employed in their dictation has been misspent, or my visit from the Spirit World unprolific of fruitful results.

Again let me exhort all to carefully sift every thought I have transferred to these pages, ere it is accepted as truth. And if any chaff is discovered among the wheat, any dross among the gold, then you are in duty bound to separate them, and to accept only the pure and refined. Endorse what may seem plausible and in harmony with your ideas of truth.

CLOSING EXHORTATION.

O man! Come forth into this mighty field of spiritual labor, and work for the salvation of your fellow-creatures! Ye who are travelling the ways of darkness, come forward, and aid us to start this Juggernaut of Truth on its glorious march of vic-

tory, until the Demon of Error, and its hideous children, Ignorance, Superstition and Bigotry, are crushed out of existence, beneath the ceaseless rotations of its ponderous wheels! Saint and Sinner, Believer and Sceptic, you are cordially invited, one and all, to labor with us in this unbounded Field of Humanity!

"Unsheathe the gleaming Sword of Truth,
And flash it over Error's head,
Until its hated form, forsooth,
Is numbered with the mortal dead!"

Hoping you all may meet in heaven as grand a reception as the one which greeted me, I again subscribe myself,

A Friend to *all* Humanity,

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere,
March, 1857.

[Upon the conclusion of the foregoing message, the "Medium" felt the influence of another spirit, who immediately took possession of his arm, and dictated the following.]

TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, RESIDENT OF THE HOLY CITY.

Dear Brother: Dropping all the cold formalities appertaining to the earth-life, I presume to address you, not by the appellation of "Sir" or "Friend," but by that dearer one of "Brother," and to thank you, through this organism, for the impartiality with which you have analyzed my character, in the work now closed. Let me say, in behalf of the crowd of "listeners" and "witnesses" (as well as my own), who have thronged around you during the process of your dictation, that its many beautiful sentiments have not only elicited their united approbation, but their warmest and deepest admiration! And many a one, bowed down in grief and sorrow, or fettered by the manacles of error and ignorance, has found consolation in its golden teachings, and hope and cheer in its lessons of charity and love!

During your brief sojourn in the spirit-life you have been

the recipient of many glorious visions. You have traversed the fragrant Bowers of the Celestial Heavens, and greeted those beloved ones, who, for so many years, have adorned the Land of Bliss and Happiness. The dulcet tones of parental love and affection have struck their harmonious sweetness on thine ear, and awakened in thy soul new joys and emotions; beloved kindred once more have clasped thee in their embrace, while the whole Angelic Choir have joined in one glad and rapturous chorus in welcoming thee to the never-ending glories of the Heavenly Country!

In the beautiful and interesting message, mentioning the Anniversary of my Birthday, you notice my traits of character in my earth-life; justly and impartially, I trust, commenting on them. And among them, you have seen fit to speak of that crowning error of my being, — my holding in involuntary servitude the children of God.

I am aware that the holding of human beings in bondage was incompatible and at war with the mighty cause for which I was so vigorously contending. And gladly would I have rid myself of this incubus to my happiness, — this source of deep mental anxiety. But the strong prejudices of that age were not easily surmounted, and they wound around me a fortress which my better feelings and impulses could not then storm.

Slavery, in whatever form it existed, was always abhorrent to my nature; and that repugnance by no means became extinct in my transit to a Higher Life. I regret exceedingly that I did not o'erleap the popular prejudices of my time, and give to "my bondmen" those liberties which I was so earnestly seeking for myself and posterity! If my labors in part had been given to the extirpation of every germ of this Upas-Tree from American soil, how fruitful in good results would they have been, — how fragrant in rich and incalculable blessings! The Monster, who has acquired such an unlimited jurisdiction over the National Government, would not now be living to contaminate the country with his poisonous breath, or to hold at bay the will and wishes of millions of freemen. The cries and agonies of the crushed and down-trodden would not be borne on Southern gales, or ascend to God for redress:

But where the Monster's hated power
Poisons now our native air,
Would blossom Freedom's sacred flower,
Shedding fragrance everywhere.

I thank you, beloved brother, for the impartial exposition you have made of that glaring evil, and the Christian spirit evinced in presenting your ideas to the world; thank you for throwing the mantle of charity around my spiritual deformities, and for transmitting to "embodied mankind" your unconquerable determination to persevere in your work of humanity until you have pulled out from the soil of human existence *every* root of this upas-tree, and left to germinate, in their stead, the seeds of Universal Freedom!

God speed the happy day when earth
From Slavery will be free;
When every one shall feel the worth
Of Heaven-born Liberty!

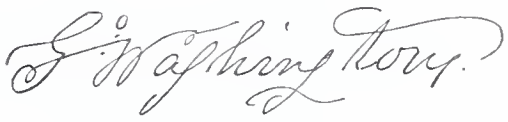
I will not close this Message to you without an allusion to that friend, endeared to you by many remembrances of the past, and to whom you have committed the guardianship of these Spiritual Legacies. Of him I can only say that angels have been silent witnesses of the joy which an oft-perusal of these gems of thought has awakened in his soul, and were rejoiced to see the interest he felt in the Philosophy of Celestial Intercourse. The voice of the "Old Man Eloquent," which he once deemed forever hushed to mortals, has been again heard by him, assuring him of a continuity of the acquaintance commenced on earth, and of a higher and holier friendship begun in heaven!

O, may he treasure well these jewels of truth and love, transferred to his keeping from thy Heaven of Bliss, and may they be employed to enrich the human mind, and to ennoble the Whole Race of Man! May his soul be ever ready to receive whatever his angel-friends may see fit to impart, and to transmit it to others: and thus, by proving an unfailing source of good to his fellow-men, be prepared, when he shall throw off the habiliments of mortality, to ascend to the celestial mansion which

enshrines thee, and mingle again in the friendships of other days!

Thanking you again for your impartial delineation of my earthly character, and hoping, dear brother, that your exalted spirit may rapidly progress in the Heavenly Life, and that you may lead others to a closer walk with God, I remain,

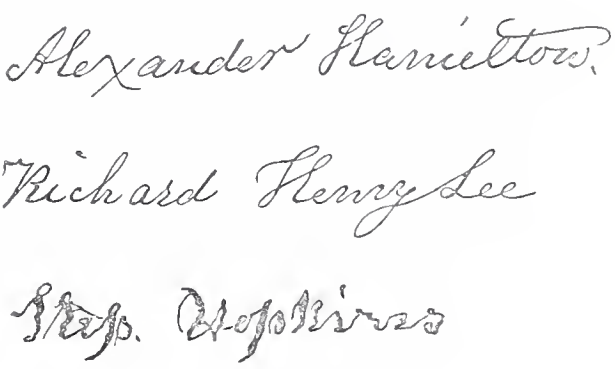
Your eternal friend and brother

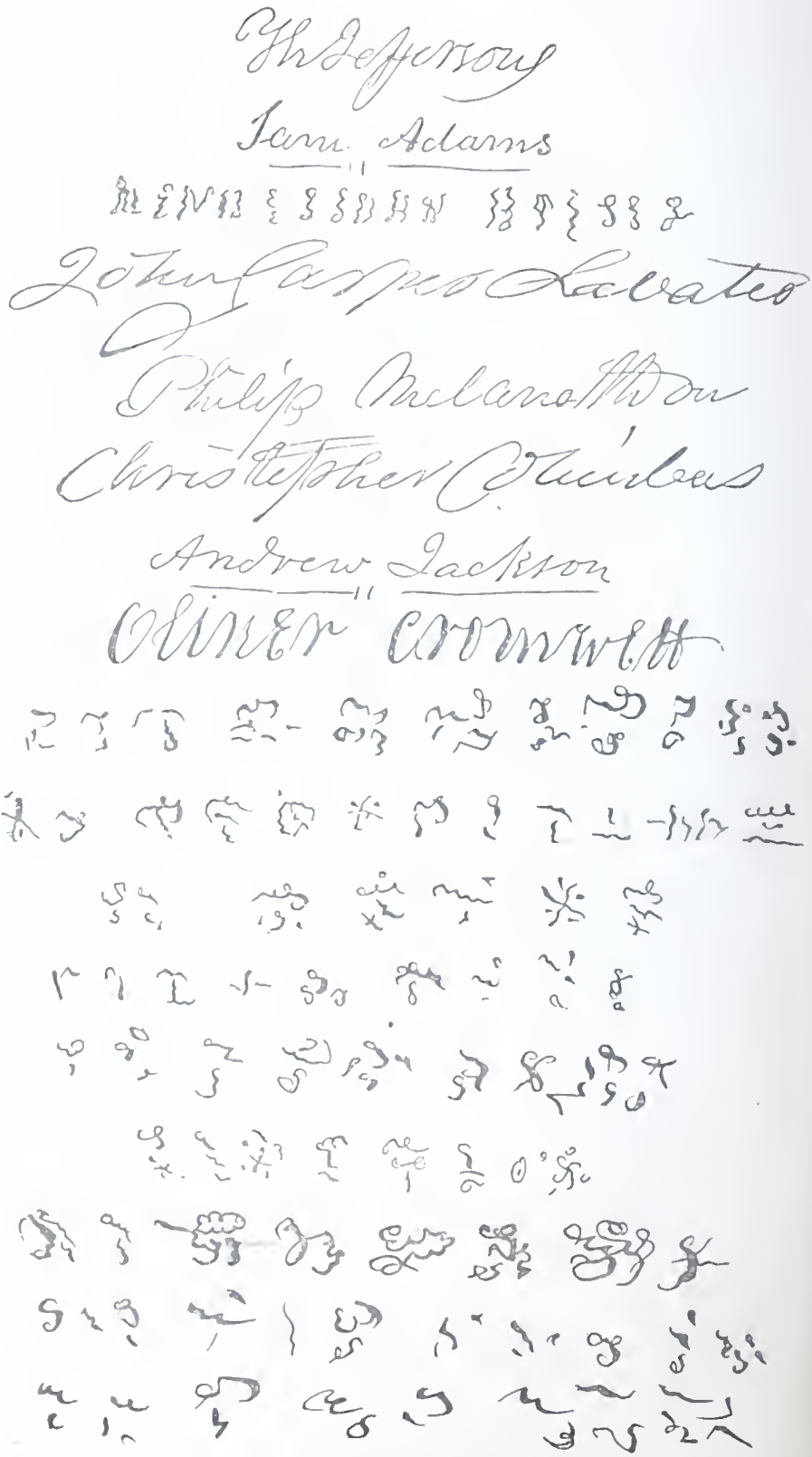


[Immediately after Washington had closed the foregoing message, the medium was influenced again by the spirit John Quincy Adams, who wrote:]

The truth of the foregoing communications is attested to by the following highly-developed Immortals.

[Here follow the names of about five hundred and forty individuals, many of whom were distinguished when on earth; and the style of the signatures indicates a great variety of writers. The list is printed entire, so far as the names are in letters which English types will represent; but there is quite a number which are supposed to be in oriental letters, which our printers cannot present to the reader. Mr. Stiles affirmed that when penning this list he was subject to frequent and great changes of influence by different spirits, feeling a new influence at each signature; and the appearance of the list indicates that such was the fact. The medium at the time of writing them had never seen one in fifty of the signatures of the annexed names. I have caused a few of these names to be fac-similed, which here follow:]





JOHN JAMES AUDOBON,
ISAAC DAVIS,
JOHN DAVIS,
CHARLES CARROLL,
JOHN ADAMS,
ELBRIDGE GERRY,
JAMES MADISON,
JAMES MONROE,
W. H. HARRISON,
JONATHAN HARRINGTON,
WILLIAM RUFUS KING,
THOMAS D. KING,
WILLIAM E. CHANNING,
ELIJAH BRIGHAM,
PETER WHITNEY,
JOHN SMITH,
ELHANAN WINCHESTER,
JOHN MURRAY,
APOLLOS MUNN,
ANTHONY WIBIRD,
HENRY ADAMS,
BENJ. FRANKLIN,
JOHN ROBINSON,
MILES STANDISH,
AUGUSTUS WOOD,
WILLIAM F. CLARK,
PHILIP LIVINGSTON,
CHARLES PINCKNEY SUMNER,
WINSLOW BRIGHAM,
HENRY BRIGHAM,
PATRICK HENRY,
JAMES K. POLK,
WM. PITT,
GEORGE CLYMER,
GILBERT MOTIER D' LAFAYETTE,
AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON,
DANL. WEBSTER,
H. CLAY,
JOHN C. CALHOUN,
THOMAS KIKHIE,
JOHN ANDRE,
MARTIN LUTHER,
GUILFORD DUDLEY,
THOMAS BRIGHAM,
ZACHARY TAYLOR,
ROBERT Y. HAYNE,
LEVI BRIGHAM,
JONAS BRIGHAM,
BRECK PARKMAN,
DAVID DEVENS,
AARON BROWN,
THOMAS B. ADAMS,
JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN,
HENRY WARE, SEN.
HENRY WARE, JR.
CALVIN LINCOLN,
LUTHER BARKER LINCOLN,
HENRY WORTHINGTON,
WILLIAM BROOKS TEMBERTON,
ABNER BALLOU,
JAMES BALLOU,
ROBERT G. SHAW,
EBENEZER WEBSTER,
EZEKIEL WEBSTER,
RICHARD L. WORTHINGTON,
LEWIS ALLEN,
DAVID BRIGHAM,
NICHOLAS BRIGHAM,
SILAS BRIGHAM,
NATHAN BRIGHAM,
JOSIAH ADAMS, of F.
CHARLES ADAMS, of Q.
DAVID STILES,
JONATHAN SMITH,
SAMUEL HARRINGTON,
WILLIAM WORCESTER,
MOSES WARREN, for. of W.
SAMUEL RICE, of N.

Rachel Rice,
John Miller,
Sarah Miller,
Paul Willard,
Timothy Whiting,
Lydia Whiting Willard,
Jacob Broaders,
Nathaniel Wood,
Isaac Morton,
Isaac Morse,
James Harris,
Bianca Capello,
James Harrington,
Roger Williams,
John George Haaman,
Roger Joseph Roscovich,
Henry Hudson,
John Franklin,
Elisha Kent Kane,
Benj. Harrison,
John Bonnycastle,
James Hogg,
Thos. Boleyn,
Anne Boleyn,
Edmund Burke,
John Mozart,
Casper Hauser,
Hugh Miller,
John Addison,
John Hancock, Sen.
John Hancock, Jr.
John Bancroft,
John Milton,
Charles Lillie,
William Shakspeare,
Wm. Paca,
Mary Ball Washington,
Martha Washington,
A. Adams,
Elizabeth Frye,
Jeremiah Jacob Oberlin,
William Miller,
George Parkman,
Samuel Parkman,
Charles Parkman,
William E. Parkman,
Silas Morse,
Robert Morris,
Mueller A. Bolingbroke,
Harrison Gray Otis,
James Otis,
Horace Seaver,
Josiah Quincy,
Abigail Quincy,
Francis Eaton,
John Fiske,
Hosea Ballou,
Ruth Ballou,
Israel Putnam,
Levi Lincoln,
Mary Stuart,
Jane Grey,
Alexander Pope,
Reuben Puffer,
Isaac Farrington,
Alexander Montgomery,
Henry Montcalm,
Susanna Grant Brigham,
Winslow Brigham,
Samuel Brigham,
John Brigham,
Mercie Herd Brigham,
Joseph Brigham,
Abby Ballou Fiske,
Hollis Maynard,
Persis Maynard,
Carrie Holbrook Peakes,
Emma Isadore Pierce,

B. F. Pierce,
Caroline Easterbrook,
Joseph Baxter,
H. G. O. Phipps,
Thos. Phipps,
Estelle D' Beaumonde,
George Gordon Byron,
Amerigo Vespucci,
Thomas Elliott,
John Howard,
Samuel Hoar,
Robert Ellis,
William Henry Worth,
Samuel G. Edson,
Thomas Merrick,
Thaddeus G. Hamilton,
John Gordon,
Thomas Giles,
Daniel Brown,
John Codman,
Thomas Tirrell,
Louise C. Adams,
Edward Webster,
Antoine Gay,
Robert Barcley,
John Jay,
Charles Pichegru,
George Fox,
John Frederic William Jerusalem,
William Penn,
John Keats,
Joseph Story,
John Wells,
John Baker,
Josephine Buonaparte,
Alice Brigham,
Arthur Middleton, 1st,
Arthur Middleton,
John Bunyan,
Sylvester Graham,
Robert Capen,
John L. Clayton,
Robert Rantoul, Jr.
William Henry Hanscom,
Joel Whitney,
Bernard Whitman,
Peter Whitney,
John Morse,
Ann Maria Phipps,
M. M. Preston,
John Whitney,
Abel Whitney,
Theophilus Thayer,
David Thayer,
Eliphal. Baker,
Michael Servetus,
Daniel Sharp,
Lemuel Stickney,
Thaddeus W. Harris,
James B. Fiske,
Timothy Dickenson,
Rebecca D. Fiske,
Abby Fiske, 2d,
Peter Foster,
Henry J. Coddington,
William Livingston,
Mottram Veazie,
Eli Veazie,
George Veazie,
Lydia Worth Edmonds,
Daniel Foster,
Wm. T. Mason,
Samuel Church,
Paul Barring, Jr.
John Robinson,
Jacob Gould,
Caleb Saunders,

Robert Harkness,
Abel Flint,
Harrison Peabody,
Lemuel Stickney,
Benjamin Parker,
John Parker,
Lydia Parker,
George Winchester,
Henry Maynard,
Silas Maynard,
Richard Baxter,
William Ellery,
Daniel O'Connell,
Napoleon Bonaparte,
Henry Augustus Wood,
Albert Guernsey,
Anthony Gilbert,
Lucretia Baxter,
Mindwell Brigham,
Josiah Brigham, Phy. of W.
Susanna Parkman,
Julia E. Bowker,
Nancy Fiske,
Henry Fiske,
John Fiske, 1st,
Martin Fiske,
Nathan Fiske,
Joseph Fiske,
Elizabeth Fiske,
Lizzie Fiske Stetson,
James Fiske,
Beulah Brown,
Thomas Fiske,
Theodore Fiske,
Constance Browne,
Henry A. Warrington,
Eliphalet Smith,
Joshua Fiske,
Peter Adams,
John Adams,
Lemuel Griswold,
Charles Follen,
Joseph Warren,
Josiah Franklin,
Osais Franklin,
John Warrington,
David Kinnigon,
John Torrington,
Nathaniel Bowditch,
John T. Kirkland,
Gasper Spurzheim,
Benjamin Seaver,
William Prescott Stearns,
Edmund E. Gilpatrick,
Robert Peel,
Edward Littleton,
Henry Carleton,
Conrad Stearns,
S. C. E. Mayo,
Charlotte Gerauld,
Grace Webster,
Julia A. Appleton,
Gracie Webster,
Charlie Webster,
Charles T. Torrey,
Henry Dearborn,
John Randolph Benton,
Timothy Farrar,
Sam. H. Stearns,
Thos. H. Perkins,
Timothy Dexter,
Charles Choate,
Fred. Choate,
Horace Choate,
William Henry Elliston,
David Hugglesford,
Henry L. Forsaith,
Charles Fourier,

Alexander Griswold,
Samuel Appleton,
John More,
Hannah More,
Myron Lawrence,
Abbott Lawrence,
Moses Lawrence,
Henry Lawrence,
Amos Lawrence,
William Pitt Fessenden,
Ebenezer Fisher,
George H. Leveritt,
Oren Bellingham,
John Henry Ludovico,
John Augustine Woodruff,
Florena Fairchild,
Morton Quincy,
Arthur Bromfield Quincy,
John Howard Paine,
Robt. Treat Paine,
Thomas Paine,
Nathaniel Coolidge,
Isaac Wortt,
Wm. Wirt,
John Fulton,
Robert Herkimer,
Archibald Wasson,
Henry Pemberton,
Leavitt Underwood,
Saml. Boylston Fitch,
Henry Maskman,
Burton Litchfield,
Henry Saugus,
Jonah B. Stratton,
Joseph L. Everett,
Mary B. Pendleton, } Twins,
Eliza A. Pendleton, }
Mary Stephens,
Harriett Loveland,

Wm. E. Montcalm,
Morpheus Breckinwall,
Benj. L. Hurley,
John Randolph,
Samuel Trowbridge,
Nathaniel Rogers,
Nathaniel P. Rogers,
Henry Wadsworth,
Annaniah Bohonon,
Richard Bohonon,
Samuel Norton,
Fred. Norton,
Charles Hastings,
Albert Gilpatrick,
Wm. Tewksbury,
Simon Greenleaf,
Harvey Lane,
Frederic Von Hoffer,
Sylvester Ulrich,
Solomon Guilford,
Bertha Guilford,
Beatrice Guilford,
Minetta W. Guilford, } Twins,
Crosetta E. Guilford, }
Thomas Nottingham,
Samuel Gridley,
Jonathan Wales,
Wm. Gordon,
Henry Gilbert,
John C. Warren,
Samuel Peters,
Gilbert Newcastle,
Jeremiah Butler,
Nehemiah Roundy,
Harvey Dayton,
Nathaniel C. Maynard,
Asaph Rice,
Henry Rice,
Minnie Pierpont,

Warren Haughton,
Albert Houghton Lee,
William Gray Osborn,
Thos. L. Gray,
Abner Goodnough,
Felicia Hemans,
Anthony Baxter,
Wm. L. Bowditch,
Wm. Jackson,
Hall Jackson,
Rachel Jackson,
William F. Gilbert,
Clement Jackson,
James Jackson,
Frederic Montgomery,
Martin Sparhawk,
John John Jacobs,
John George Jacobs,
Fred. Hervy Jacobs,
Cyrus Freeman,
Moses Nightingale,
John D. Jahn.
Frederick D. Jahn,
Henry Sylvester Millett,
Mozart L. Fitzberger,
Robert Jameson,
James Hildreth,
Benj. Sinclair,
Robert Burns,
William Wallace,
Robert Bruce,
Robert Emmett,
Edward Kirk Patrick,
George Wythe,
R. R. Livingston,
John Dickenson,
Edmund Pendleton,
Geo. Mason,
Thos. Ludwell Lee,
Francis Bacon,
Anthony Bacon,
Henry Lovington,
Jeffrey Amherst,
Fisher Ames,
Wm. Baguallusiter,
Joseph Ames,
David Allan,
William Alan,
William Teft,
Henry Addington,
Michel Anderson,
Patrick Anderson,
John Playfair,
Athanasius Bircher,
Wm. Pinkney,
Suigi Dergi,
Wm. Cornwallis,
Alexander Gordon,
Roger Jenyns,
Joan Jenyns,
Thaddeus Claremont,
George Felt,
Wm. Tell,
Henry Culmer,
Guilworth Mansfield,
J. B. Booth,
Mortimer Harris,
Sorilla Ledworth,
Hiram Normandy,
Henry Misner,
John Hart,
Abram. Clark,
Lewis Morris,
Samuel Chase,
Wm. Paca,
Button Gwinnett,
Geo. Ross,
Thos. Stroud,

JOSIAH BARTLETT,
EDWARD RUTLEDGE,
WM. WILLIAMS,
MATT. THORNTON,
THOS. HEYWARD, JR.
LYMAN HALL,
GEO. WALTON,
THOMAS LYNCH, JR.
CARTER BRAXTON,
JAMES WILSON,
JOHN MORTON,
GEO. TAYLOR,
JAMES SMITH,
WM. FLOYD,
WILLIAM WHIPPLE,
WM. HOOPER,
JOHN REN,
THOS. HUNTINGTON,
JNO. WITHERSPOON,
FRANCIS HOPKINGTON,
RICHARD STOCKTON,
WM. E. LORING,
THOMAS DECATUR,
C. RODNEY,
THOS. M. KEAH,
GEORGE READ,
BENJ. RUSH,
JOHN CLYMER,
JAMES SMITH,
ELBRIDGE MASON,
JOB CUSHING,
THOS. LIGHTFOOT,
JOHN BALLOU,
MARY BRIMMER,
MARY PARKER,
RACHEL LANCESTER MILDWELL,
HARRIET SEDGWICK,
WATSON MERRILL,
HANNAH LEE,
STEP. A. NORCROSS,
JOHN MORRIS,
WM. METCALF,
HATT. RICHARDS,
HARRIETT FISKE,
SARAH ANN FISKE,
CHARLES A. FISKE,
JOSIAH FISKE,
LYMAN LAMB,
ARTHUR GREELEY,
HENRY SEDGWICK,
HENRY ATWOOD,
HENRY MORGAN,
FRED. STIMPSON,
DAVID RICHARDS,
ASENATH PFEUFFER.